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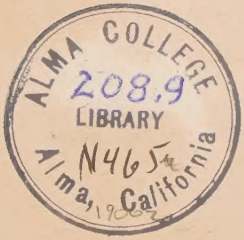
University Sketches. By John Henry Cardinal Newman. With an Introduction by George Sampson.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE reader who is well acquainted with the life or writings of Cardinal Newman should skip these pages, for they contain nothing new upon either head. My business is rather with those who wish to pass from a vague knowledge of that great man's name, to a real knowledge, however small, of something that he has written. At present there is danger that he may join the large company of those who are more talked about than read—a tribute, perhaps, to the charm of his personality, but a poor compliment indeed to the many volumes that bear his name. The explanation of this neglect should be sought, I think, in a natural religious prejudice against books by a Catholic, a distaste for theology of any kind (except in the form of fiction), and the rather dismaying titles borne by some of his volumes. Let us consider the attitude of an ordinary intelligent reader. Current literature brings forward very frequently the name of Newman, whenever mention is made of those who have exhibited in their writings the finest capabilities of English prose. The general reader is stimulated by such references to explore for himself a little of this well-reported land of literature; but he hesitates to start, for, at the first view, the land looks grimly uninviting. How shall he proceed? He gets a catalogue and finds it headed "List of Theological

Books (mainly Roman Catholic)." This seems to promise very little in the way of literary pleasure, and a closer examination gives him no encouragement. He finds the author credited with twelve volumes of Sermons (never popular reading, at the best), with books on St. Athanasius, Ecclesiastical Miracles, the Arians, and the Doctrine of Justification, to say nothing of Catholic controversy. By this time, the interest of our supposed reader in Cardinal Newman has sensibly diminished, for in these days we do not care greatly for theology, not even when it is "mainly Roman Catholic." Perhaps, however, he will notice that Newman has written two novels, and feel inclined to start work with these. Now this would be a pity; for *Callista* and *Loss and Gain*, charming as they are in many ways, are rather to be read for the sake of the author than for their own merits as fiction. And so the would-be reader halts, doubting how, and if at all, he shall proceed. I do not exaggerate. A list of Newman's forty volumes quite bewilders one at first, and deters many from going further. To take an example: only a Catholic with a taste for controversy, or an incipient convert, spying out the land from the topmost heights of Anglicanism, can be expected to feel much interest in a volume called *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England;* yet I warn all who pass it by, that they are rejecting a delicate literary pleasure. The present volume, then, is meant to serve as an introduction to a great man's work. It is not a book of selections, for which, indeed, I have no sort of fondness. The matter of it is a series of papers first published in the *Catholic University Gazette* during 1854, and then issued as a volume in 1856. It is an excellent specimen of Newman at his best, and contains,

in its description of Athens, one of the gems of English prose.

The life of Newman cannot be written, even in a short sketch, without some incursions into the domain of religious controversy; and a preface like this is no place for such high adventures. The reader who likes the present volume will be sure to read the *Apologia*, if he knows it not already, and from this he will hear the story of Newman's early spiritual life told in his own beautiful way. In any case, he had better remain honestly ignorant, than derive his knowledge of such a life from the meagre notice I could give it here, in pages which I intend to use for another purpose.[1] I wish to select some half-a-dozen volumes and try to arouse the reader's interest in them, knowing full well that, if he reaches the sixth, nothing but lack of opportunity will prevent him from going on to the fortieth. Room, however, shall be found for three short and brilliant sketches of his personality. The late J. A. Froude thus writes in *Good Words* for 1881:—

"When I entered at Oxford, John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety; clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose, were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. . . . Greatly as his poetry had struck me, he was himself all that the poetry was, and something far beyond.

[1] Since this was written, I have prefixed a short account of Newman's life to *Select Essays* in the "Scott Library."

I had then never seen so impressive a person. I met him now and then in private; I attended his church and heard him preach Sunday after Sunday; he is supposed to have been insidious, to have led his disciples on to conclusions to which he designed to bring them, while his purpose was carefully veiled. He was, on the contrary, the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him."

I take my next bit of description from Principal Shairp's *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*:—

"The influence he had gained without apparently setting himself to seek it, was something altogether unlike anything else in our time. A mysterious veneration had by degrees gathered round him, till now it was almost as if some Ambrose or Augustine of older ages had reappeared. . . . In Oriel Lane, light-hearted undergraduates would drop their voices and whisper, 'There's Newman!' when, head thrust forward, and gaze fixed as though on some vision seen only by himself, with swift, noiseless step, he glided by—awe fell on them for a moment, almost as if it had been some apparition that had passed. For his inner circle of friends, many of them younger men, he was said to have a quite romantic affection, which they returned with the most ardent devotion and the intensest faith in him. But to the outer world he was a mystery."

And lastly, let us take a few lines from Matthew Arnold:—

"Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful? Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! They are a possession to him for ever."

Newman, as we wish to think of him here, the man of letters, that is, rather than the theologian, has more interest for us after his conversion than in his earlier life. In the works of his Protestant period, one feels that the writer's instinct to make literature has been unduly

repressed; that his appeal, being chiefly made to members of his own order, or to those deeply concerned in the high matters of religion, is in the main theological, and only literary by the unconscious exercise of that gift of style which he had received in such abundance. After he became a Catholic, his pen seemed to move with less restraint; he spoke out more freely, and to a larger auditory. No matter whom he might directly address, he spoke through them to the great world beyond. In former days he had endeavoured to invigorate and sustain such as were inclined to agree with him; now he tries to make friends among avowed enemies. This distinction must not be pressed too far, but generally, I think, it holds good. For instance: though the sermons of his Anglican days are delightful at all times and to all ears, this can hardly be said for the "Via Media," which belongs to the same period; yet, on the other hand, the Catholic addresses given to the Oratorians in 1851 and to the survivors of the Oxford Movement in 1850, have a general interest, wider, almost, than anything else that he produced. Speaking then, as we have said, to this larger auditory, Newman felt that literature was an invaluable ally, and he pressed it more consciously into his service. His conversion seemed almost to call up fresh powers of mind. The peace that he found in his new faith not only soothed a supersensitive soul, that had suffered a martyrdom of doubt and grief; it re-acted all through his faculties, and broadened as well as brightened his outlook. Any person who makes a deeply-considered change of religion, must necessarily be made of stuff that will show every influence of the new belief; and this is especially true of Newman. The secret of his development lies in the

peculiar energy of belief that possessed him at all times. With him faith was no sentiment, no mere aspiration; it was a force that drove him stormily through many waters, till he reached at last the haven in which he could ride at rest. It would be strange indeed if such a man left his course untraced in his books: stranger still if what he wrote after he had found peace gave us no sense of his content. From Newman we get all this and something more: we get an increased mastery of the art of letters, a wider cast out into the thoughts and feelings of the world, and a tone of security and increased authority. To the books of his Roman years, then, I shall chiefly direct the reader, and first of all to the volume called *The Idea of a University*. This is really two books in one; but both are composed of lectures delivered by the author in his capacity as Rector of the Catholic University in Dublin. The first and better of the two was called "Discourses on the Scope and Nature of University Education" (1852); while the second had for its title "Lectures and Addresses on University Subjects" (1859). Together, they form a volume the value of which it would be hard to match amongst the prose of its time, both for sterling matter of thought, and wonderfully varied skill in presentment. The Discourses deal with the aims and principles of education, what should be taught at a University and the gain to be expected from such teaching. "Knowledge is its own end and reward" forms his text, and rarely has that cardinal truth of education been set forth so eloquently, so convincingly. In these days, when technical and commercial instruction is exalted to the highest place, when every minute of school and college life is expected to return an equivalent cash value, a book like this ought to be held dear by all who dissent from such

dangerous doctrine, by all who believe that education is the development of humanity in us, and not the diversion of every faculty into the narrow channel of wage-earning. Where all is good it is difficult to quote; but here is a passage that illustrates the thought of the book, and exhibits the clear delicate grace, and the perfection of exactness, which are notable qualities of Newman's prose:—

"You see, then, here are two methods of Education; the end of the one is to be philosophical, of the other to be mechanical; the one rises towards general ideas, the other is exhausted upon what is particular and external. Let me not be thought to deny the necessity, or to decry the benefit, of such attention to what is particular and practical, as belongs to the useful or mechanical arts; life could not go on without them; we owe our daily welfare to them; their exercise is the duty of the many, and we owe to the many a debt of gratitude for fulfilling that duty. I only say that Knowledge, in proportion as it tends more and more to be particular, ceases to be Knowledge. It is a question whether Knowledge in any proper sense can be predicated of the brute creation; without pretending to metaphysical exactness of phraseology, which would be unsuitable to an occasion like this, I say, it seems to me improper to call that passive sensation, or perception of things, which brutes seem to possess, by the name of Knowledge. When I speak of Knowledge, I mean something intellectual, something which grasps what it perceives through the senses; something which takes a view of things; which sees more than the senses convey; which reasons upon what it sees, and while it sees; which invests it with an idea. It expresses itself, not in a mere enunciation but in an enthymeme; it is of the nature of science from the first, and in this consists its dignity. The principal of real dignity in Knowledge, its worth, its desirableness, considered irrespectively of its results, is this germ within it of a scientific or a philosophical process. This is how it comes to be an end in itself; this is why it admits of being called Liberal. Not to know the relative disposition of things is the state of slaves or children; to have mapped out the Universe is the boast, or at least the ambition of Philosophy. Moreover, such knowledge is not

a mere extrinsic or accidental advantage, which is ours to-day and another's to-morrow, which may be got up from a book, and easily forgotten again, which we can command or communicate at our pleasure, which we can borrow for the occasion, carry about in our hand, and take into the market; it is an acquired illumination, it is a habit, a personal possession, and an inward endowment."

In confirmation of his main contention, it is instructive to recall the opinions of men that differ so much from him, and, in spite of many resemblances, from each other, as Peacock and Hazlitt. All lovers of the unique novels of the first (and who that hath ears to hear is not?) will recall many a pungent reference to those instructors who seem to hold the fine flavour of life as a thing of small account. He, it is true, had a poor opinion of Universities, chiefly because they seemed to him too formal and not liberal enough in their teaching; certainly not because he had any fondness for "useful knowledge," which was, indeed, the constant object of his satire. What Hazlitt says can be given in his own words:—

"By an obvious transposition of ideas, some persons have confounded a knowledge of useful things with useful knowledge. Knowledge is only useful in itself, as it exercises or gives pleasure to the mind: the only knowledge that is of use in the practical sense, is professional knowledge. But knowledge considered as a branch of general education, can be of use only to the mind of the person acquiring it. If the knowledge of language produces pedants, the other kind of knowledge (which is proposed to be substituted for it) can only produce quacks."

Room must be found for yet another quotation from these "Discourses," to show how clearly Newman recognised the limits of religious interference in studies. From such a man, such words have double force:—

"If then a University is a direct preparation for this world, let it be what it professes. It is not a Convent, it is not a Seminary; it is a place to fit men of the world for the world. We cannot possibly keep them from plunging into the world, with all its ways and principles and maxims, when their time comes; but we can prepare them against what is inevitable; and it is not the way to learn to swim troubled waters, never to have gone into them. Proscribe (I do not merely say particular authors, particular works, particular passages) but Secular Literature as such; cut out from your class books all broad manifestations of the natural man; and those manifestations are waiting for your pupil's benefit at the very doors of your lecture-room in living and breathing substance. They will meet him there in all the charm of novelty, and all the fascination of genius or of amiableness. To-day a pupil, to-morrow a member of the great world: to-day confined to the Lives of the Saints, to-morrow thrown upon Babel;—thrown on Babel, without the honest indulgence of wit and humour and imagination having ever been permitted to him, without any fastidiousness of taste wrought into him, without any rule given him for discriminating 'the precious from the vile,' beauty from sin, the truth from the sophistry of nature, what is innocent from what is poison. You have refused him the masters of human thought, who would in some sense have educated him, because of their incidental corruption; you have shut up from him those whose thoughts strike home to our hearts, whose words are proverbs, whose names are indigenous to all the world, who are the standard of their mother tongue, and the pride and boast of their countrymen, Homer, Ariosto, Cervantes, Shakespeare, because the old Adam smelt rank in them; and for what have you reserved him? You have given him a liberty unto the multitudinous blasphemy of his day; you have made him free of its newspapers, its reviews, its magazines, its novels, its controversial pamphlets, of its Parliamentary debates, its law proceedings, its platform speeches, its songs, its drama, its theatre, of its enveloping, stifling atmosphere of death. You have succeeded but in this--in making the world his University."

The "Lectures and Addresses," forming the second part of the volume, are somewhat lighter than the "Discourses." He gives us here an example of his skill in irony, a quality that cannot be predicated in its finer

essence of many English writers. Who can forget the address entitled "Elementary Studies," with its dialogues and correspondence between the Messrs. Black, White, and Brown, its hints on Latin composition—a most interesting piece of autobiography, this,—its perfectly preposterous Essay and equally preposterous Poem? The whole of the book is admirable; but quite the best thing in it is the paper called "Literature," which has more good sense to the line than almost any other critical essay in English. The present generation has heard more cant about "style" than is good for it; and it falls to applauding any painful avoidance of the obvious, any laboured endeavour towards the fantastic. It has discovered that Thackeray has no "style," that Steele, Addison, and Swift are commonplace, that the real "stylist"—the word itself is sufficient condemnation of the thing—is to be found in some one who spangles his pages with verbal contradictions and violences, who rigs out his commonplaces in rags and tatters torn away from the work of better men. I should be sorry indeed to discourage any one from the attempt to enjoy in a writer the nice conduct of a sentence, or a sensitive tact in the employment of words. These qualities are now as ever the essential elements of good writing, and now, more than ever should be welcomed, when the reader is assailed on the one hand by slovenliness, and on the other by inflation and mannerism which he is bidden to acknowledge as real "style." A good writer does not produce a naked thought and proceed to dress it up with "style." Style in literature is the way of saying something, and the "way" cannot be divided from the "something." Of one who seems to acknowledge such a division, Newman writes thus, in the essay named above:—

"Critics should consider this view of the subject before they lay down such canons of taste as the writer whose page I have quoted. Such men as he is consider fine writing to be an *addition from without* to the matter treated of, a sort of ornament superinduced, or a luxury indulged in, by those who have time and inclination for such vanities. They speak as if *one* man could do the thought, and *another* the style. We read in Persian travels of the way in which young gentlemen go to work in the East, when they would engage in correspondence with those who inspire them with hope or fear. They cannot write one sentence themselves; so they betake themselves to the professional letter-writer. They confide to him the object they have in view. They have a point to gain from a superior, a favour to ask, an evil to deprecate; they have to approach a man in power, or to pay court to some beautiful lady. The professional man manufactures words for them, as they are wanted, as a stationer sells them paper, or a schoolmaster might cut their pens. Thought and word are, in their conception, two things, and thus there is a division of labour. The man of thought comes to the man of words; and the man of words, duly instructed in the thought, dips the pen of desire into the ink of devotedness, and proceeds to spread it over the page of desolation. Then the nightingale of affection is heard to warble to the rose of loveliness, while the breeze of anxiety plays round the brow of expectation. This is what the Easterns are said to consider fine writing; and it seems pretty much the idea of the school of critics to whom I have been referring."

Here is another fine passage:

"'Poeta nascitur, non fit,' says the proverb; and this is in numerous instances true of his poems, as well as of himself. They are born, not framed; they are a strain rather than a composition; and their perfection is the monument, not so much of his skill as of his power. And this is true of prose as well as of verse in its degree: who will not recognise in the vision of Mirza a delicacy of beauty and style which is very difficult to describe, but which is felt to be in exact correspondence to the ideas of which it is the expression?

"And, since the thoughts and reasonings of an author have, as I have said, a personal character, no wonder that his style is not only the image of his subject but of his mind. That pomp of language,

that full and tuneful diction, that consciousness in the choice and exquisiteness in the combination of words, which to passed writers seem artificial, is nothing else but the very habit and way of a King-minded Aristotle. In his sketch of the Sophists, for, like as that his knowledge is deep, his matter is new, and his science commanding, so the harmony the elocution of a great intellect is great."

I have dwelt at some length on this volume, *The Idea of a University*, because it is, I think, the most truly valuable volume that Newman has left us, a book of the rare kind that never becomes stale by long keeping, nor unpredictable by much using. After this, the reader might turn to the *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England* — he must not be frightened by the title. The book is not long, and it is an excellent specimen of Newman's mastery variety. Here we find irony, contempt, scorn, sarcasm, pathos, indignation, dispassionate argument and personal persuasion all used with really wonderful effect. Read the first Lecture, and you will laugh at the capital farce of a Russian nobleman lashing an audience into fury at the blasphemies of the British Constitution as set forth in Blackstone; then turn to Lecture V., and mark how the bursts of scorn and indignation culminate in a recital, most terrible in its unadorned simplicity, of some of the tortures suffered by English Catholics in the days of Protestant persecution. Newman's power of holding his auditors has become a sort of legend; yet, orator in the ordinary sense, he was not. His Lectures and Sermons are essentially Literature; and their wonderful effect on the hearers was the triumph, not of Oratory, but of Personality. The spirit of pure eloquence works potently on an audience, but is apt to evaporate in print. Its effect is for the moment, and must be utilised at the moment, lest

the coldness of reaction should defeat the end desired. This defect of the spoken word never appears in Newman's pages. The hearer may have been enthralled, but he could afterwards turn to the printed page with the certainty of finding reason and argument, not the beautiful delusion of eloquence. We recall, for instance, that Sheridan was thought a greater orator than Burke, yet we turn from the pages of his printed speeches with perplexity, almost with disgust. Whatever charm they had was for those that heard, not for us that read. Again, Newman is never merely vehement, never carried away by the violence of his own emotion. This is part of the drama of oratory. In print it is intolerable when it is not ineffective. How different Newman is here, even from Burke, the most literary of English orators, whose speeches failed of immediate effect because of their close-knit merit, the loss to King George's Parliament being richest of gain to us. Burke, being a politician, rarely saw more than half of the truth, the half being greater than the whole; and his towering magnificence of phrase often causes one to ask upon what foundation of reality it has reared itself.[1] The atrocities of Debi Sing, magnified tenfold in their horror by Burke's impassioned oratory, move us not so deeply, so really, as Newman's calm dispassionate recital. The one fades from the mind like the horrors of the stage; the other leaves its mark for ever.

"Maine was hanged, cut down alive, falling from a great height,

[1] "The fine things he said about Liberty and Humanity, in his speech on the Begum's affairs, told equally well whether Warren Hastings was a tyrant or not: nor did he care one jot who caused the famine he described, so that he described it in a way that no one else could." Thus Hazlitt, who was as one-sided as any; but there is more than half a truth in what he says here.

and then quartered. He was the first-fruit of a sanguinary persecution, which lasted a hundred years. John Wilson, while they tore out his heart, said, 'I forgive the Queen, and all that are the cause of my death.' Edward Campion was cruelly torn and rent upon the rack divers times. 'Before he went to the rack, he used to fall down at the rack-house door, upon both knees, to commend himself to God's mercy; and upon the rack he called continually upon God, repeating often the holy name of Jesus. His keeper asked him the next day how he felt his hands and feet, he answered, "Not ill, because not at all." He was hanged and embowelled at Tyburn.' Ralph Sherwin came next; the hangman, taking hold of him with his bloody hands, which had been busy with the bowels of the martyred priest who preceded him, said to him, thinking to terrify him, 'Come, Sherwin, take thou also thy wages.' But the holy man, nothing dismayed, embraced him with a cheerful countenance, and reverently kissed the blood that stuck to his hands; at which the people were much moved. He had been twice racked, and now he was dealt with as his brother before him. Thomas Sherwood, after six months' imprisonment in a dark and filthy hole, was hanged, cut down alive, dismembered, bowelled, and quartered. Alexander Brian had needles thrust under his nails, was torn upon the rack, hanged, and beheaded. George Haydock was suffered to hang but a very little while, when the Sheriff ordered the rope to be cut, and the whole butchery to be performed upon him while he was alive and perfectly sensible. John Finch was dragged through the streets, his head beating all the way upon the stones; was then thrust into a dark and fetid dungeon, with no bed but the damp floor; was fed sparingly, and upon nothing but oxen's liver. Here he was left first for weeks, then for months; till at length he was hanged, and his quarters sent to the four chief towns of Lancashire. Richard White, being cut down alive, pronounced the sacred name of Jesus twice while the hangman had his hands in his bowels. James Claxton was first put into a *little ease*—that is, a place where he could neither stand, lie, nor sit; there he was for three days, fed on bread and water. Then he was put into the mill to grind; then he was hanged up by the hands till the blood sprang forth at his finger-ends: at length he was hanged, dying at the age of twenty-one years."

This work may be fitly followed by the *Lectures on*

Anglican Difficulties, especially the first volume, which will please the non-contentious reader by its interest of matter, by an irony that rankles not, by an unusual combination of grace and seriousness, and by controversy that is well-mannered and well made. In the building up of an argument, Newman is almost unequalled. He uses many facts, but he is never dry, for he has imagination, the precious gift that transmutes detail into literature. Perhaps the finest example of this in his work is the sixth chapter of the volume on Doctrinal Development, a chapter which is in itself almost a treatise, wherein, as we read, the events of centuries are marshalled before us in glittering compact order to support the claim he seeks to establish. In this volume of Lectures, we have another and more generally interesting example of his skill in conducting an argument. Each lecture in the second part of the volume begins with a statement of serious objections, such as might be urged by an Anglican as reasons for not entering the Roman Church. Now these objections are not dummies, set up only to be demolished; they are real impediments that have doubtless checked the progress of many an Anglican along the Romeward path. The reader notices the frank statement of the charges, thinks them almost unanswerable; and then, having passed on to the body of the lecture, he gets a brilliant demonstration in controversy. What Newman promised to do, that he does, no more, no less. There is no sentence that is merely eloquent, no phrase that can be called irrelevant. Every page is sinewy with facts and explanations. Yet the result is literature, not the *corpus vile* of dialectic. One feels that these lectures are not unassailable; one is also certain that only one man, and he the author, would have been able to demolish them.

Happily, however, the religious questions involved have no concern for the reader bent on literature. For him there remains the delicate play of words, the skilful construction and combination of sentences, and the ever-present spirit of well-bred sarcasm. With such rich compensations, he will grudge to none the bitter satisfaction of triumphant agreement with the author or convinced dissent from him. Here is a passage from the lecture in which Newman tries to show that the life of the Oxford Movement was not derived from the National Church; and I quote it because of its candid tribute to a man with whom he could have had little sympathy, a man who tried to invigorate the Established Church a century before the days of the "Movement," whose attempt was as futile in the one extreme as Newman's was in the other.

"If I let you plead the sensible effects of supernatural grace, as exemplified in yourselves, in proof that your religion is true, I must allow the plea to others to whom by your theory you are bound to deny it. Are you willing to place yourselves on the same footing with Wesleyans? Yet what is the difference? or rather, have they not more remarkable phenomena in their history, symptomatic of the presence of grace among them, than you can show in yours? . . . Survey the rise of Methodism, and say candidly, whether those who made light of your ordinances, abandoned them, or at least disbelieved their virtue, have not had among them evidences of that very same grace which you claim for yourselves, and which you consider a proof of your acceptance with God. Really I am obliged in candour to allow, whatever part the evil spirit had in the work, whatever gross admixture of earth polluted it, whatever extravagance there was to excite ridicule or disgust, whether it was Christian virtue or the excellence of unaided man, whatever was the spiritual state of the subjects of it, whatever their end and their final account, yet there were higher and nobler vestiges or semblances of grace and truth in Methodism than there have been among you. I give you credit for what you are, grave, serious, earnest, modest, steady,

self-denying, consistent; you have the praise of such virtues; and you have a clear perception of many of the truths, or of portions of the truths, of Revelation. In these points you surpass the Wesleyans; but if I wished to find what was striking, extraordinary, suggestive of Catholic heroism—of St. Martin, St. Francis, or St. Ignatius—I should betake myself far sooner to them than to you. . . . The Established Church may have preserved in the country the idea of sacramental grace, and the movement of 1833 may have spread it; but if you wish to find the shadow and the suggestion of the supernatural qualities which make up the notion of a Catholic saint, to Wesley you must go and such as him. Personally I do not like him, if it were merely for his deep self-reliance and self-conceit; still I am bound, in justice to him, to ask, and you in consistency to answer, what historical personage in the Establishment, during its whole three centuries, has approximated in force and splendour of conduct and achievements to one who began by innovating on your rules, and ended by contemning your authorities? He and his companions, starting amid ridicule at Oxford, with fasting and praying in the cold night air, then going about preaching, reviled by the rich and educated, and pelted and dragged to prison by the populace, and converting their thousands from sin to God's service—were it not for their pride and eccentricity, their fanatical doctrine and untranquil devotion, they would startle us, as if the times of St. Vincent Ferrer or St. Francis Xavier were come again in a Protestant land."

Against this let me set an eloquent passage where the writer exults in the supernatural vitality of his Church.

"How different is the bearing of the temporal power upon the spiritual! Its promptitude, decisiveness, keenness, and force are well represented in the military host which is its instrument. Punctual in its movements, precise in its operations, imposing in its equipments, with its spirits high and its step firm, with its haughty clarions and its black artillery, behold, the mighty world is gone forth to war, with what? with an unknown something, which it feels but cannot see, which flits around it, which flaps against its cheek, with the air, with the wind. It charges and it slashes, and it fires its volleys, and it bayonets, and it is mocked by a foe who dwells in another sphere, and is far beyond the force of its analysis, or the capacities of its calculus.

The air gives way, and it returns again; it exerts a gentle but constant pressure on every side; moreover, it is of vital necessity to the very power which is attacking. Whom have you gone out against? a few old men, with red hats and stockings, or a hundred pale students, with eyes on the ground, and beads in their girdle; they are as stubble; destroy them;—then there will be other old men and other pale students instead of them. But we will direct our rage against one; he flees; what is to be done with him? Cast him out upon the wide world! but nothing can go on without him. Then bring him back! but he will give us no guarantee for the future. Then leave him alone; his power is gone, he is at an end, or he will take a new course of himself: he will take part with the State or the people. Meanwhile the multitude of interests in active operation all over the great Catholic body rise up, as it were, all around, and encircle the combat, and hide the fortune of the day from the eyes of the world; and unreal judgments are hazarded, and rash predictions, till the mists clear away, and then the old man is found in his own place, as before, saying Mass over the tomb of the Apostles."

I have already pointed out for admiration the brilliant irony that glitters in many a page of this volume, and the reader may perhaps wonder why I do not quote here any passage in illustration. Well! irony is not the most tangible of qualities; it is not achieved in a paragraph—at least, not fully; and so, instead of giving a long passage, or any of Newman's short, telling sentences, I will refer the reader to Lectures IV. and V. of the volume, where he will find this method of argument exemplified very fully. In the first of these, Newman makes a sort of ironical antiphony between the supernatural gifts claimed for the Church by the Oxford party, and the words of Authority and Royal Supremacy. The effect is most powerful. These few pages simply devastate the position of the English Church, in claiming to be at once a divinely endowed Church and a State Establishment.

And now the reader can profitably pass on to a book that he has no doubt been expecting to hear of long before this, the book whose name has come to be repeated almost naturally, with Newman's own; a book that was the palpable means whereby he was raised to the unique position in the affections of all Englishmen, which he occupied till his death in 1890. The reader does well, I think, to let the *Apologia* alone till he has formed for himself some opinion about the author from other works of his. The controversy that brought forth this book means less to us than it meant to people of its own day, most of whom were familiar with the name of Newman, as one heard often in bitter disputes; as a name of offence or great worth; as a name linked with charge and countercharge, with accusation and denial, with obloquy, with execration. The matter is simple. Charles Kingsley accused Newman of teaching from the pulpit the duty of lying; and he made this charge out of zeal for the Protestant faith, of which he was one of the ornaments. I believe that he did not mean it. Feeling ran high in those days between Catholic and Protestant, and things were said in the heat of party warfare that were no more seriously believed or intended than the violent charges preferred by an Opposition against a Government. A political writer or speaker, anxious to serve his party or to score off his opponents, accuses the minister responsible for some war, of gloating over the bodies of the dead and rejoicing in the sufferings of the living, hunted foes. Of course he means nothing of the kind. And when Charles Kingsley accused the Roman clergy generally, and Newman in particular, of systematic untruth, he was but writing as a Protestant, with a strong animus against Catholics, and with an especial dislike for

casuistry, which to him was nothing but deliberate falsehood. Newman naturally resented the charge; but Kingsley, unfortunately, neither justified himself nor kept silent. Newman, as I have said, was a master of controversy, and with a shuffling adversary his victory was complete. Kingsley's first mistake lay in basing his charge chiefly upon a sermon called "Wisdom and Innocence," delivered before Newman had actually become a Catholic. Next, he was disingenuous. He would not—to do him justice, I think he could not—admit he was wrong; and he would not say exactly why he made the charge. He offered to let the matter drop if Newman assured him that he had never meant such a thing. Nothing further was to be got from him, so Newman made a pamphlet of the correspondence, rounding it up with some ironical comment.

"Mr. Kingsley begins, then, by exclaiming, 'Oh, the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it! There's Father Newman to wit: one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He, a Priest, writing of Priests, tells us that lying is never any harm.' I interpose, 'You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where.' Mr. Kingsley replies, 'You said it, Reverend Sir, in a sermon which you preached when a Protestant, as vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844, and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that sermon had at the time on my own opinion of you.' I make answer, 'Oh—*not*, it seems, as a priest speaking of priests; but let us have the passage.' Mr. Kingsley relaxes: 'Do you know, I like your *tone*. From your *tone*, I rejoice, greatly rejoice, to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said.' I rejoin, 'Mean it! I maintain I never *said* it, whether as a Protestant or a Catholic.' Mr. Kingsley replies, 'I waive that point.' I object: 'Is it possible? What? waive the main question? I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous

charge against me—direct, distinct, public; you are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly; or, to own you can't!' 'Well,' says Mr. Kingsley, 'if you are quite sure you did not say it, I'll take your word for it, I really will.' My *word!* I am dumb. Somehow I thought that it was my *word* that happened to be on trial. The *word* of a Professor of lying that he does not lie! But Mr. Kingsley reassures me. 'We are both gentlemen,' he says; 'I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another.' I begin to see: he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all it is not I but it is Mr. Kingsley who did not mean what he said. *Habemus confitentem reum.* So we have confessedly come round to this, preaching without practising, the common theme of satirists from Juvenal to Walter Scott. 'I left Baby Charles, and Steenie laying his duty before him,' says King James of the reprobate Dalgarno. 'Oh, Geordie, jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence.'"

Kingsley was naturally angry at this, and returned to the attack in a pamphlet called *What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?* in which he gathered together every phrase of Newman's writing that seemed to give assent to double-dealing, and accused him of verbal jugglery, so dexterous and subtle that honest men must hesitate before believing anything he wrote. Newman saw that it was utterly futile to prolong the controversy as such. A denial point by point of the charges made in the pamphlet would make such a dreary stream of facts, that the public, before whom the accusation was made, and before whom it had to be answered, would feel blankly uninterested and have nothing further to do with the affair. There seemed to Newman one way out of the difficulty. He would take the public into his confidence. He would reveal himself frankly and ask, "Is this the portrait of a liar?" The charge was made in *Macmillan's*

Magazine for January, 1864. Newman's pamphlet of correspondence came in February, Kingsley's reply in March. On Thursday, April 21st, appeared the first part of Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, and it was continued on successive Thursdays till June 2nd. His triumph was complete. The public repaid his odd frankness by reading his confessions, and regarding him ever after with affection and veneration. The controversy was ended. Men agreed that, so far from being a liar, Newman was one of those who are morbidly anxious for exact truth. Had he been less honest, less sincere, he would have remained in the English Church merely for its material advantages; for with his rich gifts of mind and personality, there was no office, however great, to which he might not aspire. Nowadays a man can become a Catholic without exciting either surprise or resentment; but in the forties the ghost of Titus Oates was not yet laid. A man who changed his faith had to make many sacrifices. There was parting from friends, and the severing of dear ties; and the convert passed away from the decencies of Anglican life, and became a sort of religious outcast. So great and far-reaching a change meant much for any man, but it was exceptionally bitter to a sensitive soul like Newman's. The letters that he wrote to his sister during the years immediately preceding his conversion, are some of the saddest and most painful that can be found. It is almost comforting to think that Kingsley never lived to suffer the remorse of reading them; for even such a sturdy Protestant as he must have respected a man who was willing to suffer so much, rather than trifle with his most sacred convictions. Kingsley made a great mistake in accusing Newman of dishonesty; but, after all, his greatest mistake lay in assuming first, that truth and false-

hood are readily distinguishable, and next, that men must always out with naked, actual truths, regardless of consequences. Both are large matters.

> "A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
> Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—
> Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
> And peradventure to THE MASTER too."

This, so far as it relates to the search for truth, Newman felt keenly from his early years; and, indeed, it was his patient quest after the significant iotas of things, that gave offence to many sturdier, obtuser minds. Selden, that staunch Establishment man, that most unmitigated Erastian, is the last person in the world to be accused of Jesuitical leanings; yet what says he: "Ay, or No, never answered any question. The not distinguishing where things should be distinguished, and the not confounding where things should be confounded, is the cause of all the mistakes in the world." The second assumption that I have noted brings us to Casuistry, of which John Bull is notoriously impatient. "Away with all paltering!" he cries in effect, "tell the truth and shame the devil." But it is here that the practical John is magnificently impractical, that the sanest of men is deluded by a sentiment. A soldier on the stage exclaims "The British Army never retreats!" and the audience volleys tremendous approval, utterly forgetting that sometimes the British Army *does* retreat, and that sometimes it *ought* to retreat—the two not always coinciding. The sentiment about truth and the sentiment about the valour of the Army have much in common. Both are admirable; both imply excellent precepts. We are *bound* to tell the truth, and no law, moral, civil, or

ecclesiastical, absolves us from observing this general rule of life. But, still, there are exceptional cases, and it is these difficulties about which casuistry concerns itself. Indeed, I should say, it is part of the great strength of the Roman Church, that it frankly faces exceptional circumstances and makes allowance for them. At the same time, however, the layman—and especially the non-Catholic layman—has to admit that certain theologians seem to have revelled in distinctions as intellectual luxuries, rather than used them as hard necessities. In a way, we are all casuists. Kingsley might have paused in his charge had he fully considered the text upon which the offending sermon was preached: "Behold I send you forth as sheep among wolves. Be ye therefore as wise as serpents and harmless as doves." The controversy is dead, but the *Apologia* remains. All things considered, it is a wonderful book; though, I think, not so fine as it would be had Newman written more of his own true self, and less of the influences that surrounded him in his early manhood. As it is, there is a disproportion between the space given to himself and the space given to others: between his earlier and later years, and the period of the Oxford Movement. Were the whole *Apologia* as good, and of the same kind as the first and last chapters of the existing edition, it would have reached that pitch of greatness which I think it just misses.

The reader who has absorbed the books I have mentioned, will pass on naturally to what may be called Newman's Miscellanies—the *Discussions and Arguments*, the *Essays*, and the *Historical Sketches*. From these to the Sermons will be an easy step, and the best start can be made with the *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, the *Sermons preached on Various Occasions*, and the *University*

Sermons. They are excellent reading: the first two are full of Newman's power of living, moving speech, while the latter represents his calmer, constructive thought. The sermon called "The Second Spring," contained in the second of these volumes, is a unique piece of eloquence, yet not the eloquence of the great orator. The deep thrill the reader gets from it has little in common with the full-blooded feelings called forth by the passionate words of the rhetorician; rather is it an exaltation that humbles, a fulness of joy that saddens and consoles. Macaulay used to declaim this sermon with enthusiasm; and, indeed, one can almost say without exaggeration, that there is a sense of something like physical satisfaction felt in an audible delivery of its pensive, harmonious phrases. The whole sermon can, I believe, be bought for a penny at the Catholic shops; yet I cannot resist quoting the opening words, which remind us of him who is greatest in this art of sombre majesty, the author of *Hydriotaphia:*—

"We have familiar experience of the order, the constancy, the perpetual renovation of the material world which surrounds us. Frail and transitory as is every part of it, restless and migratory as are its elements, never-ceasing as are its changes, still it abides. It is bound together by a law of permanence, it is set up in unity; and though it is ever dying, it is ever coming to life again. Dissolution does but give birth to fresh modes of organisation, and one death is the parent of a thousand lives. Each hour, as it comes, is but a testimony how fleeting, yet how secure, how certain, is the great whole. It is like an image on the waters, which is ever the same, though the waters ever flow. Change upon change,—yet one change cries out to another, like the alternate Seraphim, in praise and in glory of their Maker. The sun sinks to rise again; the day is swallowed up in the gloom of the night, to be born out of it, as fresh as if it had never been quenched. Spring passes into summer, and through summer and autumn into winter, only the more surely, by its own ultimate return, to triumph over that grave, towards

which it resolutely hastened from its first hour. We mourn over the blossoms of May, because they are to wither; but we know, withal, that May is one day to have its revenge upon November, by the revolution of that solemn circle which never stops,—which teaches us in our height of hope, ever to be sober, and in our depth of desolation, never to despair.

"And forcibly as this comes home to every one of us, not less forcible is the contrast which exists between this material world, so vigorous, so reproductive, amid all its changes, and the moral world so feeble, so downward, so resourceless, amid all its aspirations. That which ought to come to nought, endures; that which promises a future, disappoints and is no more. The same sun shines in heaven, from first to last, and the blue firmament, the everlasting mountains, reflect his rays; but where is there on earth the champion, the hero, the lawgiver, the body politic, the sovereign race, which was great three hundred years ago and is great now? Moralists and poets, often do they descant upon this innate vitality of matter, this innate perishableness of mind. Man rises to fall: he tends to dissolution from the moment he begins to be; he lives on, indeed, in his children, he lives on in his name, he lives not on in his own person. He is, as regards the manifestations of his nature here below, as a bubble that breaks, and as water poured out upon the earth. He was young, he is old, he is never young again. This is the lament over him, poured forth in verse and in prose, by Christians and by heathen. The greatest work of God's hand under the sun, he, in all the manifestations of his complete being, is born only to die."

In this introduction, I have pretended to say something about the man of letters, and little about the theologian; but of course, such separation is impossible. Newman was absorbed by his Faith and permeated through and through by it. It came out in every feature of his face, in every word that he spoke, or put upon paper. Some have concerned themselves to think what he might have been, had he given himself to the world instead of to religion. Such speculation is amusing, but, I think, rather foolish.

He could have been no other than he was, nor would we have him so; and it is not the least of his claims upon our affection, that he has left a treasure of books from which all may draw riches, let them be Catholic or Protestant, Pagan or Materialist. And so, though we cannot separate Newman from his Faith, we can refuse to let religious prepossessions stand in the way of the literary enjoyment that he offers us in abundance. Taking his work as a whole, I think we shall find very little finer prose in all the vast mass bequeathed us by the nineteenth century. He is not a writer merely of fine passages; nor is he the maker of a few things deftly and delicately wrought. He has written much; and it is all good, with such variety of goodness, that I think it impossible to name a prose excellence which he does not possess. His vocabulary is large and his words always impeccably chosen. His phrases are perfect in themselves, and woven together with a mastery of technique that in itself is remarkable. At one moment his terse little sentences glitter like diamond dust; at another, he is rolling out organ tones of eloquence. His longer sentences are models of literary architecture. Phrase is piled upon phrase, clause upon clause, and then the whole stands clearly forth, mating grace and grandeur in a rare and precious union. Newman at all times wrote consciously; but with the art that conceals art. As a lad he composed Addisonian periodicals—*The Spy*, *The Anti-Spy*, *The Portfolio*, *The Beholder*, to say nothing of sermons. Writing in later years, thus he condemns one of his early efforts:—

"The unpleasant style in which it is written arises from my habit, from a boy, to *compose*. I seldom wrote without an eye to style, and since my taste was bad, my style was bad. I wrote in style as another

might write in verse, or sing instead of speaking, or dance instead of walking."

To which we may add, that when a person writes deliberately in style, that style is certain to be some one else's, and the result to be vicious, or at least unnatural. After Addison, Gibbon influenced his immature writing for a while; but there is nothing remarkable in this. Most men with a taste for letters have been guilty in the days of their youth of atrocious attempts to imitate the "big bow-wow" of Johnson and Gibbon. However, no trace of Gibbon is to be found in Newman's earliest published prose. He gives us to understand that he never wrote easily. Here, for instance, is an extract from a letter of 1838:—

"My book on Justification has taken incredible time. I am quite worn out with correcting. I do really think that every correction I make is for the better, and that I am not wasting time in an over-fastidious way, or even making it worse than it was; but I can only say this—openings for correction are inexhaustible. I write, I write again: I write a third time in the course of six months. Then I take the third; I literally fill the paper with corrections, so that another person could not read it. I then write it out fair for the printer. I put it by; I take it up; I begin to correct again: it will not do. Alterations multiply, pages are re-written, little lines sneak in and crawl about. The whole page is disfigured; I write again; I cannot count how many times this process is repeated."

Another most interesting letter, written in 1869, gives us a fuller sight of his methods.

"It is simply the fact that I have been obliged to take great pains with everything that I have written, and I often write chapters over and over again, besides innumerable corrections and interlinear additions. I am not stating this as a merit, only that some persons write their best first, and I very seldom do. . . . However, I may

truly say that I have never been in the practice since I was a boy of attempting to write well, or to form an elegant style. I think I never have written for writing sake: but my one and single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult—viz., to express clearly and exactly my meaning; this has been the motive principle of all my corrections and re-writings. When I have read over a passage which I had written a few days before, I have found it so obscure to myself that I have either put it altogether aside or fiercely corrected it; but I don't get any better for practice. I am as much obliged to correct and re-write, as I was thirty years ago.

"As to patterns for imitation, the only master of style I have ever had (which is strange considering the differences of languages) is Cicero. I think I owe a great deal to him, and as far as I know to no one else. His great mastery of Latin is shown especially in his clearness."

Newman in his turn has been an influence in prose writing; and for notable signs of this we can turn to Matthew Arnold and Walter Pater. Arnold's admirable clearness and gentle acidity are echoes of these qualities in Newman; while the fastidious phrases of Pater, his delicate use of words, even his little mannerisms, have all been fostered by his admiration for the elder writer, though of course there is a wide difference between the symphonic completeness of Newman's style and Pater's perpetual Adagio. However, while it is interesting to note how men have been influenced, and to learn how a great writer has tutored himself in the formal parts of his art, there remain the qualities that no industry can give, the gifts that the maker of prose shares with the poet; and it is easily possible, in the case of Newman, to pile up qualities and make a long string of descriptions—lucid, supple, noble, musical, imaginative, and the rest, and apply the whole with perfect justice to his prose. One note there is, however, that signifies it all through; the note of

graciousness, the power of being stern or gentle, severe or tender, eloquent or restrained, serious or mirthful, minatory or appealing, as the occasion may demand, not with histrionic assumption, but with the sensitive, involuntary tact of a winning personality. It is the note of his life, too, as well as of his art. "Cor ad cor loquitur," the motto that he chose with a miraculous felicity, explains his whole career from the distant days when he was a pillar of fire to young Oxford, down to, yes, and since that day in the summer of 1890, when England learned that it had lost one of the rarest and noblest of its later sons, and heaped upon the simple grave at Rednal, tributes of deep affection from all classes and from all creeds. It was, indeed, a case of heart speaking to heart, of personality seizing upon imagination, for he was never much in the public eye as Manning often was. Of some we ask what they did; of others we are content to know that they were. Such a life of being was Newman's. He comes before us as a saintly figure in a story, rather than as one who lived and moved amongst us. It is because of all this that I have said nothing here of his life. A career of action can be sketched in a few bold strokes; but the dim outlines of the elusive inner life cannot thus be reproduced. In his earlier years, indeed, Newman did play the part of a man of action, but it was rather in spite of himself, than through consciously exerted force. He had nothing of the leader in him. He could inspire, he could not govern; he could raise a party, he could not rule it. Numbers followed him, but he was more concerned to find a way for himself, than to pioneer for them.

So far, I have said nothing of his poetry, and so a short notice of this may fitly conclude what I have to

say. It is the most intimate part of his work. Some numbers, written for the *Lyra Apostolica*, have a bearing upon Church politics, but even these are full of him. The prefatory letter to the volume ("Verses on Various Occasions") is a fine piece of work to start with. It is, I think, the most honest and tactful introduction that a poet ever wrote to his works. He confesses that he does not know what is good and what is bad in the book, that he has collected the poems because certain impartial judges have surprised him by praising highly some of the pieces. Such simple frankness disarms criticism, and makes one forgive the very poor stuff contained in the first few pages, verse that might have been written by Cowper in his very weakest moments. As late as 1825, he could write a poem containing stanzas like these:—

> "In her affection all had share,
> All six, she loved them all;
> Yet on her earthly chosen Pair
> Did her full favour fall;
> And we became her dearest theme,
> Her waking thought, her nightly dream.
>
> Ah! brother, shall we e'er forget
> Her love, her care, her zeal?
> We cannot pay the countless debt,
> But we must ever feel;
> For through her earnestness were shed
> Prayer-purchased blessings on our head."

This is very undertaker's verse, the poetry of the tombstone. Here and there, too, one meets with phrases that are positively bad, in poems containing much that is good. Yet his weakest verses have one quality in common with his best, a spirit of sincere, unfailing belief. Because of his clearness and frankness of state-

ment, he has been accused of nourishing a hidden affection for infidelity. Such a charge can only be made through ignorance or misapprehension, and this one volume is a sufficient refutation of an utterly fanciful notion. If there is one quality that comes out in it above all others, it is the writer's positive ecstasy of faith in God and revelation. Faith of this sort is no "fugitive and cloistered virtue" fearful of contest; it eyes the adversary boldly, yet not in contempt, lest unforeseen skill or under-estimated knowledge should bring defeat in a struggle upon the issue of which hang the hopes of many. To such a faith, affliction is no other than God's mercy, not the less kind because it is severe; and so we find Newman writing in a poem called "Thanksgiving" (1829) his gratitude for many blessings, yet giving a fervent, saintly welcome to those thorns that lie on the steep ascent to heaven.

"Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
  I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw Thy face
  In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
  Heart-pang, or throbbing brow:
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
  And sweet its memory now.

Yes! let the fragrant scars abide,
  Love-tokens in Thy stead,
Faint shadows of the thorn-pierced side
  And thorn-encompassed head."

Strong in this faith, he was able to see in the frailties of holy men, not only lessons of humility, but tender indications of their humanity, actual encouragements, even, designed to comfort weaker vessels battling against sin.

Thus he writes in the sestet of his sonnet, "Isaac" (1833):—

> "Not in their brightness, but their earthly strains
> Are the true seeds vouchsafed to earthly eyes.
> Sin can read sin, but dimly scans high grace,
> So we move heavenward with averted face,
> Scared into faith by warning of sin's pains;
> And Saints are lowered, that the world may rise."

Without being fanciful, I think one can detect some affinity between Newman and Wordsworth. These two men have a few qualities in common, and one of these is a sure cognisance of the deeper import of things. This peculiar Wordsworthian quality comes out in Newman's occasional references to Nature, but is more clearly apparent in the general tone of much that he wrote, both in prose and verse.[1] Both men saw with the inner eye; but Wordsworth looked deeply on the visible world, while Newman gazed beyond into the world unseen, whose dim tokens were as legible to him as the hills and clouds were to the older poet. Yet neither was an unpractical mystic. The thrill that passed between Wordsworth and his world did not unfit him for work-a-day existence, nor did Newman's exaltation of faith prevent him from being perhaps the most truly urbane man of his time.

His all too scanty verse has, then, its own beauty even though it cannot be called great or original. One piece, "The Pillar of the Cloud" (1833), is known literally to every one as the hymn "Lead, Kindly Light." Yet this, beautiful as it is, can be matched by others from his volume. One, in particular, called "Waiting for the

[1] It is curious to note Newman's fondness for the word "viewless," a word used frequently by Wordsworth in his poems of 1793.

Morning" (1835), has the same note of quiet appealing trust. It is an echo and amplification of a passage in Bede's History:—

"Quoddam quasi pratum, in quo animæ nihil patiebantur, sed manebant, nondum idoneæ Visioni Beatæ."

"They are at rest;
We may not stir the heaven of their repose,
With loud-voiced grief, or passionate request,
Or selfish plaint for those
Who in the mountain grots of Eden lie,
And hear the four-fold river as it hurries by.

They hear it sweep
In distance down the dark and savage vale;
But they at eddying pool or current deep
Shall never more grow pale;
They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream shall flow.

And soothing sounds
Blend with the neighbouring waters as they glide;
Posted along the haunted garden's bounds
Angelic forms abide,
Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove,
The verses of that hymn which Seraphs chant above."

That is the usual tone of his poetry, but he has skill in other kinds. His semi-comic album verses have point and wit, and his translations from the Breviary are very far better than most efforts of the kind—better, for instance, than Calverley's; but the most remarkable of all his shorter pieces are two Tragic Choruses written in June 1833. They are plainly experimental, for both were written within two days, and they stand quite alone among his poems in point of character; but they are sufficiently successful

to increase seriously our regret at the limits he seemed to set to his poetic production both in style and quantity. Here is the first, faintly suggestive of a chorus in the *Choephori*:—

THE ELEMENTS.

Man is permitted much
    To scan and learn
    In Nature's frame
Till he well-nigh can tame
Brute mischiefs and can touch
Invisible things, and turn
All warring ills to purposes of good.
    Thus as a god below,
    He can control
And harmonise, what seems amiss to flow
As severed from the whole
And dimly understood.

But o'er the elements
    One Hand alone,
    One Hand has sway.
What influence day by day
In straiter belt prevents
The impious Ocean, thrown
Alternate o'er the ever-sounding shore?
  Or who has eye to trace
    How the Plague came?
  Forerun the doublings of the Tempest's race?
    Or the Air's weight and flame
  On a set scale explore?

  Thus God has will'd
That man, when fully skill'd,
Still gropes in twilight dim;
Encompass'd all his hours
  By fearfullest powers
  Inflexible to him.

That so he may discern
  His feebleness
And e'en for earth's success
  To Him in wisdom turn,
Who holds for us the keys of either home
Earth and the world to come.

Of the second, and longer, I quote only the first stanza with its magnificent apostrophe. The reference at the seventh line is to Œdipus at Colonus:—

JUDAISM.

  O piteous race!
Fearful to look upon,
Once standing in high place,
  Heaven's eldest son.
  O aged blind
Unvenerable! as thou flittest by,
I liken thee to him in pagan song,
  In thy gaunt majesty,
The vagrant King, of haughty-purposed mind,
Whom prayer nor plague could bend;
Wrong'd at the cost of him who did the wrong,
Accursed himself, but in his cursing strong,
  And honour'd in his end.

Till the last I have left all mention of his longest, finest, and most truly original achievement in verse, "The Dream of Gerontius." I have claimed for Newman that his belief could admit no compromise with infidelity, that his faith was sincere, even to the point of ecstasy; and so it is fitting that a short consideration of this poem, which is the sublimation of his faith, and the expression of his final convictions, should conclude my imperfect notice of his works.

The poem is semi-dramatic. Gerontius is at the point of death, and round his bed stand the Priest and assistants

to fortify him for the passage. The pains of dissolution are described by the dying man with vividness, yet with fitting reticence. He prays for strength, but breaks off:—

> "I can no more; for now it comes again,
> That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
> That masterful negation and collapse
> Of all that makes me man."

At last the end comes, and the soul is committed to its journey with blessings and prayers. This first part of the poem is daring enough, but Newman dares even more than this. He pictures the Soul of Gerontius, accompanied by his Guardian Angel, winging its way into the very presence of God. The suggestion of the annihilation of space and time in this new life is very finely conveyed, as, indeed, are all the sensations of the disembodied spirit. The Soul speaks:—

> "I went to sleep; and now I am refresh'd,
> A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
> An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
> Of freedom, as I were at length myself
> And ne'er had been before."

And so on for many lines. The Soul converses with the Angel about what is past and to come; he hears the impotent howling of Demons,—this the least artistic and the least effective part of the poem; he hears, too, choirs of angelicals chanting of the mysterious pain a sinful soul must feel when it comes into God's presence. The Angel tells him that

> "They sing of thy approaching agony,
> Which thou so eagerly didst question of:
> It is the face of the Incarnate God
> Shall smite thee with that keen and subtle pain;

And yet the memory which it leaves will be
A sovereign febrifuge to heal the wound;
And yet withal it will the wound provoke,
And aggravate and widen it the more."

But the soul is eager for this pain:—

SOUL.

I go before my Judge. Ah! . . .

ANGEL.

Praise to His Name!
The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which, with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorch'd and shrivell'd it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quicken'd, by the glance of God.

SOUL.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possest
Of its sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

ANGEL.

Now let the golden prison ope its gates,
Making sweet music, as each fold revolves
Upon its ready hinge. And ye, great powers,
Angels of Purgatory, receive from me
My charge, a precious soul, until the day,
When, from all bond and forfeiture released,
I shall reclaim it for the courts of light.

Full of intense feeling from first to last, this daring and wonderful poem works through many poignant phrases and fierce climaxes, and dies away finally in the Angel's Farewell to the Soul, a beautiful and perfect chord of Hope.

"Softly and gently, dearly-ransom'd soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest;
And masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow."

GEORGE SAMPSON.

August, 1902.

THE OFFICE AND WORK OF UNIVERSITIES;

OR,

UNIVERSITY TEACHING

CONSIDERED

IN A SERIES OF HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Volume consists of Papers which appeared in the columns of the *Catholic University Gazette*, a publication which has been the organ of the new Irish University, and which will be found to contain more information on the subject, to which it is devoted, than any other work of the kind, and is full of interesting and instructive details.

Though the Author has put his name in the title-page, he has thought it best to retain both the profession of *incognito* and the conversational tone in which he originally wrote; for the obvious reason, that, to have dropped either would have been to recast his volume. For such a task he could not promise himself leisure; and, had he effected it, he might after all have made himself more exact and solid only at the price of becoming less readable, at least in the judgment of a day which keenly appreciates the proverb,

that "a great book is a great evil." In saying this, however, he has no intention of implying that he has spared thought or pains in his composition, or of apologising for its matter.

DUBLIN,
October 28th, 1856.

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UNIVERSITIES.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

I HAVE it in purpose to commit to paper, time after time, various thoughts of my own, seasonable, as I conceive, when a Catholic University is under formation, and apposite in a publication[1] which is to be the record and organ of its proceedings. An anonymous person, indeed, like myself, can claim no authority for anything he advances; nor have I any intention of introducing or sheltering myself under the sanction of the Institution which I wish to serve. My remarks will stand amid weightier matters, like the non-official portion of certain Government journals in foreign parts; and I trust they will have their use, though they are but individual in their origin, and meagre in their execution. When I say anything to the purpose, the gain is the University's; when I am mistaken or unsuccessful, the failure is my own.

The Prelates of the Irish Church are at present engaged in an anxious and momentous task, which has the incon-

[1] *The Catholic University Gazette.*

venience of being strange to us, if it be not novel. A University is not founded every day; and seldom indeed has it been founded under the peculiar circumstances which will now attend its introduction into Catholic Ireland. Generally speaking, it has grown up out of schools, or colleges, or seminaries, or monastic bodies which had already lasted for centuries; and, different as it is from them all, has been little else than their natural result and completion. While then it has been expanding into its peculiar and perfect form, it has at the same time been, by anticipation, educating subjects for its service, and has been creating and carrying along with it the national sympathy. Here, however, as the world is not slow to object, this great institution is to take its place among us without antecedent or precedent, whether to recommend or to explain it. It receives, we are told, neither illustration nor augury from the history of the past, and must needs be brought into being as well as into shape. It has to force its way abruptly into an existing state of things which has never duly felt the absence of it; and it finds its most formidable obstacles, not in anything inherent in the undertaking itself, but in the circumambient atmosphere of misapprehension and prejudice into which it is received. Necessary as it may be, it has to be carried into effect in the presence of a reluctant or perplexed public opinion, and that, without any counterbalancing assistance whatever, as has commonly been the case with Universities, from royal favour or civil sanction.

This is what many a man will urge, who is favourable to the project itself, viewed apart from the difficulties of the time; nor can the force of such representations be denied. On the other hand, such difficulties must be taken for what

they are really worth; they exist, not so much in adverse facts, as in the opinion of the world about the facts. It would be absurd to deny that grave and good men, zealous for religion, and experienced in the state of the country, have had serious misgivings on the subject, and have thought the vision of a Catholic University too noble, too desirable, to be possible. Still, making every admission on this score which can be required of me, I think it is true, after all, that our main adversary is to be found, not in the unfavourable judgments of particular persons, though such there are, but in the vague and diffusive influence of what is called Public Opinion.

I am not so irrational as to despise Public Opinion; I have no thought of making light of a tribunal established in the conditions and necessities of human nature. It has its place in the very constitution of society; it ever has been, it ever will be, whether in the commonwealth of nations, or in the humble and secluded village. But wholesome as it is as a principle, it has in common with all things human, great imperfections, and makes many mistakes. Too often it is nothing else than what the whole world opines, and no one in particular. Your neighbour assures you that every one is of one way of thinking; that there is but one opinion on the subject; and while he claims not to be answerable for it, he does not hesitate to propound and spread it. In such cases, every one is appealing to every one else; and the constituent members of a community one by one think it their duty to defer and succumb to the voice of that same community as a whole.

It would be extravagant to maintain that this is the adequate resolution of the feelings which have for some time prevailed among us as to the establishment of our

University; but, so far as it is correct, this follows, viz.: that the despondency with which the project is regarded by so many persons, is the offspring, not of their judgment, but mainly (I say it, as will be seen directly, without any disrespect) of their imagination. Public Opinion especially acts upon the imagination; it does not convince, but it impresses; it has the force of authority, rather than of reason; and concurrence in it is, not an intelligent decision, but a submission or belief. This circumstance at once suggests to us how we are to proceed in the case under consideration. Arguments are the fit weapons with which to assail an erroneous judgment, but statements and actions must be brought to bear upon a false imagination. The mind in that case has been misled by representations; it must be set right by representations. It demands of us, not reasoning, but discussion. In works on Logic we meet with a sophistical argument, the object of which is to prove that motion is impossible; and it is not uncommon, before scientifically handling it, to suggest a practical refutation of it;—*Solvitur ambulando.* Such is the sort of reply which I think it may be useful just now to make to public opinion, which is so indisposed to allow that a Catholic University of the English tongue can be set in motion. I will neither directly prove that it is possible, nor answer the allegations in behalf of its impossibility; I shall attempt a humbler, but perhaps a not less efficacious service in employing myself to the best of my ability, and according to the patience of the reader, in setting forth what a University is. I will leave the controversy to others; I will confine myself to description and statement, concerning the nature, the character, the work, the peculiarities of a University, the aims with which it is established, the wants

it may supply, the methods it adopts, what it involves and requires, what its relations to other institutions, and what has been its history. I am sanguine that my labour will not be thrown away, though it aims at nothing very learned, nothing very systematic; though it should wander from one subject to another, as each happens to arise, and gives no promise whatever of terminating in the production of a book.

And in attempting as much as this, while I hope I shall gain instruction from criticisms of whatever sort, I do not mean to be put out by them, whether they come from those who know more, or those who know less than myself;—from those who take exacter, broader, more erudite, more sagacious, more philosophical views than my own; or those who have yet to attain such measure of truth and of judgment as I may myself claim. I must not be disturbed at the animadversions of those who have a right to feel superior to me, nor at the complaints of others who think I do not enter into or satisfy their difficulties. If I am charged with being shallow on the one part, or off-hand on the other, if I myself feel that fastidiousness at my own attempts which grows upon an author as he multiplies his compositions, I shall console myself with the reflection that life is not long enough to do more than our best, whatever that may be; that they who are ever taking aim, make no hits; that they who never venture, never gain; that to be ever safe, is to be ever feeble; and that to do some substantial good, is the compensation for much incidental imperfection.

With thoughts like these, which, such as they are, have been the companions and the food of my life hitherto, I address myself to my undertaking.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY?

If I were asked to describe as briefly and popularly as I could, what a University was, I should draw my answer from its ancient designation of a *Studium Generale*, or "School of Universal Learning." This description implies the assemblage of strangers from all parts in one spot;—*from all parts;* else, how will you find professors and students for every department of knowledge? and *in one spot;* else, how can there be any school at all? Accordingly, in its simple and rudimental form, it is a school of knowledge of every kind, consisting of teachers and learners from every quarter. Many things are requisite to complete and satisfy the idea embodied in this description; but such a University seems to be in its essence a place for the communication and circulation of thought, by means of personal intercourse, through a wide extent of country.

There is nothing far-fetched or unreasonable in the idea thus presented to us; and if this be a University, then a University does but contemplate a necessity of our nature, and is but one specimen in a particular department, out of many which might be adduced in others, of a provision for that necessity. Mutual education, in a large sense of the word, is one of the great and incessant occupations of human society, carried on partly with set purpose, and partly not. One generation forms another; and the existing generation is ever acting and reacting upon itself in the persons of its individual members. Now, in this process, books, I need scarcely say, that is, the *littera scripta*, are

one special instrument. It is true; and emphatically so in this age. Considering the prodigious powers of the press, and how they are developed at this time in the never-intermitting issue of periodicals, tracts, pamphlets, works in series, and light literature, we must allow there never was a time which promised fairer for dispensing with every other means of information and instruction. What can we want more, you will say, for the intellectual education of the whole man, and for every man, than so exuberant and diversified and persevering a promulgation of all kinds of knowledge? Why, you will ask, need we go up to knowledge, when knowledge comes down to us? The Sibyl wrote her prophecies upon the leaves of the forest, and wasted them; but here such careless profusion might be prudently indulged, for it can be afforded without loss, in consequence of the almost fabulous fecundity of the instrument which these latter ages have invented. We have sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks; works larger and more comprehensive than those which have gained ancients an immortality, issue forth every morning, and are projected onwards to the ends of the earth at the rate of hundreds of miles a day. Our seats are strewed, our pavements are powdered, with swarms of little tracts; and the very bricks of our city walls preach wisdom, by largely informing us where we can at once cheaply purchase it.

I allow all this, and much more; such certainly is the popular education, and its effects are remarkable. Nevertheless, after all, even in this age, when men are really serious about getting what, in the language of trade, is called "a good article," when they aim at something precise, something refined, something really luminous, something really large, something choice, they go to

another market; they avail themselves, in some shape or other, of the rival method, the ancient method, of oral instruction, of present communication between man and man, of teachers instead of teaching, of the personal influence of a master, and the humble initiation of a disciple, and, in consequence, of great centres of pilgrimage and throng, which such a method of education necessarily involves. This, I think, will be found good in all those departments or aspects of society, which possess an interest sufficient to bind men together, or to constitute what is called "a world." It holds in the political world, and in the high world, and in the religious world; and it holds also in the literary and scientific world.

If the actions of men may be taken as any test of their convictions, then we have reason for saying this, viz.;—that the province and the inestimable benefit of the *littera scripta* is that of being a record of truth, and an authority of appeal, and an instrument of teaching in the hands of a teacher; but that, if we wish to become exact and fully furnished in any subject of teaching which is diversified and complicated, we must consult the living man and listen to his living voice. I am not bound to investigate the cause of this, and anything I may say will, I am conscious, be short of its full analysis;—perhaps we may suggest that no books can get through the number of minute questions which it is possible to ask on any extended subject, or hit upon the very difficulties which are respectively felt by each reader in succession. Or again, that no book can convey the special spirit and delicate peculiarities of its subject with that rapidity and certainty which attend on the sympathy of mind with mind, through the eyes, the look, the accent, and the manner, in casual expressions thrown off at

the moment, and the unstudied turns of familiar conversation. But I am already dwelling too long on what is but an incidental portion of my main subject. Whatever be the cause, the fact is undeniable. The general principles of any study you may learn by books at home; but the detail, the colour, the tone, the air, the life which makes it live in us, you must catch all these from those in whom it lives already. You must imitate the student in French or German, who is not content with his grammar, but goes to Paris or Dresden; you must take example from the young artist, who aspires to visit the great Masters in Florence and in Rome. Till we have discovered some intellectual daguerreotype, which takes off the course of thought, and the form, lineaments, and features of truth, as completely and minutely as the optical instrument produces the sensible object, we must come to the teachers of wisdom to learn wisdom; we must repair to the fountain, and drink there. Portions may go from thence to the ends of the earth by means of books, but the fulness is in one place alone. It is in such assemblages and congregations of intellect that books themselves, the masterpieces of human genius, are written, or at least originated.

The principle on which I have been insisting is so obvious, and instances in point so ready, that I should think it tiresome to proceed with the subject, except that one or two illustrations may serve to explain my own language about it, which may not have been as clear as the subject on which it has been employed.

For instance, the polished manners and high-bred behaviour which are so difficult of attainment, and so strictly personal when attained, which are so much admired in society, from society are obtained. All that goes

to constitute a gentleman,—the carriage, gait, address, gestures, voice; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy, the power of conversing, the success in not offending; the lofty principle, the delicacy of thought, the happiness of expression, the taste and propriety, the generosity and forbearance, the candour and consideration, the openness of hand;—these qualities, some of them come by nature, some of them may be found in any rank, some of them are a direct precept of Christianity; but the full assemblage of them, bound up in the unity of an individual character, do we expect they can be learned from books? are they not necessarily acquired, where they are to be found, in high society? The very nature of the case leads us to say so; you cannot fence without an antagonist, nor challenge all comers in disputation before you have supported a thesis; and in like manner, it stands to reason, you cannot learn to converse till you have the world to converse with; you cannot unlearn your natural bashfulness, or awkwardness, or stiffness, or other besetting deformity, till you serve your time in some school of manners. Well, and is it not so in matter of fact? The metropolis, the court, the great houses of the land, are the centres to which at stated times the country comes up, as to shrines of refinement and good taste; and then in due time the country goes back again home, enriched with a portion of those social accomplishments which those very visits serve to call out and heighten in the gracious dispensers of them. We are unable to conceive how the "gentlemanlike" can otherwise be maintained; and maintained in this way it is.

And now a second instance, and here too I am going to speak without personal experience of the subject I am introducing. I admit I have not been in Parliament, any

more than I have figured in the *beau monde;* yet I cannot but think that statesmanship, as well as high breeding, is learned, not by books, but in certain centres of education. If it be not presumption to say so, Parliament puts a clever man *au courant* with politics and affairs of state in a way surprising to himself. A member of the Legislature, if tolerably observant, begins to see things with new eyes, even though his views undergo no change. Words have a meaning now, and ideas a reality, such as they had not before. He hears a vast deal in public speeches and private conversation which is never put into print. The bearings of measures and events, the action of parties, and the persons of friends and enemies are brought out to the man who is in the midst of them with a distinctness which the most diligent perusal of newspapers will fail to throw around them. It is access to the fountain-heads of political wisdom and experience, it is daily intercourse, of one kind or another, with the multitude who go up to them, it is familiarity with business, it is access to the contributions of fact and opinion thrown together by many witnesses from many quarters, which does this for him. However, I need not account for a fact to which it is sufficient to appeal; that the Houses of Parliament and the atmosphere around them are a sort of University of politics.

As regards the world of science, we find a remarkable instance of the principle which I am illustrating, in the periodical meetings for its advance which have arisen in the course of the last twenty years, such as the British Association. Such gatherings would to many persons appear at first sight simply preposterous. Above all subjects of study, Science is conveyed, is propagated, by books, or by private teaching; experiments and investigations are conducted in

silence; discoveries are made in solitude. What have philosophers to do with festive celebrities, and panegyrical solemnities with mathematical and physical truth? Yet on a closer attention to the subject, it is found that not even scientific thought can dispense with the suggestions, the instruction, the stimulus, the sympathy, the intercourse with mankind on a large scale, which such meetings secure. A fine time of year is chosen, when days are long, skies are bright, the earth smiles, and all nature rejoices; a city or town is taken by turns, of ancient name or modern opulence, where buildings are spacious and hospitality hearty. The novelty of place and circumstance, the excitement of strange, or the refreshment of well-known faces, the majesty of rank or of genius, the amiable charities of men pleased both with themselves and with each other; the elevated spirits, the circulation of thought, the curiosity; the morning sections, the outdoor exercise, the well-furnished, well-earned board, the not ungraceful hilarity, the evening circle; the brilliant lecture, the discussions or collisions or guesses of great men one with another, the narratives of scientific processes, of hopes, disappointments, conflicts, and successes, the splendid eulogistic orations; these and the like constituents of the annual celebration, are considered to do something real and substantial for the advance of knowledge which can be done in no other way. Of course they can but be occasional: they answer to the annual Act, or Commencement, or Commemoration of a University, not to its ordinary condition; but they are of a University nature; and I can well believe in their utility. They issue in the promotion of a certain living and, as it were, bodily communication of knowledge from one to another, of a general interchange of ideas, a comparison and

adjustment of science with science, of an enlargement of mind, intellectual and social, of an ardent love of the particular study which may be chosen by each individual, and a noble devotion to its interests.

Such meetings, I repeat, are but periodical, and only partially represent the idea of a University. The bustle and whirl which are their usual concomitants are in ill keeping with the order and gravity of earnest intellectual education. We desiderate the means of instruction without the interruption of our ordinary habits; nor need we seek it long, for the natural course of things brings it about, while we debate over it. In every great country, the metropolis itself becomes a sort of necessary University, whether we will or no. As the chief city is the seat of the court, of high society, of politics, and of law, so, as a matter of course, is it the seat of letters also; and at this time, for a long term of years, London and Paris are in fact and in operation Universities, though in Paris its famous University is no more, and in London a University scarcely exists except as a board of management. The newspapers, magazines, reviews, journals, and periodicals of all kinds, the publishing trade, the libraries, museums, and academies there found, the learned and scientific societies, necessarily invest it with the functions of a University; and that atmosphere of intellect, which in a former age hung over Oxford or Bologna or Salamanca, has, with the change of time, moved away to the centre of civil government. Thither come up youths from all parts of the country, the students of law, medicine, and the fine arts, and the *employés* and *attachés* of literature. There they live, as chance determines; and they are satisfied with their temporary home, for they find in it all that was promised to them

there. They have not come in vain, as far as their own object in coming is concerned. They have not learned any particular religion, but they have learned their own particular profession well. They have, moreover, become acquainted with the habits, manners, and opinions of their place of sojourn, and done their part in maintaining the tradition of them. We cannot then be without virtual Universities; a metropolis is such: the simple question is, whether the education sought and given should be based on principle, formed upon rule, directed to the highest ends, or left to the random succession of masters and schools, one after another, with a melancholy waste of thought and an extreme hazard of truth.

Religious teaching itself affords us an illustration of our subject to a certain point. It does not indeed seat itself merely in centres of the world; this is impossible from the nature of the case. It is intended for the many, not the few; its subject-matter is truth necessary, not truth recondite and rare; but it concurs in the principle of a University so far as this, that its great instrument, or rather organ, has ever been that which nature prescribes in all education, the personal presence of a teacher, or, in theological language, Oral Tradition. It is the living voice, the breathing form, the expressive countenance, which preaches, which catechises. Truth, a subtle, invisible, manifold spirit, is poured into the mind of the scholar by his eyes and ears, through his affections, imagination, and reason; it is poured into his mind and is sealed up there in perpetuity, by propounding and repeating it, by questioning and requestioning, by correcting and explaining, by progressing, and then recurring to first principles, by all those ways which are implied in the word "catechising." In the first ages it

was a work of long time; months, sometimes years, were devoted to the arduous task of disabusing the mind of the incipient Christian of its pagan errors, and of moulding it upon the Christian faith. The Scriptures indeed were at hand for the study of those who could avail themselves of them; but St. Irenæus does not hesitate to speak of whole races who had been converted to Christianity, without being able to read them. To be unable to read or write was in those times no evidence of want of learning: the hermits of the deserts were, in this sense of the word, illiterate; yet the great St. Antony, though he knew not letters, was a match in disputation for the learned philosophers who came to try him. Didymus again, the great Alexandrian theologian, was blind. The ancient discipline, called the *Disciplina Arcani*, involved the same principle. The more sacred doctrines of Revelation were not committed to books, but passed on by successive tradition. The doctrines of the Blessed Trinity and the Eucharist appear to have been so handed down for some hundred years; and when at length reduced to writing, they have filled many folios, which after all have left much unsaid.

But I have said more than enough in illustration; I end as I began;—a University is a place of concourse, whither students come from every quarter for every kind of knowledge. You cannot have the best of every kind everywhere; you must go to some great city or emporium for it. There you have all the choicest productions of nature and art all together, which you find each in its own separate place elsewhere. All the riches of the land, and of the world, are carried up thither; there are the best markets, and there the best workmen. It is the centre of trade, the supreme court of fashion, the umpire of rival skill, and the standard

of things rare and precious. It is the place for seeing galleries of first-rate pictures, and for hearing wonderful voices and miraculous performers. It is the place for great preachers, great orators, great nobles, great statesmen. In the nature of things, greatness and unity go together; excellence implies a centre. Such, then, for the third or fourth time, is a University; I hope I do not weary out the reader by repeating it. It is the place to which a thousand schools make contributions; in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries verified and perfected, and rashness rendered innocuous, and error exposed, by the collision of mind with mind, and knowledge with knowledge. It is the place where the professor becomes eloquent, and a missionary and preacher of science, displaying it in its most complete and most winning form, pouring it forth with the zeal of enthusiasm, and lighting up his own love of it in the breasts of his hearers. It is the place where the catechist makes good his ground as he goes, treading in the truth day by day into the ready memory, and wedging and tightening it into the expanding reason. It is a place which attracts the affections of the young by its fame, wins the judgment of the middle-aged by its beauty, and rivets the memory of the old by its associations. It is a seat of wisdom, a light of the world, a minister of the faith, an Alma Mater of the rising generation. It is this and a great deal more, and demands a somewhat better head and hand than mine to describe it well.

Such is it in its idea and in its purpose; such in good measure has it before now been in fact. Shall it ever be

again? We are going forward in the strength of the Cross, under the patronage of Mary, in the name of Patrick, to attempt it.

CHAPTER III.

SITE OF A UNIVERSITY.

If we would know what a University is, considered in its elementary idea, we must betake ourselves to the first and most celebrated home of European literature, and source of European civilisation, to the bright and beautiful Athens,—Athens, whose schools drew to her bosom, and then sent back again to the business of life, the youth of the Western World for a long thousand years. Seated on the verge of the continent, the city seemed hardly suited for the duties of a central metropolis of knowledge; yet, what it lost in convenience of approach, it gained in its neighbourhood to the traditions of the mysterious East, and in the loveliness of the region in which it lay. Hither, then, as to a sort of ideal land, where all archetypes of the great and the fair were found in substantial being, and all departments of truth explored, and all diversities of intellectual power exhibited, where taste and philosophy were majestically enthroned as in a royal court, where there was no sovereignty but that of mind, and no nobility but that of genius, where professors were rulers, and princes did homage; hither flocked continually from the very corners of the *orbis terrarum*, the many-tongued generation, just rising or just risen into manhood, to gain wisdom.

Pisistratus had in an early age discovered and nursed the infant genius of his people, and Cimon, after the Persian War, had given it a home. That war had established the naval supremacy of Athens; she had become an imperial state; and the Ionians, bound to her by the double chain of kindred and of subjection, were importing into her both their merchandise and their civilisation. The arts and philosophy of the Asiatic coast were easily carried across the sea, and there was Cimon, as I have said, with his ample fortune, ready to receive them with due honours. Not content with patronising their professors, he built the first of those noble porticos of which we hear so much in Athens, and he formed the groves which in process of time became the celebrated Academy. Planting is one of the most graceful, as in Athens it was one of the most beneficent, of employments. Cimon took in hand the wild wood, pruned and dressed it, and laid it out with handsome walks and welcome fountains. Nor, while hospitable to the authors of the city's civilisation, was he ungrateful to the instruments of her prosperity. His trees extended their cool, umbrageous branches over the merchants, who assembled in the Agora, for many generations.

Those merchants certainly had deserved that act of bounty; for all the while their ships had been carrying forth the intellectual fame of Athens to the Western World. Then commenced what may be called her University existence. Pericles, who succeeded Cimon both in the government and in the patronage of art, is said by Plutarch to have entertained the idea of making Athens the capital of federated Greece. In this he failed, but his encouragement of such men as Phidias and Anaxagoras led the way to her acquiring a far more lasting sovereignty over a far wider

empire. Little understanding the sources of her own greatness, Athens would go to war: peace is the interest of a seat of commerce and the arts; but to war she went; yet to her, whether peace or war, it mattered not. The political power of Athens waned and disappeared; kingdoms rose and fell; centuries rolled away—they did but bring fresh triumphs to the city of the poet and the sage. There at length the swarthy Moor and Spaniard were seen to meet the blue-eyed Gaul; and the Cappadocian, late subject of Mithridates, gazed without alarm at the haughty conquering Roman. Revolution after revolution passed over the face of Europe, as well as of Greece, but still she was there,—Athens, the city of mind,—as radiant, as splendid, as delicate, as young as ever she had been.

Many a more fruitful coast or isle is washed by the blue Ægean, many is the spot more beautiful or sublime to see, many the territory more ample; but there was one charm in Attica, which in the same perfection was nowhere else. The deep pastures of Arcadia, the plain of Argos, the Thessalian vale, these had not the gift; Bœotia, which lay to its immediate north, was notorious for its very want of it. The heavy atmosphere of that Bœotia might be good for vegetation, but it was associated in popular belief with the dulness of the Bœotian intellect: on the contrary, the special purity, elasticity, clearness, and salubrity of the air of Attica, fit concomitant and emblem of its genius, did that for it which earth did not;—it brought out every bright hue and tender shade of the landscape on which it was spread, and would have illuminated the face even of a more bare and rugged country.

A confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its greatest length, and thirty its greatest breadth; two elevated rocky barriers,

meeting at an angle; three prominent mountains, commanding the plain — Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus; an unsatisfactory soil; some streams, not always full;—such is about the report which the agent of a London company would have made of Attica. He would report that the climate was mild; the hills were limestone; there was plenty of good marble; more pasture-land than at first survey might have been expected, sufficient certainly for sheep and goats; fisheries productive; silver mines once, but long since worked out; figs fair; oil first-rate; olives in profusion. But what he would not think of noting down was, that that olive-tree was so choice in nature and so noble in shape, that it excited a religious veneration; and that it took so kindly to the light soil as to expand into woods upon the open plain, and to climb up and fringe the hills. He would not think of writing word to his employers, how that clear air, of which I have spoken, brought out, yet blended and subdued, the colours on the marble, till they had a softness and harmony, for all their richness, which in a picture looks exaggerated, yet is after all within the truth. He would not tell how that same delicate and brilliant atmosphere freshened up the pale olive, till the olive forgot its monotony, and its cheek glowed like the arbutus or beech of the Umbrian hills. He would say nothing of the thyme and thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus; he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees; nor take much account of the rare flavour of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca were sufficient for the English demand. He would look over the Ægean from the height he had ascended; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands, which, starting from the Sunian headland, seemed to offer the fabled divinities of Attica, when they would visit their

Ionian cousins, a sort of viaduct thereto across the sea: but this thought would not occur to him, nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below; nor of those graceful, fan-like jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver, and break, and spread, and shroud themselves, and disappear, in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain; nor of the long waves, keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery, as they resound upon the hollow shore,—he would not deign to notice the restless living element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it. Nor the distinct detail, nor the refined colouring, nor the graceful outline and roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otus or Laurium by the declining sun;—our agent of a mercantile firm would not value these matters even at a low figure. Rather we must turn for the sympathy we seek to yon pilgrim student, come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth, as to a shrine, where he might take his fill of gazing on those emblems and coruscations of invisible unoriginate perfection. It was the stranger from a remote province, from Britain or from Mauritania, to whom a scene so different from that of his chilly, woody swamps, or of his fiery choking sands, would have shown him in a measure what a real University must be, by holding out to him the sort of country which was its suitable home.

Nor was this all a University required, and found in Athens. No one, even there, could live on poetry. If the students at that famous place had nothing better than bright hues and soothing sounds, they would not have been able or disposed to turn their residence there to much

account. Of course they must have the means of living, nay, in a certain sense, of enjoyment, if Athens was to be an Alma Mater at the time, or to remain afterwards a pleasant thought in their memory. And so they had: be it recollected Athens was a port, and a mart of trade, perhaps the first in Greece; and this was very much to the point, when a number of strangers were ever flocking to it, whose combat was to be with intellectual, not physical difficulties, and who claimed to have their bodily wants supplied, that they might be at leisure to set about furnishing their minds. Now, barren as was the soil of Attica, and bare the face of the country, yet it had only too many resources for an elegant, nay luxurious abode there. So abundant were the imports of the place, that it was a common saying that the productions, which were found singly elsewhere, were brought all together in Athens. Corn and wine, the staple of subsistence in such a climate, came from the isles of the Ægean; fine wool and carpeting from Asia Minor; slaves, as now, from the Euxine, and timber too; and iron and brass from the coasts of the Mediterranean. The Athenian did not condescend to manufactures himself, but encouraged them in others; and a population of foreigners caught at the lucrative occupation both for home consumption and for exportation. Their cloth, and other textures for dress and furniture, and their hardware—for instance, armour—were in great request. Labour was cheap; stone and marble in plenty; and the taste and skill, which at first were devoted to public buildings, as temples and porticos, were in course of time applied to the mansions of public men. If nature did much for Athens, it is undeniable that art did much more.

Here some one will interrupt me with the remark: "By-

the-bye, where are we, and whither are we going?—what has all this to do with a University? at least what has it to do with education? It is instructive doubtless; but still how much has it to do with your subject?" Now I beg to assure the reader that I am most conscientiously employed upon my subject, and I should have thought every one would have seen this; however, since the objection is made, I may be allowed to pause a while, and show distinctly the drift of what I have been saying, before I go farther. What has this to do with my subject! why, the question of the *site* is the very first that comes into consideration, when a *Studium Generale* is contemplated; for that site should be a liberal and noble one; who will deny it? All authorities agree in this, and very little reflection will be sufficient to make it clear. I recollect a conversation I once had on this very subject with a very eminent man. I was a youth of eighteen, and was leaving my University for the Long Vacation, when I found myself in company in a public conveyance with a middle-aged person, whose face was strange to me. However, it was the great academical luminary of the day, whom afterwards I knew very well. Luckily for me, I did not suspect it; and luckily too, it was a fancy of his, as his friends knew, to make himself on easy terms especially with stage-coach companions. So, what with my flippancy and his condescension, I managed to hear many things which were novel to me at the time; and one point which he was strong upon, and was evidently fond of, was the material pomp and circumstance which should environ a great seat of learning. He considered it was worth the consideration of the Government, whether Oxford should not stand in a domain of its own. An ample range, say four miles in diameter, should be turned into

wood and meadow, and the University should be approached on all sides by a magnificent park, with fine trees in groups and groves and avenues, and with glimpses and views of the fair city, as the traveller drew near it. There is nothing surely absurd in the idea, though it would cost a round sum to realise it. What has a better claim to the purest and fairest possessions of nature, than the seat of wisdom? So thought my coach companion; and he did but express the tradition of ages and the instinct of mankind.

For instance, take the great University of Paris. That famous school engrossed as its territory the whole south bank of the Seine, and occupied one half, and that the pleasanter half, of the city. King Louis had the island pretty well as his own—it was scarcely more than a fortification; and the north of the river was given over to the nobles and citizens to do what they could with its marshes; but the eligible south, rising from the stream, which swept around its base, to the fair summit of St. Genevieve, with its broad meadows, its vineyards and its gardens, and with the sacred elevation of Montmartre confronting it, all this was the inheritance of the University. There was that pleasant Pratum, stretching along the river's bank, in which the students for centuries took their recreation, which Alcuin seems to mention in his farewell verses to Paris, and which has given a name to the great Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés. For long years it was devoted to the purposes of innocent and healthy enjoyment; but evil times came on the University; disorder arose within its precincts, and the fair meadow became the scene of party brawls; heresy stalked through Europe, and, Germany and England no longer sending their contingent of students, a heavy debt was the consequence to the academical body. To let

their lands was the only resource left to them: buildings rose upon it, and spread along the green sod, and the country at length became town. Great was the grief and indignation of the doctors and masters when this catastrophe occurred. "A wretched sight," said the Proctor of the German nation, "a wretched sight, to witness the sale of that ancient manor, whither the muses were wont to wander for retirement and pleasure. Whither shall the youthful student now betake himself, what relief will he find for his eyes, wearied with intense reading, now that the pleasant stream is taken from him?" Two centuries and more have passed since this complaint was uttered, and time has shown that the outward calamity, which it recorded, was but the emblem of the great moral vicissitude which was to follow; till the institution itself has followed its green meadows, into the region of things which once were and now are not.

And in like manner, when they were first contemplating a University in Belgium, some centuries ago, "Many," says Lipsius, "suggested Mechlin, as an abode healthy and clean, but Louvain was preferred, as for other reasons, so because no city seemed, from the disposition of place and people, more suitable for learned leisure. Who will not approve the decision? Can a site be healthier or more pleasant? The atmosphere pure and cheerful; the spaces open and delightful; meadows, fields, vines, groves, nay, I may say, a *rus in urbe.* Ascend and walk round the walls; what do you look down upon? Does not the wonderful and delightful variety smooth the brow and soothe the mind? You have corn, and apples, and grapes; sheep and oxen; and birds chirping or singing. Now carry your feet or your eyes beyond the walls; there are streamlets, the

river meandering along; country-houses, convents, the superb fortress; copses or woods fill up the scene, and spots for simple enjoyment." And then he breaks out into poetry:

> "Salvete Athenæ nostræ, Athenæ Belgicæ,
> Te Gallus, te Germanus, et te Sarmata
> Invisit, et Britannus, et te duplicis
> Hispaniæ alumnus," etc.

Extravagant, then, and wayward as might be the thought of my learned coach companion, when, in the nineteenth century, he imagined, Norman-wise, to turn a score of villages into a park or pleasaunce, still, the waywardness of his fancy is excused by the justness of his principle; for certainly, such as he would have made it, a University ought to be. Old Antony-à-Wood, discoursing on the demands of a University, had expressed the same sentiment long before him; as Horace in ancient times, with reference to Athens itself, when he spoke of seeking truth "in the *groves* of Academe." And to Athens, as will be seen, Wood himself appeals, when he would discourse of Oxford. Among "those things which are required to make a University," he puts down—

"First, a good and pleasant site, where there is a wholesome and temperate constitution of the air; composed with waters, springs or wells, woods and pleasant fields; which being obtained, those commodities are enough to invite students to stay and abide there. As the Athenians in ancient times were happy for their conveniences, so also were the Britons, when by a remnant of the Grecians that came amongst them, they or their successors selected such a place in Britain to plant a school or schools therein,

which for its pleasant situation was afterwards called Bellositum or Bellosite, now Oxford, privileged with all those conveniences before mentioned."

By others the local advantages of that University have been more philosophically analysed—for instance, with a reference to its position in the middle of southern England; its situation on several islands in a broad plain, through which many streams flowed; the surrounding marshes, which, in times when it was needed, protected the city from invaders; its own strength as a military position; its easy communication with London, nay, with the sea, by means of the Thames; while the London fortifications hindered pirates from ascending the stream, which all the time was so ready and convenient for a descent.

Alas! for centuries past that city has lost its prime honour and boast, as a servant and soldier of the Truth. Once named the second school of the Church, second only to Paris, the foster-mother of St. Edward, St. Richard, St. Thomas Cantilupe, the theatre of great intellects, of Scotus, the subtle Doctor, of Hales the irrefragable, of Occam the special, of Bacon the admirable, of Middleton the solid, and of Bradwardine the profound, Oxford has now lapsed to that level of mere human loveliness which, in its highest perfection, we admire in Athens. Nor would it have a place, now or hereafter, in these columns, nor would it occur to me to speak its name, except that, even in its sorrowful deprivation, it retains just so much of that outward lustre which, like the brightness on the prophet's face, ought to be a ray from an illumination within, as to afford me an illustration of the point on which I am engaged, viz., what should be the material dwelling-place

and appearance, the local circumstances, and the secular concomitants of a great University. Pictures are drawn in tales of romance of spirits seemingly too beautiful in their fall to be really fallen, and the holy Pope at Rome, Gregory, in fact, and not in fiction, looked upon the blue eyes and golden hair of the fierce Saxon youth in the slave-market, and pronounced them Angels, not Angles; and the spell which this once loyal daughter of the Church still exercises upon the foreign visitor, even now when her true glory is departed, suggests to us how far more majestic, and more touching, how brimful of indescribable influence would be the presence of a University which was planted within, not without, Jerusalem—an influence potent as her truth is strong, wide as her way is world-wide, and growing, not lessening, by the extent of space over which its attraction would be exerted.

Let the reader then listen to the words of the last learned German, who has treated of Oxford, and judge for himself if they do not bear me out in what I have said of the fascination which the very face and smile of a University possess over those who come within its range.

"There is scarce a spot in the world," says Huber, "that bears an historical stamp so deep and varied as Oxford; where so many noble memorials of moral and material power, co-operating to an honourable end, meet the eye all at once. He who can be proof against the strong emotions which the whole aspect and genius of the place tend to inspire, must be dull, thoughtless, uneducated, or of very perverted views. Others will bear us witness, that, even side by side with the Eternal Rome, the Alma Mater of Oxford may be fitly named, as producing a deep, a lasting, and peculiar impression.

"In one of the most fertile districts of the Queen of the Seas, whom nature has so richly blessed, whom for centuries past no footstep of foreign armies has desecrated, lies a broad green vale, where the Cherwell and the Isis mingle their full, clear waters. Here and there primeval elms and oaks overshadow them; while in their various windings they encircle gardens, meadows, and fields, villages, cottages, farmhouses, and country-seats, in motley mixture. In the midst rises a mass of mighty buildings, the general character of which varies between convent, palace, and castle. Some few Gothic church-towers and Romaic domes, it is true, break through the horizontal lines; yet the general impression at a distance and at first sight is essentially different from that of any of the towns of the middle ages. The outlines are far from being so sharp, so angular, so irregular, so fantastical; a certain softness, a peculiar repose, reigns in those broader, terrace-like rising masses. Only in the creations of Claude Lorraine or Poussin could we expect to find a spot to compare with the prevailing character of this picture, especially when lit up by a favourable light. The principal masses consist of Colleges, the University buildings, and the city churches; and by the side of these the city itself is lost on distant view. But on entering the streets, we find around us all the signs of an active and prosperous trade. Rich and elegant shops in profusion afford a sight to be found nowhere but in England; but, with all this glitter and show, they sink into a modest, and, as it were, a menial attitude, by the side of the grandly severe memorials of the higher intellectual life, memorials which have been growing out of that life from almost the beginning of Christianity itself. Those rich and elegant shops are, as it were,

the domestic offices of these palaces of learning which ever rivet the eye of the observer, while all besides seems perforce to be subservient to them. Each of the larger and more ancient Colleges looks like a separate whole—an entire town, whose walls and monuments proclaim the vigorous growth of many centuries; and the town itself has happily escaped the lot of modern beautifying, and in this respect harmonises with the Colleges."

There are those who, having felt the influence of this ancient school, and being smit with its splendour and its sweetness, ask wistfully if never again it is to be Catholic, or whether at least some footing for Catholicity may not be found there? All honour and merit to the charitable and zealous hearts who so inquire! Nor can we dare to tell what in time to come may be the inscrutable purposes of that grace which is ever more comprehensive than human hope and aspiration. But for me, from the day I left its walls, I never, for good or bad, have had anticipation of its future; and never for a moment have I had a wish to see again a place which I have never ceased to love, and where I lived for nearly thirty years. Nay, looking at the general state of things at this day, I desiderate for a school of the Church, if an additional school is to be granted to us, a more central position than Oxford has to show. Since the age of Alfred and of the first Henry, the world has grown from the west and south of Europe, into four or five continents; and I look for a city less inland than that old sanctuary, and a country closer upon the highway of the seas. I look towards a land both old and young; old in its Christianity, young in the promise of its future: a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never quenched it: a Church which comprehends

in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and York, which Augustine and Paulinus found, and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people which has had a long night, and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the island I am gazing on become the road of passage and union between two hemispheres, and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigour, and Spain in enthusiasm; and I see England taught by advancing years to exercise in its behalf that good sense which is her characteristic towards every one else. The capital of that prosperous and hopeful land is situate in a beautiful bay and near a romantic region; and in it I see a flourishing University, which for a while had to struggle with fortune, but which, when its first founders and servants were dead and gone, had successes far exceeding their anxieties. Thither, as to a sacred soil, the home of their fathers, and the fountain-head of their Christianity, students are flocking from East, West, and South, from America and Australia and India, from Egypt and Asia Minor, with the ease and rapidity of a locomotion not yet discovered, and last, though not least, from England—all speaking one tongue, all owning one faith, all eager for one large true wisdom; and thence, when their stay is over, going back again to carry peace to men of good will over all the earth.

CHAPTER IV.

UNIVERSITY LIFE: ATHENS.

However apposite may have been the digression into which I was led when I had got about half through the foregoing chapter, it has had the inconvenience of what may be called running me off the rails; and now that I wish to proceed from the point at which it took place, I shall find some trouble, if I may continue the metaphor, in getting up the steam again, or, if I may change it, in getting into the swing of my subject.

It has been my desire, were I able, to bring before the reader what Athens may have been, viewed as what we have since called a University; and to do this, not with any purpose of writing a panegyric on a heathen city, or of denying its many deformities, or of concealing what was morally base in what was intellectually great, but just the contrary, of representing things as they really were, so far, that is, as to enable him to see what a University is in the very constitution of society and in its own idea, what is its nature and object, and what it needs of aid and support external to itself to complete that nature and to secure that object.

So now let us fancy our Scythian, or Armenian, or African, or Italian, or Gallic student, tossing on the waves, which would be his more ordinary route to Athens, and at last casting anchor at Piræus. He is of any condition or rank of life you please, and may be made to order, from a prince to a peasant. Perhaps he is some Cleanthes, who has been a boxer in the public games. How did it ever

cross his brain to betake himself to Athens in search of wisdom? or, if he came thither by accident, how did the love of it ever touch his heart? But so it was, to Athens he came with three drachmas in his girdle, and he got his livelihood by drawing water, carrying loads, and the like servile occupations. He attached himself, of all philosophers, to Zeno the Stoic—to Zeno, the most high-minded, the most haughty of speculators; and out of his daily earnings the poor scholar brought his master the daily sum of an obolus in payment for attending his lectures. Such progress did he make, that on Zeno's death he actually was his successor in his school; and, if my memory does not play me false, he is the author of a Hymn to the Supreme Being, which is one of the noblest effusions of the kind in classical poetry. Yet, even when he was the head of a school, he continued in his illiberal toil as if he had been a monk; and, it is said, that once, when the wind took his pallium and blew it aside, he was discovered to have no other garment at all;—something like the German student who came up to Heidelberg with nothing upon him but a great-coat and a pair of pistols.

Or it is another disciple of the Porch—I mean, it is one who one day will be such—who is entering the city; but in what different fashion he comes! It is no other than Marcus, the adopted son of Titus Aurelius, Emperor of Rome, and himself in course of time both Emperor and Philosopher. He comes with Verus, his future colleague; the public carriages have been put at his command all along his line of road, and the opulent Professors of the city crowd to receive him with the honours of his rank.

Or it is a young man of great promise as an Orator, were

it not for his weakness of chest, which renders it necessary that he should acquire the art of speaking without over-exertion, and should adopt a delivery sufficient for the display of his rhetorical talents on the one hand, yet merciful to his physical resources on the other. He is called Cicero; he will stop but a short time, and will pass over to Asia Minor and its cities before he returns to continue a career which will render his name immortal; and he will like his short sojourn at Athens so well that he will take good care to send his son thither at an earlier age than he visited it himself.

But see where comes from Alexandria (for we need not be very solicitous about anachronisms), a young man from twenty to twenty-two, who has narrowly escaped drowning on his voyage, and is to remain at Athens as many as eight or ten years, yet in the course of that time will not learn a line of Latin, thinking it enough to become accomplished in Greek composition—and in that he will succeed. He is a grave person, and difficult to make out; some say he is a Christian, something or other in the Christian line his father is for certain. He is called Gregory, by country a Cappadocian, and will in time become pre-eminently a theologian, and one of the principal Doctors of the Greek Church.

Or it is one Horace, a youth of low stature and black hair, whose father has given him an education at Rome above his rank in life, and now is sending him to finish it at Athens; he is said to have a turn for poetry: a hero he is not, and it were well if he knew it; but he is caught by the enthusiasm of the hour, and goes off campaigning with Brutus and Cassius, and will leave his shield behind him on the field of Philippi.

Or it is a mere boy of fifteen: his name is Eunapius; though the voyage was not long, sea-sickness, or confinement, or bad living on board the vessel, threw him into a fever, and, when the passengers landed in the evening at Piræus, he could not stand. His countrymen who accompanied him, took him up among them and carried him to the house of the great teacher of the day, Proæresius, who was a friend of the captain's, and whose fame it was which drew the enthusiastic youth to Athens. His companions understand the sort of place they are in, and, with the licence of academic students, they break into the philosopher's house, though he appears to have retired for the night, and proceed to make themselves free of it, with an absence of ceremony which is only not impudence because Proæresius takes it so easily. Strange introduction for our stranger to a seat of learning, but not out of keeping with Athens; for what could you expect of a place where there was a mob of youths and not even the pretence of control; where the poorer lived any how, and got on as they could, and the teachers themselves had no protection from the humours and caprices of the students who filled their lecture-halls? However, as to this Eunapius, Proæresius took a fancy to the boy, and told him curious stories about Athenian life. He himself had come up to the University with one Hephæstion, and they were even worse off than Cleanthes the Stoic; for they had only one cloak between them, and nothing whatever besides, except some old bedding; so when Proæresius went abroad, Hephæstion lay in bed and practised himself in oratory; and then Hephæstion put on the cloak, and Proæresius took his turn in the bedding. At another time there was so fierce a feud between what would be called "town and gown" in an

English University, that the professors did not dare lecture in public, for fear of ill treatment.

But a freshman like Eunapius soon got experience for himself of the ways and manners prevalent in Athens. Hardly had such a one as he entered the city when he was caught hold of by a party of the academic youth, who proceeded to practise on his awkwardness and his ignorance. At first sight one wonders at their childishness; but the like conduct obtained in the mediæval Universities; and not many months have passed away since the journals have told us of sober Englishmen, given to matter-of-fact calculations, and to the anxieties of money-making, pelting each other with snowballs on their own sacred territory, and defying the magistracy, when they would interfere with their privilege of becoming boys. So I suppose we must attribute it to something or other in human nature. Meanwhile, there stands the new-comer, surrounded by a circle of his new associates, who forthwith proceed to frighten, and to banter, and to make a fool of him, to the extent of their wit. Some address him with mock politeness, others with fierceness; and so they conduct him in solemn procession across the Agora to the Baths, and as they approach, they dance about him like madmen. But this was the end of his trial, for the Bath was a sort of initiation; he thereupon received the pallium, or University gown, and was suffered by his tormentors to depart in peace. One alone is recorded as having been exempted from this persecution; it was a youth graver and loftier than even St. Gregory himself: but it was not from his force of character, but at the instance of Gregory, that he escaped. Gregory was his bosom-friend, and was ready in Athens to shelter him when he came. It was another Saint and another Doctor; the great Basil, then,

—it would appear, as Gregory, but a catechumen of the Church.

But to return to our freshman. His troubles are not at an end, though he has got his gown upon him. Where is he to lodge? whom is he to attend? He finds himself seized, before he well knows where he is, by another party, or three or four parties at once, like foreign porters at a landing, who seize on the baggage of the perplexed stranger, and thrust half-a-dozen cards into his unwilling hands. Our youth is plied by the hangers-on of professor this, or sophist that, each of whom wishes the fame or the profit of having a houseful. We will say that he escapes from their hands—but then he will have to choose for himself where he will put up; and, to tell the truth, with all the praise I have already given, and the praise I shall have to give, to the city of mind, nevertheless, between ourselves, the brick and wood which formed it, the actual tenements, where flesh and blood had to lodge (always excepting the mansions of the great men of the place), do not seem to have been much better than those Greek or Turkish towns which are at this moment a topic of interest and ridicule in the public prints. A lively picture has lately been set before us of Gallipoli. Take, says the writer,[1] a multitude of the dilapidated out-houses found in farmyards in England, of the rickety old wooden tenements, the cracked, shutterless structures of planks and tiles, the sheds and stalls which our by-lanes, or fish-markets, or river-sides can supply; tumble them down on the declivity of a bare bald hill; let the spaces between house and house, thus accidentally determined, be understood to form streets, winding of course for no reason, and with no meaning, up and down the town; the roadway

[1] Mr. Russell's Letters in the *Times* newspaper.

always narrow, the breadth never uniform, the separate houses bulging or retiring below, as circumstances may have determined, and leaning forward till they meet overhead;—and you have a good idea of Gallipoli. I question whether this picture would not nearly correspond to the special seat of the muses in ancient times. Learned writers assure us distinctly that the houses of Athens were for the most part small and mean; that the streets were crooked and narrow; that the upper storeys projected over the roadway; and that staircases, balustrades, and doors that opened outwards, obstructed it;—a remarkable coincidence of description. I do not doubt at all, though history is silent, that that roadway was jolting to carriages, and all but impassable; and that it was traversed by drains, as freely as any Turkish town now. Athens seems in these respects to have been below the average cities of its time. "A stranger," says an ancient, "might doubt, on the sudden view, if really he saw Athens."

I grant all this, and much more, if you will; but, recollect, Athens was the home of the intellectual and beautiful; not of low mechanical contrivances, and material organisation. Why stop within your lodging, counting the rents in your wall or the holes in your tiling, when nature and art call you away? You will find just such a chamber, and a table, and a stool, and a sleeping-board, anywhere else in the three continents; one place does not differ from another indoors; your magalia in Africa, or your grottos in Syria are not perfection. I suppose you did not come to Athens to swarm up a ladder, or to grope about a closet: you came to see and to hear, what hear and see you could not elsewhere. What food for the intellect is a procurable article indoors, that you stay there looking about you? do you

think to read there? where are your books? do you expect to purchase books at Athens?—you are much out in your calculations. True it is, we at this day, who live in the nineteenth century, have the books of Greece as a perpetual memorial; and copies there have been, since the time that they were written; but you need not go to Athens to procure them, nor would you find them in Athens. Strange to say, strange to the nineteenth century, that in the age of Plato and Thucydides there was not, it is said, a bookshop in the whole place: nor was the book trade in existence till the very time of Augustus. Libraries, I suspect, were the bright invention of Attalus or the Ptolemies;[1] I doubt whether Athens had a library till the reign of Hadrian. It was what the student gazed on, what he heard, what he caught by the magic of sympathy, not what he read, which was the education furnished by Athens.

He leaves his narrow lodging early in the morning, and not till night, if even then, will he return. It is but a crib or kennel,—in which he sleeps when the weather is inclement or the ground damp; in no respect a home. And he goes out of doors, not to read the day's newspaper, or to buy the gay shilling volume, but to imbibe the invisible atmosphere of genius, and to learn by heart the oral traditions of taste. Out he goes; and, leaving the tumble-down town behind him, he mounts the Acropolis to the right, or he turns to the Areopagus on the left. He goes to the Parthenon to study the sculptures of Phidias; to the temple of the Dioscuri to see the paintings of Polygnotus.

[1] I do not go into controversy on the subject, for which the reader must have recourse to Lipsius, Morhof, Boeckh, Bekker, etc.; and this of course applies to whatever historical matter I introduce, or shall introduce.

We indeed take our Sophocles or Æschylus out of our coat-pocket; but, if our sojourner at Athens would understand how a tragic poet can write, he must betake himself to the theatre on the south, and see and hear the drama literally in action. Or let him go westward to the Agora, and there he will hear Lysias or Andocides pleading, or Demosthenes haranguing. He goes farther west still, along the shade of those noble planes which Cimon has planted there; and he looks around him at the statues and porticos and vestibules, each by itself a work of genius and skill, enough to be the making of another city. He passes through the city gate, and then he is at the famous Ceramicus; here are the tombs of the mighty dead; and here, we will suppose, is Pericles himself, the most elevated, the most thrilling of orators, converting a funeral oration over the slain into a philosophical panegyric of the living.

Onwards he proceeds still; and now he has come to that still more celebrated Academe, which has bestowed its own name on Universities down to this day; and there he sees a sight which will be graven on his memory till he dies. Many are the beauties of the place, the groves, and the statues, and the temple, and the stream of the Cephissus flowing by; many are the lessons which will be taught him day after day by teacher or by companion; but his eye is just now arrested by one object—it is the very presence of Plato. He does not hear a word that he says; he does not care to hear; he asks neither for discourse nor disputation; what he sees is a whole, complete in itself, not to be increased by addition, and greater than anything else. It will be a point in the history of his life; a stay for his mind to rest on, a burning thought in his heart, a bond of union with men like himself, ever afterwards Such is the spell

which the living man exerts on his fellows, for good or for evil. How nature impels us to lean upon others, making virtue, or genius, or name, the qualification for our doing so! A Spaniard is said to have travelled to Italy simply to see Livy; he had his fill of gazing, and then went back again home. Had our young stranger got nothing by his voyage but the sight of the breathing and moving Plato, had he entered no lecture-room to hear, no gymnasium to converse, he had got some measure of education, and something to tell of to his grandchildren.

But Plato is not the only sage, nor the sight of him the only lesson to be learned in this wonderful suburb. It is the region and the realm of philosophy. Colleges were the inventions of many centuries later; and they imply a sort of cloistered life, or at least a more than Athenian observance of rule. It was the boast of the philosophic statesman of Athens, that his countrymen achieved by the mere force of nature and the love of the noble and the great, what other people aimed at by laborious discipline; and all who came among them were submitted to the same method of education. We have traced our student on his wanderings from the Acropolis to the Sacred Way; and now he is in the region of the schools. No awful arch, no window of many-coloured lights marks the several seats of learning; philosophy lives out of doors. No close atmosphere oppresses the brain or inflames the eyelid; no long session stiffens the limbs. Epicurus is reclining in his garden; Zeno looks like a divinity in his porch; the restless Aristotle, on the other side of the city, as if in antagonism to Plato, is walking his pupils off their legs in his Lyceum by the Illyssus. Our student has determined on entering himself as a disciple of Theophrastus, a teacher of marvellous popu-

larity, who has brought together two thousand pupils from all parts of the world. He himself is of Lesbos; for masters, as well as students, come hither from all regions of the earth—as befits a University. How could Athens have collected hearers in such numbers, unless she had selected teachers of such power? It was the range of territory, which the notion of a University implies, which furnished both the quantity of the one and the quality of the other. Anaxagoras was from Ionia, Carneades from Africa, Zeno from Cyprus, Protagoras from Thrace, and Gorgias from Sicily. Andromachus was a Syrian, Proæresius an Armenian, Hilarius a Bithynian, Philiscus a Thessalian, Hadrian a Syrian. Rome is celebrated for her liberality in civil matters; Athens was as liberal in intellectual. There was no narrow jealousy directed against a Professor because he was not an Athenian; genius and talent were the qualifications; and to bring them to Athens was to do homage to it as a University. There was a brotherhood and a citizenship of mind.

Mind came first, and was the foundation of the academical polity; but it soon brought along with it, and gathered round itself, the gifts of fortune and the prizes of life. As time went on, wisdom was not always sentenced to the bare cloak of Cleanthes; but, beginning in rags, it ended in fine linen. The Professors became honourable and rich; and the students ranged themselves under their names, and were proud of calling themselves their countrymen. The University was divided into four great nations, as the mediæval antiquarian would style them; and in the middle of the fourth century, Proæresius was the leader or proctor of the Attic, Hephæstion of the Oriental, Epiphanius of the Arabic, and Diophantus of the Pontic. Thus the Professors were

the patrons of clients, and the hosts and *proxeni* of strangers and visitors, as well as the masters of the schools: and the Syrian or Sicilian youth who came to one or other of them, would be encouraged to study by his protection, and incited to aspire by his example.

Even Plato, when the schools of Athens were not a hundred years old, was in circumstances to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate.* He had a villa out at Heraclea; and he left his patrimony to his school, in whose hands it remained, not only safe, but fructifying, a marvellous phenomenon in tumultuous Greece, for the long space of eight hundred years. Epicurus too had the property of the Gardens where he lectured; and these too became the property of his sect. But in Roman times the chairs of grammar, rhetoric, politics, and the four philosophies, were handsomely endowed by the State; some of the Professors were themselves statesmen or high functionaries, and brought to their favourite study senatorial rank or Asiatic opulence.

Patrons such as these can compensate to the freshman, in whom we have interested ourselves, for the poorness of his lodging and the turbulence of his companions. In every thing there is a better side and a worse; in every place a disreputable set and a respectable, and the one is hardly known at all to the other. Men come away from the same University at this day, with contradictory impressions and contradictory statements, according to the society they have found there; if you believe the one, nothing goes on there as it should do; if you believe the other, nothing goes on as it should *not.* Virtue, however, and decency are at least in the minority everywhere, and under some sort of a cloud or disadvantage; and this being the case, it is so much gain whenever an Herodes Atticus

is found, to throw the influence of wealth and station on the side even of a decorous philosophy. A consular man, and the heir of an ample fortune, this Herod was content to devote his powers to a professorship, and his fortunes to the patronage of literature. He gave the sophist Polemo about eight thousand pounds, as the sum is calculated, for three declamations. He built at Athens a stadium six hundred feet long, entirely of white marble, and capable of admitting the whole population. His theatre, erected to the memory of his wife, was made of cedar wood curiously carved. He had two villas, one at Marathon, the place of his birth, about ten miles from Athens, the other at Cephissia, at the distance of six; and thither he drew to him the *élite*, and at times the whole body of the students. Long arcades, groves of trees, clear pools for the bath, delighted and recruited the summer visitor. Never was so brilliant a lecture-room as his evening banqueting-hall; highly-connected students from Rome mixed with the sharp-witted Provincial of Greece or Asia Minor; and the flippant sciolist, and the nondescript visitor, half philosopher, half tramp, met with a reception, courteous always, but suitable to their deserts. Herod was noted for his repartees; and we have instances on record of his setting down, according to the emergency, both the one and the other.

A higher line, though a rarer one, was that allotted to the youthful Basil. He was one of those men who seem by a sort of fascination to draw others around them even without wishing it. One might have deemed that his gravity and his reserve would have kept them at a distance; but, almost in spite of himself, he was the centre of a knot of youths, who, pagans as most of them were, used Athens honestly for the purpose for which they professed to seek

it; and, disappointed and displeased with the place himself, he seems nevertheless to have been the means of their profiting by its advantages. One of these was Sophronius, who afterwards held a high office in the State; Eusebius was another, at that time the bosom-friend of Sophronius, and afterwards a Bishop. Celsus too is named, who afterwards was raised to the government of Cilicia by the Emperor Julian. Julian himself, in the sequel of unhappy memory, was then at Athens, and known at least to St. Gregory. Another Julian is also mentioned, who was afterwards commissioner of the land tax. Here we have a glimpse of the better kind of society among the students of Athens; and it is to the credit of the parties composing it, that such young men as Gregory and Basil, men as intimately connected with Christianity as they were well-known in the world, should hold so high a place in their esteem and love. When the two saints were departing, their companions came around them with the hope of changing their purpose. Basil persevered; but Gregory relented, and turned back to Athens for a time.

CHAPTER V.

FREE TRADE IN KNOWLEDGE: THE SOPHISTS.

When the Catholic University is mentioned, we hear people saying on all sides of us, "Impossible! how can you give degrees? what will your degrees be worth? where are your endowments? where are your edifices? where will you find students? what will Government have to say to you? who

wants you? who will acknowledge you? what do you expect? what is left for you?"

Now, I hope I may say without offence, that this surprise on the part of so many excellent men is itself not a little surprising. When I look around at what the Catholic Church now is in this country of Ireland, and am told what it was twenty or thirty years ago; when I see the hundreds of good works which in that interval have been done, and now stand as monuments of the zeal and charity of the living and the dead; when I find that in those years new religious orders have been introduced, and that the country is now covered with convents; when I gaze upon the sacred edifices, spacious and fair, which during that time have been built out of the pence of the poor; when I reckon up the multitude of schools now at work, and the sacrifices which gave them birth; when I reflect upon the great political exertions and successes which have made the same period memorable in all history to come; when I contrast what was then almost a nation of bondsmen, with the intelligence, and freedom of thought, and hope for the future, which is its present characteristic; when I meditate on the wonderful sight of a people springing again fresh and vigorous from the sepulchre of famine and pestilence; and when I consider that those bonds of death which they have burst are but the specimen and image of the adamantine obstacles, political, social, and municipal, which have all along stood in the way of their triumphs, and how they have been carried on to victory by the simple energy of a courageous faith; it sets me marvelling to find some of those very men, who have been heroically achieving impossibilities all their lives long, now beginning to scruple about adding one little sneaking impossibility to the list, and I feel it to

be a great escape for the Church that they did not insert the word "impossible" into their dictionaries and encyclopædias at a somewhat earlier date.

However, this by the way. As to the objection itself, which has led to this not unnatural reflection, perhaps the reader may already have observed, if he has taken the trouble to follow me, that in former papers I have already been covertly aiming at it; and now I propose to handle it avowedly, at least as far as my limits will allow in one chapter.

He will recollect, perhaps, that in former papers I have already been maintaining that a University consists, and has ever consisted, in demand and supply, in wants which it alone can satisfy, and which it does satisfy, in the communication of knowledge, and the relation and bond which exists between the teacher and the taught. Its constituting, animating principle is this moral attraction of one class of persons to another; which is prior in its nature, nay, commonly in its history, to any other tie whatever; so that, where this is wanting, a University is alive only in name, and has lost its true essence, whatever be the advantages, whether of position or of affluence, with which the civil power or private benefactors contrive to encircle it. I am far indeed from undervaluing those external advantages; a certain share of them is necessary to its well-being; but, on the whole, as it is with the individual so will it be with the body:—it is talents and attainments which command success. Consideration, dignity, wealth, and power are all very proper things in the territory of literature; but they ought to know their place; they come second, not first; they must not presume, or make too much of themselves; or they had better be away. First intellect, then secular

advantages, as its instruments and as its rewards; I say no more than this, but I say no less.

Nor am I denying, as I shall directly show, that, under any circumstances, professors will ordinarily lecture, and students ordinarily attend them, with a view, in some shape or other, to secular advantage. Certainly; few persons pursue knowledge simply for its own sake. But still, remuneration of some sort, both to the teachers and to the taught, may be inseparable from the fact of a University, and I think it is. Much less am I forgetting (to view the subject on another side) that intellect is helpless, because ungovernable and self-destructive, unless it be regulated by a moral rule and by revealed truth. Nor am I saying anything in disparagement of the principle, that establishments of literature and science should be in subordination to ecclesiastical authority.

I would not make light of any of these considerations; some I shall even assume at once, as necessary for my purpose; of some I shall say more hereafter; here, however, I am merely suggesting to the reader's better judgment what constitutes a University, what is just enough to constitute it, or what a University consists in, viewed in its essence. What this is, seems to me most simply explained and ascertained, as I noticed in a former number, by the instance of metropolitan cities. It would appear as if the very same kind of needs, social and moral, which give rise to metropolitan cities, give rise also to Universities; nay, that every metropolis *is* a University, as far as the rudiments of a University are concerned. Youths come up thither from all parts: in order to better themselves generally;—not as if they necessarily looked for degrees in their own several pursuits, and degrees recognised by the law; not as

if there were to be any *concursus* for fellowships in chemistry, for instance, or engineering,—but they come to gain that instruction which will turn most to their account in after-life, and to form good and serviceable connections, and that, as regards the fine arts, literature and science, as well as in trade and the professions. I do not see why it should be more difficult for Ireland to trade, if I may use the term, upon the field of knowledge, than for the inhabitants of San Francisco or of Melbourne to make a fortune by their gold-fields, or for the North of England by its coal. If gold is power, wealth, influence; and if coal is power, wealth, influence; so is knowledge.

> "When house and lands are gone and spent,
> Then learning is most excellent;"

and, as some men go to the Antipodes for the gold, so others will come to us here for the knowledge. And it is as reasonable to expect students, though we have no charter from the State, provided we hold out the inducement of good teachers, as to expect a crowd of Britishers, Yankees, Spaniards, and Chinamen at the diggings, though there are no degrees for the successful use of the pickaxe, sieve, and shovel.

And history, I think, corroborates this view of the matter. In all times there have been Universities; and in all times they have flourished by means of this profession of teaching and this desire of learning. They have needed nothing else but this for their existence. There has been a demand, and there has been a supply; and there has been the supply necessarily before the demand, though not before the need. This is how the University, in every age, has made progress. Teachers have set up their tent and opened their school,

and students and disciples have flocked around them, in spite of the want of every advantage, or even of the presence of every conceivable discouragement. Years, nay, centuries perhaps, passed along of discomfort and disorder; and these, though they showed plainly enough that, for the well-being and perfection of a University something more than the desire for knowledge is required, yet they showed also how irrepressible was that desire, how reviviscent, how indestructible, how adequate to the duties of a vital principle, in the midst of enemies within and without, amid plague, famine, destitution, war, dissension, and tyranny, evils physical and social, which would have been fatal to any other but a really natural principle naturally developed.

Do not let the reader suppose, however, that I am anticipating for Dublin at this day such dreary periods or such ruinous commotions as befell the schools of the mediæval period. Such miseries were the accident of the times; and this is why we hear so much then of protectors of learning—the Charlemagnes and Alfreds,—as the compensation of those miseries. It may be asked whether such protectors do not tell against the inherent vitality, on which I have been insisting, of Universities; but in truth, powerful sovereigns, like them, did but clear and keep the ground on which Universities were to build. Learning in the middle ages had great foes and great friends; we, too, were we setting up a school of learning in a rude period of society, should have to expect perils on the one hand, and to court protectors on the other; as it is, however, we can afford to treat with comparative unconcern the prospect both of the one and of the other. We may hope, and we may be content, to be just let alone; or, if we must be anxious about the future, we may reasonably use the words

of the proverb, "Save me from my friends." Charlemagne was indeed a patron of learning, but he was a protector far more; it is our happiness, for which we cannot be too thankful to the Author of all good, to need no protector; for it is our privilege just now, whatever comes of the morrow, to live in the midst of a civilisation, the like of which the world never saw before. The descent of enemies on our coasts, the forays of indigenous marauders, the sudden rise of town mobs, the unbridled cruelty of rulers, the resistless sweep of pestilence, the utter insecurity of life and property, and the recklessness which is its consequence, all that deforms the annals of the mediæval Universities is to us for the present but a matter of history. The statesman, the lawyer, the soldier, the policeman, the sanitary reformer, the economist, have seriously wronged and afflicted us in other ways, national, social, and religious; but, on the side on which I have here to view them, they are acting in our behalf as a blessing from heaven. They are giving us that tranquillity for which the Church so variously and so anxiously prays; that real freedom, which enables us to consult her interests, to edify her holy house, to adorn her sanctuary, to perfect her discipline, to inculcate her doctrines, and to enlighten and form her children, "with all confidence," as Scripture speaks, "without prohibition." We are able to set up a *Studium Generale*, without its concomitant dangers and inconveniences; and the history of the past, while it adumbrates for us the pattern of a University, and supplies us with a specimen of its good fruits, conveys to us no presage of the recurrence of those melancholy conflicts, in which the cultivated intellect was in those times engaged, sometimes with brute force, and sometimes, alas! with revealed religion.

Charlemagne then was necessary, but not so much *for* the University, as *against* its enemies. He was confessedly a patron of letters, effectual as well as munificent, but he could not anyhow have dispensed with his celebrated professors, and they, as the history of literature, both before and after him, shows, could probably have dispensed with him. Whether we turn to the ancient world or the modern, in either case we have evidence in behalf of this position: we have the spectacle of the thirst of knowledge acting for and by itself, and making its own way.

Here I shall confine myself to ancient history: both in Athens and in Rome, we find it pushing forward, in independence of the civil power. The professors of literature seated themselves in Athens without the favour of the Government; and they opened their mission in Rome in spite of its State traditions. It was the rising generation, it was the mind of youth unfettered by the conventional ideas of the ruling politics, which in either case became their followers. The excitement they created in Athens is described by Plato in one of his Dialogues, and has often been quoted. Protagoras came to the bright city with the profession of teaching "the political art"; and the young flocked around him. They flocked to him, be it observed, not because he promised them entertainment or novelty, such as the theatre might promise, and a people proverbially fickle and curious might exact; nor, on the other hand, had he any definite recompense to hold out—a degree, for instance, or a snug Fellowship, or an India writership, or a place in the Civil Service. He offered them just the sort of inducement which carries off a man now to a conveyancer, or a medical practitioner, or an engineer—he engaged to prepare them for the line of life which they had chosen as

their own, and to prepare them better than Hippias or Prodicus, who were at Athens with him. Whether he was really able to do this, is another thing altogether; or rather it makes the argument stronger, if he were unable; for, if the very promise of knowledge was so potent a spell, what would have been its real possession?

But now let us hear the state of the case from the mouth of Hippocrates himself—the youth who in his eagerness woke Socrates, himself a young man at the time, while it was yet dark, to tell him that Protagoras was come to Athens. "When we had supped, and were going to bed,"[1] he says, "then my brother told me that Protagoras was arrived, and my first thought was to come and see you immediately; but afterwards it appeared to me too late at night. As soon, however, as sleep had refreshed me, up I got, and came here." "And I," continues Socrates, giving an account of the conversation, "knowing his earnestness and excitability, said: 'What is that to you? does Protagoras do you any harm?' He laughed and said: 'That he does, Socrates; because he alone is wise, and does not make *me* so.' 'Nay,' said I, 'do you give him money enough, and he will make you wise too.' 'O Jupiter and ye gods,' he made answer, 'that it depended upon that! for I would spare nothing of my own, or of my friends' property either; and I have now come to you for this very purpose, to get you to speak to him in my behalf. For, besides that I am too young, I have never yet seen Protagoras, or heard him speak; for I was but a boy when he came before. However, all praise him, Socrates, and say that he has the greatest skill in speaking. But why do we not go to him, that we may find him at home?'"

[1] Carey's translation is followed almost literally.

They went on talking till the light; and then they set out for the house of Callias, where Protagoras, with others of his own calling, was lodged. There they found him pacing up and down the portico, with his host and others, among whom, on one side of him, was a son of Pericles (his father being at this time in power), while another son of Pericles, with another party, was on the other. A party followed, chiefly of foreigners, whom Protagoras had "bewitched, like Orpheus, by his voice." On the opposite side of the portico sat Hippias, with a bench of youths before him, asking him questions in physics and astronomy. Prodicus was still in bed, with some listeners on sofas round him. The house is described as quite full of guests. Such is the sketch given us of this school of Athens, as there represented. I do not enter on the question, as I have already said, whether the doctrine of these Sophists, as they are called, was true or false; more than very partially true it could not be, whether in morals or in physics, from the circumstances of the age; it is sufficient that it powerfully interested the hearers. We see what it was that filled the Athenian lecture-halls and porticos; not the fashion of the day, not the patronage of the great, not pecuniary prizes, but the reputation of talent and the desire of knowledge—ambition, if you will, personal attachment, but not an influence, political or other, external to the School. "Such Sophists," says Mr. Grote, referring to the passage in Plato, "had *nothing to recommend them* except superior *knowledge* and *intellectual fame*, combined with an imposing *personality*, making itself felt in the lectures and conversation."

So much for Athens, where Protagoras had at least this advantage, that Pericles was his private friend, if he was not publicly his patron. But now when we turn to Rome, in

what is almost a parallel page in her history, we shall find that literature, or at least philosophy, had to encounter there the direct opposition of the ruling party in the State, and of the hereditary and popular sentiment. The story goes that when the Greek treatises which Numa had had buried with him were accidentally brought to light, the Romans had burned them, from the dread of such knowledge coming into fashion. At a later date decrees passed the Senate for the expulsion from the city, first of philosophers, then of rhetoricians, who were gaining the attention of the rising generation. A second decree was passed some time afterwards to the same effect, assigning, in its vindication, the danger which existed of young men losing, by means of these new studies, their taste for the military profession.

Such was the nascent conflict between the old rule and policy of Rome and the awakening intellect at the time of that celebrated embassy of the three philosophers, Diogenes the Stoic, Carneades the Academic, and Critolaus the Peripatetic, sent to Rome from Athens on a political affair. Whether they were as skilful in diplomacy as they were zealous in their own particular line need not here be determined; anyhow, they lengthened out their stay at Rome, and employed themselves in giving lectures. "Those among the youth," says Plutarch, "who had a taste for literature went to them, and became their constant and enthusiastic hearers. Especially, the graceful eloquence of Carneades, which had a reputation equal to its talent, secured large and favourable audiences, and was noised about the city. It was reported that a Greek, with a perfectly astounding power both of interesting and of commanding the feelings, was kindling in the youth a most ardent emotion, which possessed

them to the neglect of their ordinary indulgences and amusements, with a sort of rage for philosophy." Upon this, Cato took up the matter upon the traditionary ground. He represented that the civil and military interests of Rome were sure to suffer if such tastes became popular; and he exerted himself with such effect that the three philosophers were sent off with the least possible delay, "to return home to their own schools, and in future to confine their lessons to Greek boys, leaving the youth of Rome, as heretofore, to listen to the magistrates and the laws." The pressure of the Government was successful at the moment, but ultimately the cause of education prevailed. Schools were gradually founded; first of grammar, in the large sense of the word, then of rhetoric, then of mathematics, then of philosophy, and then of medicine, though the order of their introduction, one with another, is not altogether clear. At length the emperors secured the interests of letters by an establishment, which has lasted to this day in the Roman University, now called *Sapienza.*

Here are two striking instances in very different countries, to prove that it is the thirst for knowledge, and not the patronage of the great, which carries on the cause of literature and science to its ultimate victory; and all that can be said against them is, that I have gone back a great way to find them. But a general truth is made up of particular instances, which cannot be brought forward all at once, nor crowded into half-a-dozen pages of a work like this. I shall continue the subject some future time; meanwhile I will but observe that, while these ancient instances teach us that a University is *founded* on principles *sui generis* and proper to itself, so do they coincidently suggest that it may boldly *appeal* to those principles before they are yet brought into

exercise, and may, or rather must, take the initiative in its own success. It must be set up before it can be sought; and it must offer a supply, in order to create a demand. Protagoras and Carneades needed nothing more than to advertise themselves in order to gain disciples; if we have a confidence that we have that to offer to Irishmen, to Catholics, which is good and great, and which at present they have not, our success may be tedious and slow in coming, but ultimately it must come.

Therefore, I say, let us set up our University; let us only set it up, and it will teach the world its value by the fact of its existence. What ventures are made, what risks incurred by private persons in matters of trade! What speculations are entered on in the departments of building or engineering! What boldness in innovation or improvement has been manifested by statesmen during the last twenty years! Mercantile undertakings indeed may be ill-advised, and political measures may be censurable in themselves, or fatal in their results. I am not considering them here in their motive or their object, in their expedience or their justice, but in the manner in which they have been carried out. What largeness then of view, what intrepidity, vigour, and resolution are implied in the Reform Bill, in the Emancipation of the Blacks, in the finance changes, in the Useful Knowledge movement, in the organisation of the Free Kirk, in the introduction of the penny postage, and in the railroads! This is an age, if not of great men, at least of great works; are Catholics alone to refuse to act on faith? England has faith in her skill, in her determination, in her resources in war, in the genius of her people; is Ireland alone to fail in confidence in her children and her God? *Fortes fortuna adjuvat;* so says the proverb. If the chance

concurrence of half-a-dozen sophists, or the embassy of three philosophers, could do so much of old to excite the enthusiasm of the young, and to awaken the intellect into activity, is it very presumptuous, or very imprudent, in us at this time, to enter upon an undertaking which comes to us with the blessing of St. Peter, the exhortation of the Church of St. Patrick, the co-operation of the faithful, the prayers of the poor, and all the ordinary materials of success, resources, intellect, pure intention, and self-devotion, to bring it into effect? Shall it be said in future times that the work needed nought but good and gallant hearts, and found them not?

CHAPTER VI.

DISCIPLINE AND INFLUENCE.

I HAVE had some debate with myself, whether what are called myths and parables, and similar compositions of a representative nature, are in keeping with this work; yet, considering that the early Christians recognised the *Logi* of the classical writers as not inconsistent with the gravity of their own literature, not to mention the precedent afforded by the sacred text, I think I may proceed, without apology to myself or others, to impart to the reader in confidence, while it is fresh on my mind, a conversation which I have just had with an intimate English friend. I do not say that it was of a very important nature; still, to those who choose to reflect, it may suggest more than it expresses. It

took place only a day or two ago, on occasion of my paying him a flying visit.

My friend lives in a spot as convenient as it is delightful. The neighbouring hamlet is the first station out of London of a railroad; while not above a quarter of a mile from his boundary wall flows the magnificent river, which moves towards the metropolis through a richness of grove and meadow of its own creation. After a liberal education, he entered a lucrative business; and, making a competency in a few years, exchanged New Broad Street for the *fallentis semita vitæ.* Soon after his marriage, which followed this retirement, his wife died, and left him solitary. Instead of returning to the world, or seeking to supply her place, he gave himself to his garden and his books; and with these companions he has passed the last twenty years. He has lived in a largish house, the "monarch of all he surveyed;" the sorrows of the past, his creed, and the humble chapel not a stone's-throw from his carriage-gate, have saved him from the selfishness of such a sovereignty and the oppressiveness of such a solitude; yet not, if I may speak candidly, from some of the inconveniences of a bachelor life. He has his own fixed views, from which it is difficult to move him, and some people say that he discourses rather than converses, though, somehow, when I am with him, from long familiarity, I manage to get through as many words as he.

I do not know that such peculiarities can in any case be called moral defects; certainly not, when contrasted with the great mischiefs which a life so enjoyable as his might have done to him, and has not. He has indeed been in possession of the very perfection of earthly happiness, at least as I view things;—mind, I say of "earthly"; and I do

not say that earthly happiness is desirable. On the contrary, man is born for labour, not for self; what right has any one to retire from the world and profit no one? He who takes his ease in this world will have none in the world to come. All this rings in my friend's ears quite as distinctly as I may fancy it does in mine, and has a corresponding effect upon his conduct; who would not exchange consciences with him? But still the fact remains that a life such as his is in itself dangerous, and that in proportion to its attractiveness. If indeed there were no country beyond the grave, it would be our wisdom to make of our present dwelling-place as much as ever we could; and this would be done by the very life which my friend has chosen, not by any absurd excesses, not by tumult, dissipation, excitement, but by the "moderate and rational use," as Protestant sermons say, "of the gifts of Providence."

Easy circumstances, books, friends, literary connections, the fine arts, presents from abroad, foreign correspondents, handsome appointments, elegant simplicity, gravel-walks, lawns, flower-beds, trees and shrubberies, summer-houses, strawberry-beds, a greenhouse, a wall for peaches, *hoc erat in votis;*—nothing out of the way, no hothouses, graperies, pineries,—*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus*,—no mansions, no parks, no deer, no preserves; these things are not worth the cost, they involve the bother of dependants, they interfere with enjoyment. One or two faithful servants, who last on as the trees do, and cannot change their place;—the ancients had slaves, a sort of dumb waiter, and the real article; alas! they are impossible now. We must have no one with claims upon us, or with rights; no encumbrances; no wife and children. We must have acquaintance within reach, yet not in the way; ready, not troublesome or intrusive. We

must have something of name, or of rank, or of ancestry, or of past official life, to raise us from the dead level of mankind, to afford food for the imagination of our neighbours, to bring us from time to time strange visitors, and to invest our home with mystery. In consequence we shall be loyal subjects, good conservatives, fond of old times, averse to change, suspicious of novelty, because we know perfectly when we are well off, and that in our case *progredi* EST *regredi*. To a life such as this, a man is more attached the longer he lives; and he would be more and more happy in it too, were it not for the *memento* within him that books and gardens do not make a man immortal; that, though they do not leave him, he at least must leave them, all but "the hateful cypresses," and must go where the only book is the book of doom, and the only garden the Paradise of the just.

All this has nothing to do with our University, but nevertheless they are some of the reflections which came into my mind as I left the station I have spoken of, and turned my face towards my friend's abode. As I went along, on the lovely afternoon which had dried up the traces of a wet morning, and as I fed upon the soothing scents and sounds which filled the air, I began to reflect how the most energetic and warlike race among the descendants of Adam had made, by contrast, this Epicurean life, the *otium cum dignitate*, the very type of human happiness. A life in the country, in the midst of one's own people, was the dream of Roman poets from Virgil to Juvenal, and the reward of Roman statesmen from Cincinnatus to Pliny. I called to mind the Corycian old man, so beautifully sketched in the fourth Georgic, and then my own fantastic protestation in years long dead and gone, that, if I were free to choose my own line of life, it should be

that of a gardener in some great family, a life without care, without excitement, in which the gifts of the Creator screened off man's evil doings, and the romance of the past coloured and illuminated the matter-of-fact present.

"*Otium divos,*" I suppose the reader will say. Smiling myself at the recollection of my own absurdity, I passed along the silent avenues of solemn elms, which, belonging to a nobleman's domain, led the way towards the humbler dwelling for which I was bound; and then I recurred to the Romans, wandering in thought, as in a time of relaxation one is wont; and I contrasted, or rather investigated, the respective aspects one with another under which a country life, so dear to that conquering people nationally, presented itself severally to Cicero, to Virgil, to Horace, and to Juvenal, and I asked myself under which of them all was my friend's home to be regarded. Then suddenly the scene changed, and I was viewing it in my own way; for I had known him and it since I was a schoolboy, in his father's time; and I recollected with a sigh how I had once passed a week there of my summer holidays, and what I then thought of persons and things I met there, of its various inmates, father, mother, brothers, and sister, all of them, but himself and me, now numbered with the departed. Thus Cicero and Horace glided off from my field of view, like the circles of a magic lantern; and my ears, no longer open to the preludes of the nightingales around me, which were preparing for their nightly concert, heard nothing but

> "The voices of the dead, and songs of other years."

Thus, deep in sad thoughts, I reached the well-known garden-gate, and unconsciously opened it, and was upon the

lower lawn, advancing towards the house, before I apprehended shrubberies and beds, which were sensibly before me, otherwise than through my memory. Then suddenly the vivid past gave way and the actual present flowed in upon me, and I saw my friend pacing up and down on the side farthest from me, with his hands behind him, and a newspaper or some such publication in their grasp.

It is an old-fashioned place; the house may be of the date of George the Second; a square hall in the middle, and in the centre of it a pillar, and rooms all around. The servants' rooms and offices run off on the right; a rookery covers the left flank, and the drawing-room opens upon the lawn. There a large plane-tree, with its massive branches, whilome sustained a swing, when there were children on that lawn, blithely to undergo an exercise of head, at the very thought of which the grown man sickens. Three formal terraces gradually conduct down to one of the majestic avenues, of which I have already spoken; the second and third, intersected by grass walks, constitute the kitchen-garden. As a boy, I used to stare at the magnificent cauliflowers and large apricots which it furnished for the table; and how difficult it was to leave off, when once one got among the gooseberry bushes in the idle morning!

I had now got close upon my friend; and, in return for the schoolboy reminiscences and tranquil influences of the place, was ungrateful enough to begin attacking him for his epicurean life. "Here you are, you old pagan," I said, "as usual, fit for nothing so much as to be one of the interlocutors in a dialogue of Cicero's."

"*You* are a pretty fellow," he made answer, "to accuse me of paganism, who have yourself been so busily engaged just now in writing up Athens;" and then I saw that it was

several numbers of the *Gazette* which he had in his hand, and which perhaps had given energy to his step.

After giving utterance to some general expressions of his satisfaction at the publication, and the great interest he took in the undertaking to which it was devoted, he suddenly stopped, turned round upon me, looked hard in my face, and taking hold of a button of my coat, said abruptly: "But what on earth possessed you, my good friend, to have anything to do with this Irish University? what was it to you? how did it fall in your way?"

I could not help laughing out. "Oh, I see," I cried, "you consider me a person who cannot keep quiet, and must ever be in one scrape or another."

"Yes, but seriously, tell me," he urged, "what *had* you to do with it? what was Ireland to you? you had your own line and your own work; was not that enough?"

"Well, my dear Richard," I retorted, "better do too much than too little."

"A *tu quoque* is quite unworthy of you," he replied; "answer me, *charissime*, what had you to do with an Irish undertaking? do you think they have not clever men enough there to work it, but you must meddle?"

"Well," I said, "I do not think it *is* an Irish undertaking —that is, in such a sense that it is not a Catholic undertaking, and one which intimately and directly interests other countries besides Ireland."

"Say England," he interposed.

"Well, I say and mean England: I think it most intimately concerns England; unless it was an affair of England as well as of Ireland, I should have sympathised in so grand a conception, I should have done what I could to aid it, but I should have had no call, as you well say, I

should have considered it presumption in me, to take an active part in its execution."

He looked at me with a laughing expression in his eye, and was for a moment silent; then he began again.

"You must think yourself a great genius," he said, "to fancy that place is not a condition of capacity. You are an Englishman; your mind, your habits are English; you have hitherto been acting only upon Englishmen, with Englishmen: do you really anticipate that you will be able to walk into a new world, and to do any good service there, because you have done it here? *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* I would as soon believe that you could shoot your soul into a new body, according to the Eastern tale, and make it your own."

I made him a bow. "I thank you heartily," I said, "for the seasonable encouragement you give me in a difficult undertaking; you are determined, Richard, that I shall not get too much refreshment from your shrubberies."

"I beg your pardon," he made answer, "do not mistake me; I am only trying to draw you out. I am curious to know how you came to make this engagement; you know we have not had any talk together for some time."

"It may be as you say," I answered; "that is, I may be found quite unequal to what I have attempted; but, I assure you, not for want of zealous and able assistance, of sympathising friends—not because it is in Ireland, instead of England, that I have to work."

"They tell me," he replied, "that they don't mean to let you have any Englishmen about you if they can help it."

"You seem to know a great deal more about it here than I do in Ireland," I answered: "I have not heard this; but still, I suppose, in former times, when men were called from one country to another for a similar purpose, as Peter from

Ireland to Naples, and John of Melrose to Paris, they did in fact go alone."

"Modest man!" he cried, "to compare yourself to the sages and doctors of the Middle Age! But still the fact is not so: far from going alone, the very number they could and did spare from home is the most remarkable evidence of the education of the Irish in those times. Moore, I recollect, emphatically states that it was abroad that the Irish sought, and abroad that they found, the rewards of their genius. If any people ought to suffer foreigners to come to them, it is they who have, with so much glory to themselves, so often gone to foreigners. In the passage I have in my eye, Moore calls it 'the peculiar fortune of Ireland, that both in talent and in fame her sons have prospered more signally abroad than at home; that not so much those who confined their labours to their native land, as those who carried their talents and zeal to other lands, won for their country the high title of the Island of the Holy and the Learned.' But, not to insist on the principle of reciprocity, jealousy of foreigners among them is little in keeping with that ancient hospitality of theirs, of which history speaks as distinctly."

"Really," I made answer, "begging your pardon, you do not quite know what you are talking about. You never were in Ireland, I believe; am I likely to know less than you? If there be a nation which in matters of intellect does not want 'protection,' to use the political word, it is the Irish. A stupid people would have a right to claim it, when they would set up a University; but, if I were you, I would think twice before I paid so bad a compliment to one of the most gifted nations of Europe, as to suppose that it could not keep its ground, that it would not take

the lead, in the intellectual arena, though competition was perfectly open. If their *grex philosophorum* spread in the mediæval time over Europe, in spite of the perils of sea and land, will they not be sure to fill the majority of chairs in their own University in an age like this, from the sheer claims of talent, though those chairs were open to the world? No; a monopoly would make the cleverest people idle; it would sink the character of their undertaking, and Ireland herself would be the first to exclaim against the places of a great school of learning becoming mere pieces of patronage and occasions for jobbing, like the sees of the Irish Establishment."

My friend did not reply, but looked grave; at length he said that he was not stating what ought to be, but what would be; Irishmen boasted, and justly, that in ancient times they went to Melrose, to Malmesbury, to Glastonbury, to East Anglia, to Oxford; that they established themselves in Paris, Ratisbon, Padua, Pavia, Naples, and other Continental schools; but there was in fact no reciprocity now; Paris had not been simply for Frenchmen, nor Oxford simply for Englishmen, but Ireland must be solely for the Irish.

"Really, in truth," I made answer, "to speak most seriously, I think you are prejudiced and unjust, and I should be very sorry indeed to have to believe that you expressed an English sentiment. I am sure you do not. However, you speak of what you simply do not know. In Ireland, as in every country, there is of course a wholesome jealousy towards persons placed in important posts, such as my own, lest they should exercise their power unfairly; there is a fear of jobs, not a jealousy of English; and I don't suppose you think I am likely to turn out a jobber. This

is all I can grant you at the utmost, and perhaps I grant too much. But I do most solemnly assure you, that, as far as I have had the means of bearing witness, there is an earnest wish in the promoters and advocates of this great undertaking to get the best men for its execution, wherever they are to be found, in England, or in France, or in Belgium, or in Germany, or in Italy, or in the United States; though there is an anticipation too, which is far from unreasonable, that for most of the Professorships of the University the best men *will* be found in Ireland. Of course in particular cases, there ever will be a difference of opinion who is the best man; but this does not interfere at all, as is evident, with the honest desire on all sides to make the Institution a real honour to Ireland and a defence of Ireland's faith."

My companion again kept silence, and so we walked on; then he suddenly said, "Come let us have some tea, since you tell me" (I had told him by letter) "that you cannot take a bed; the last train is not over-late."

As we walked towards the house, "The truth is," he continued, speaking slowly, "I had another solution of my own difficulty myself. I cannot help thinking that your *Gazette* makes more of *persons* than is just, and does not lay stress enough upon order, system, and rule, in conducting a University. This is what I have said to myself: 'After all, suppose there *be* an exclusive system, it does not much matter; a great institution, if well organised, moves of itself, independently of the accident of its particular functionaries.' . . . Well now, is it not so?" he added briskly; "you have been laying too much stress upon *persons?*"

I hesitated how best I should begin to answer him, and he went on—"Look at the Church herself; how little she

depends on individuals; in proportion as she can develop her system, she dispenses with them. In times of great confusion, in countries under conversion, great men are given to her, great Popes, great Evangelists; but there is no call for Hildebrands or Ghislieris in the nineteenth century, or for Winfrids or Xaviers in modern Europe. It is so with States; despotisms require great monarchs, Turkish or Russian; constitutions manage to jog on without them; this is the meaning of the famous saying, 'Quantula sapientia regitur mundus!' What a great idea again, to use Guizot's expression, is the Society of Jesus! what a creation of genius is its organisation! but so well adapted is the institution to its object, that for that very reason it can afford to crush the individual in his personal gifts; so much so, that, in spite of the rare talents of its members, it has even become an objection to it in the mouth of its enemies that it has not produced a thinker like Scotus or Malebranche. Now, I consider your papers make too much of persons, and put system out of sight; and this is the sort of consolation which occurs to me, in answer to the misgivings which come upon me, about the exclusiveness with which the University seems to me to be threatened."

"You know," I answered, "these papers have not got half through their subject yet. I assure you I do not at all forget that something more than able Professors are necessary to make a University."

"Still," said he, "I should like to be certain you were sufficiently alive to the evils which spring from overvaluing them. You have talked to us a great deal about Platos, Hephæstions, Herods, and the rest of them, sophists one and all, and very little about a constitution. All that you have said has gone one way. You have professed a high

and mighty independence of State patronage, and a conviction that the demand and supply of knowledge is all in all; that the supply must be provided before the demand in order to create it; and that great minds are the instruments of that supply. You have founded your ideal University on individuals. Then, I say, on this hypothesis, be sure you have for your purpose the largest selection possible; do not proclaim that you mean to have the tip-top men of the age, and then refuse to look out beyond one country for them, as if any country, though it be Ireland, had a monopoly of talent. Observe, I say this on your hypothesis; but I confess I am disposed to question its soundness, and it is in that way I get over my own misgiving about you. I say that, may be, your University *need not* have the best men; it may fall back on a jog-trot system, a routine, and perhaps it ought to do so."

"Forbid it!" said I; "you cannot suppose that what you have said is new to me, or that I do not give it due weight. Indeed, I could almost write a dissertation on the subject you have started, that is, on the functions and mutual relations, in the conduct of human affairs, of Influence and Law. I should begin by saying that these are the two moving powers which carry on the world, and that in the supernatural order they are absolutely united in the Source of all perfection. I should observe that the Supreme Being is both—a living, individual Agent, as sovereign as if an Eternal Law were not; and a Rule of right and wrong, and an Order fixed and irreversible, as if He had no will, or supremacy, or characteristics of personality. Then I should say that here below the two principles are separated, that each has its own function, that each is necessary for the other, and that they ought to act together; yet

that it too often happens that they become rivals of one another, that this or that acts of itself, and will encroach upon the province, or usurp the rights of the other; and that then everything goes wrong. Thus I should start, and would you not concur with me? Would it not be sufficient to give you hope that I am not taking a one-sided view of the subject of University education?"

He answered, as one so partial to me was sure to answer, that he had no sort of suspicion that I was acting without deliberation, or without viewing the matter as a whole; but still he could not help saying that he thought he saw a bias in me which he had not expected, and he would be truly glad to find himself mistaken. "Do you know," he said, "I am surprised to find that you, of all men in the world, should be taking the intellectual line, and should be advocating the professorial system. Surely it was once far otherwise; I thought our line used to be, that knowledge without principle was simply mischievous, and that Professors did but represent and promote that mischievous knowledge. This used to be our language; and, beyond all doubt, a great deal may be said in support of it. What is heresy in ecclesiastical history but the action of personal influence against law and precedent? and what were such heterodox teachers as the Arian leaders in primitive times, or Abelard in the middle ages, but the eloquent and attractive masters of philosophical schools? And what again were Arius and Abelard but the forerunners of modern German professors, a set of clever charlatans, or subtle sophists, who aim at originality, show, and popularity, at the expense of truth? Such men are the *nucleus* of a system, if system it may be called, of which disorder is the outward manifestation, and scepticism the secret life. This you used to

think; but now you tell us that demand and supply are all in all, and that supply must precede demand;—and that this is a University in a nutshell."

I laughed, and said he was unfair to me, and rather had not understood me at all. "We are neither of us theologians or metaphysicians," said I; "yet I suppose we know the difference between a direct cause and a *sine qua non*, and between the essence of a thing and its integrity. Things are not content to be in fact just what we contemplate them in the abstract, and nothing more; they require something more than themselves, sometimes as necessary conditions of their being, sometimes for their well-being. Breath is not part of man; it comes to him from without; it is merely the surrounding air, inhaled, and then exhaled; yet no one can live without breathing. Place an animal under an exhausted receiver, and it dies; yet the air does not enter into its definition. When then I say, that a Great School or University consists in the communication of knowledge, in lecturers and hearers, that is, in the Professorial system, you must not run away with the notion that I consider personal influence enough for his well-being. It is indeed its essence, but something more is necessary than barely to get on from day to day; for its sure and comfortable existence we must look to law, rule, order; to religion, from which law proceeds; to the collegiate system, in which it is embodied; and to endowments, by which it is protected and perpetuated. This is the part of the subject which my papers have not yet touched upon; nor could they well treat of what comes second till they had done justice to what comes first."

I thought that here he seemed disposed to interrupt me, so I interposed: "Now, please, let me bring out what I

want to say while I am full of it. I say, then, that the personal influence of the teacher is able in some sort to dispense with an academical system, but that the system cannot in any sort dispense with personal influence. With influence there is life, without it there is none; if influence is deprived of its due position, it will not by those means be got rid of, it will only break out irregularly, dangerously. An academical system without the personal influence of teachers upon pupils is an Arctic winter; it will create an ice-bound, petrified, cast-iron University, and nothing else. You will not call this any new notion of mine; and you will not suspect, after what happened to me a long twenty-five years ago, that I can ever be induced to think otherwise. No! I have known a time in a great School of Letters when things went on for the most part by mere routine, and form took the place of earnestness. I have experienced a state of things, in which teachers were cut off from the taught as by an insurmountable barrier; when neither party entered into the thoughts of the other; when each lived by and in itself; when the tutor was supposed to fulfil his duty if he trotted on like a squirrel in his cage, if at a certain hour he was in a certain room, or in hall, or in chapel, as it might be; and the pupil did his duty too if he was careful to meet his tutor in that same room, or hall, or chapel, at the same certain hour; and when neither the one nor the other dreamed of seeing each other out of lecture, out of chapel, out of academical gown. I have known places where a stiff manner, a pompous voice, coldness and condescension were the teacher's attributes, and where he neither knew nor wished to know, and avowed he did not wish to know, the private irregularities of the youths committed to his charge.

"This was the reign of Law without Influence, System without Personality. And then again, I have seen in this dreary state of things, as you yourself well know, while the many went their way and rejoiced in their liberty, how that such as were better disposed and aimed at higher things, looked to the right and the left, as sheep without a shepherd, to find those who would exert that influence upon them which its legitimate owners made light of; and how, wherever they saw a little more profession of strictness and distinctness of creed, a little more intellect, principle, and devotion than was ordinary, thither they went, poor youths, like St. Antony when he first turned to God, for counsel and encouragement; and how, as this feeling, without visible cause, mysteriously increased in the subjects of that seat of learning, a whole class of teachers gradually arose, unrecognised by its authorities, and rivals to the teachers whom it furnished, and gained the hearts and became the guides of the youthful generation, who found no sympathy where they had a claim for it. And then moreover, you recollect, as well as I, how, as time went on and that generation grew up and came into University office themselves, then, from the memory of their own past discomfort, they tried to mend matters, and to unite Rule and Influence together, which had been so long severed, and how they claimed from their pupils for themselves that personal attachment which in their own pupilage they were not invited to bestow; and then, how in consequence a struggle began between the dry old red-tapists, as in politics they are called, and——"

Here my friend, who had been unaccountably impatient for some time, fairly interrupted me. "It seems very rude," he said, "very inhospitable; it is against my interest; per-

haps you will stay the night; but if you must go, go at once you must, or you will lose the train." An announcement like this turned the current of my thoughts, and I started up. In a few seconds we were walking, as briskly as elderly men walk, towards the garden entrance. Sorry was I to leave so abruptly so sweet a place, so old and so dear to me; sorry to have disturbed it with controversy instead of drinking in its calm. When we reached the lofty avenue from which I entered, Richard shook my hand, and wished me God-speed,

"Portaque emittit eburna."

CHAPTER VII.

ATHENIAN SCHOOLS: INFLUENCE.

TAKING Influence and Law to be the two great principles of Government, it is plain that, historically speaking, Influence comes first, and then Law. Thus Orpheus preceded Lycurgus and Solon. Thus Deioces the Mede laid the foundations of his power in his personal reputation for justice, and then established it in the seven walls by which he surrounded himself in Ecbatana. First we have the "virum pietate gravem," whose word "rules the spirits and soothes the breasts" of the multitude;—or the warrior;—or the mythologist and bard;—then follow at length the dynasty and constitution. Such is the history of society: it begins in the poet, and ends in the policeman.

Universities are instances of the same course: they begin in Influence, they end in System. At first, whatever good

they may have done has been the work of persons, of personal exertions; of faith in persons, of personal attachments. Their Professors have been a sort of preachers and missionaries, and have not only taught, but have won over or inflamed their hearers. As time has gone on, it has been found out that personal influence does not last for ever; that individuals get past their work, that they die, that they cannot always be depended on, that they change; that, if they are to be the exponents of a University, it will have no abidance, no steadiness; that it will be great and small again, and will inspire no trust. Accordingly, system has of necessity been superadded to individual action; a University has been embodied in a constitution, it has exerted authority, it has been protected by rights and privileges, it has enforced discipline, it has developed itself into Colleges, and has admitted Monasteries into its territory. The details of this advance and consummation are of course different in different instances; each University has a career of its own: I have been stating the process in the logical rather than in the historical order; but such it has been on the whole, whether in ancient or mediæval times. Zeal began, power and wisdom completed: private enterprise came first, national or governmental recognition followed; first the Greek, then the Macedonian and Roman; the Athenian created, the Imperialist organised and consolidated. This is the subject I am going to enter upon to-day.

Now as to Athens, I have already shown what it did, and implied what it did not do; and I shall proceed to say something more about it. I have another reason for dwelling on the subject; it will lead me to direct attention to certain characteristics of Athenian opinion, which are

not only to my immediate purpose, but will form an introduction to something I should like to say on a future occasion, if I could grasp my own thoughts, about the philosophical sentiments of the present age, their drift, and their bearing on a University. This is another matter; but I mention it, because it is one out of several reasons which will set me on a course in which I shall seem to be ranging very wide of my mark, while all the time I shall have a meaning in my wanderings.

Beginning then the subject very far back, I observe that the guide of life, implanted in our nature, discriminating right from wrong, and investing right with authority and sway, is our Conscience, which Revelation does but enlighten, strengthen, and refine. Coming from one and the same Author, these internal and external monitors of course recognise and bear witness to each other; Nature warrants without anticipating the Supernatural, and the Supernatural completes without superseding Nature. Such is the divine order of things; but man,—not being divine, nor over partial to so stern a reprover within his breast, yet seeing too the necessity of some rule or other, some common standard of conduct, if Society is to be kept together, and the children of Adam to be saved from setting up each for himself with every one else his foe,—as soon as he has secured for himself some little cultivation of intellect, looks about him how he can manage to dispense with Conscience, and find some other principle to do its work. The most plausible and obvious and ordinary of these expedients is the Law of the State, human law; the more plausible and ordinary, because it really comes to us with a divine sanction, and necessarily has a place in every society or

community of men. Accordingly it is very widely used instead of Conscience, as but a little experience of life will show us. "The law says this;" "would you have me go against the law?" is considered an unanswerable argument in every case; and, when the two come into collision, it follows of course that Conscience is to give way, and the Law to prevail.

Another substitute for Conscience is the rule of Expediency. Conscience is pronounced superannuated, and retires on a pension whenever a people is so far advanced in illumination as to perceive that right and wrong can to a certain extent be measured and determined by the useful on the one hand, and by the hurtful on the other; according to the maxim, which embodies this principle, that "honesty is the best policy."

Another substitute of a more refined character is the principle of Beauty. It is maintained that the Beautiful and the Virtuous mean the same thing, and are convertible terms. Accordingly Conscience is found out to be but slavish; and a fine taste, an exquisite sense of the decorous, the graceful, and the appropriate, this is to be our true guide for ordering our mind and our conduct, and bringing the whole man into shape. These are great sophisms, it is plain; for, true though it be that virtue is always expedient, always fair, it does not therefore follow that everything which is expedient, and everything which is fair, is virtuous. A pestilence is an evil, yet may have its undeniable uses; and war, "glorious war," is an evil, yet an army is a very beautiful object to look upon; and what holds in these cases may hold in others; so that it is not very safe or logical to say that Utility and Beauty are guarantees for Virtue.

However, there are these three principles of conduct which may be plausibly made use of in order to dispense with Conscience—viz., Law, Expedience, and Propriety; and (at length to come to our point) the Athenians chose the last of them, as became so exquisite a people, and professed to practise virtue on no inferior consideration, but simply because it was so praiseworthy, so noble, and so fair. Not that they discarded Law, not that they had not an eye to their interest; but they boasted that "grasshoppers" like them, old of race and pure of blood, could be influenced in their conduct by nothing short of a fine and delicate taste, a sense of honour, and an elevated, aspiring spirit. Their model man, like the pattern of chivalry, was a gentleman, καλοκἀγαθὸς;—a word which has hardly its equivalent in the sterner language of Rome, where, on the contrary,

> "Vir bonus est quis?
> Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat."

For the Romans deified Law, as the Athenians deified the Beautiful.

This being the state of the case, Athens was in truth a ready-made University. The present age, indeed, with that solidity of mind for which it is indebted to Christianity, and that practical character which has ever been the peculiarity of the West, would bargain that the True and Serviceable as well as the Beautiful should be made the aim of the Academic intellect and the business of a University;—of course,—but the present age, and every age, will bargain for many things in its schools which Athens had not, when once we set about summing up her *desiderata.* Let us take her as she was, and I say that a people so speculative,

so imaginative, which throve upon mental activity as other races upon repose, and to whom it came as natural to think as to a barbarian to smoke or to sleep, such a people were in a true sense born teachers, and merely to live among them was a cultivation of mind. Hence they suddenly took their place in this capacity from the time that they had emancipated themselves from the aristocratic families, with which their history opens. We talk of the "Republic of Letters," because thought is free, and minds of whatever rank in life are on a level. The Athenians felt that a democracy was but the political expression of an intellectual isonomy, and, when they had obtained it, and taken the Beautiful for their Sovereign, instead of Pisistratus, they came forth as the civilisers, not of Greece only, but of the European world.

A century had not passed from the expulsion of the Pisistratidæ, when Pericles was able to call Athens the "schoolmistress" of Greece. And ere it had well run out, upon her misfortunes in Sicily, the old Syracusan, who pleaded in behalf of her citizens, conjured his fellow-citizens, "in that they had the gift of Reason," to have mercy upon those who had opened their land, as "a common school," to all men; and he asks, "To what foreign land will men betake themselves for liberal education if Athens be destroyed?" And the story is well known, when, in spite of his generous attempt, the Athenian prisoners were set to work in the stone-quarries, how that those who could recite passages from Euripides found this accomplishment serve them instead of ransom for their liberation. Such was Athens on the coast of the Ægean and in the Mediterranean; and it was hardly more than the next generation, when her civilisation was conveyed by means of the conquests of

Alexander into the very heart of further Asia, and was the life of the Greek kingdom which he founded in Bactriana. She became the centre of a vast intellectual propagandism, and had in her hands the spell of a more wonderful influence than that semi-barbarous power which first conquered and then used her. Wherever the Macedonian phalanx held its ground, thither came a colony of her philosophers; Asia Minor and Syria were covered with her schools, while in Alexandria her children, Theophrastus and Demetrius, became the life of the great literary undertakings which have immortalised the name of the Ptolemies.

Such was the effect of that peculiar democracy in which Pericles glories in his celebrated Funeral Oration. It made Athens in the event politically weak, but it was her strength as an ecumenical teacher and civiliser. The love of the Beautiful will not conquer the world, but, like the voice of Orpheus, it may for a while carry it away captive. Such is that "divine Philosophy," in the poet's words,

> "Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical, as is Apollo's lute,
> And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns."

The Athenians then exercised Influence by discarding Law. It was their boast that they had found out the art of living well and happily, without working for it. They professed to do right, not from servile feeling, not because they were obliged, not from fear of command, not from belief of the unseen, but because it was their nature, because it was so truly pleasant, because it was such a luxury to do it. Their political bond was good will and generous sentiment. They were loyal citizens, active, hardy, brave, munificent,

from their very love of what was high, and because the virtuous was the enjoyable, and the enjoyable was the virtuous. They regulated themselves by music, and so danced through life.

Thus, according to Pericles, while in private and personal matters each Athenian was suffered to please himself, without any tyrannous public opinion to make him feel uncomfortable, the same freedom of will did but unite the people, one and all, in concerns of national interest, because obedience to the magistrates and the laws was with them a sort of passion, to shrink from dishonour an instinct, and to repress injustice an indulgence. They could be splendid in their feasts and spectacles without extravagance, because the crowds whom they attracted from abroad repaid them for the outlay; and such large hospitality did but cherish in them a frank, unsuspicious, and courageous spirit, which better protected them than a pile of State secrets and exclusive laws. Nor did this joyous mode of life relax them, as it might relax a less noble race, for they were warlike without effort, and expert without training, and rich in resources by the gift of nature, and, after their fill of pleasure, they were only more gallant in the field, and more patient and enduring on the march. They cultivated the fine arts with too much taste to be expensive, and they studied the sciences with too much point to become effeminate; debate did not blunt their energy, nor foresight of danger chill their daring; but, as their tragic poet expresses it, "the loves were the attendants upon wisdom, and had a share in the acts of every virtue."

Such was the Athenian according to his own account of himself, and very beautiful is the picture; very original and attractive; very suitable, certainly, to a personage who was

to be the world-wide Professor of the humanities and the philosophic Missionary of mankind. Suitable, if he could be just what I have been depicting him, and nothing besides; but, alas! when we attentively consider what the above conception was likely in fact to turn out as soon as it came to be carried into execution, we shall feel no surprise, on passing from panegyric to experience, that he looks so different in history from what he promised to be in the glorious periods of the orator. The case, as we have already remarked, is very simple: if beautifulness was all that was needed to make a thing right, then nothing graceful and pleasant could be wrong; and, since there is no abstract idea but admits of being embellished and dressed up, and made pleasant and graceful, it followed as a matter of course that anything whatever is permissible. One sees at once that, taking men as they are, the love of the Beautiful would be nothing short of the love of the Sensual; nor was the anticipation falsified by the event, for in Athens genius and voluptuousness ever went hand in hand, and their literature, as it has come down to us, is no sample or measure of their mode of living.

Their literature indeed is of that serene and severe beauty which has ever been associated with the word "classical"; and it is grave and profound enough for the ancient Fathers to have considered it a preparation for the Gospel; but we are concerned not with the writings, but with the social life of Athens. I have been speaking of her as a living body, as an intellectual home, as the pattern school of the Professorial system; and we now see where the hitch lay. She was of far too fine and dainty a nature for the wear and tear of life;—she needed to be "of sterner stuff" if she was to aspire to the charge of the young and

inexperienced. Not all the zeal of the teacher and devotion of the pupil, the thirst of giving and receiving, the exuberance of demand and supply, will avail for a University, unless some provision is made for the maintenance of authority and of discipline, unless the terrors of the Law are added to the persuasives of the Beautiful. Influence was not enough without command. This too is the reason why Athens, with all her high gifts, was at fault, not only as a University but as an Empire. She was proud indeed of her imperial sway in the season of her power, and ambitious of its extension; but, in matter of fact, she was as ill adapted to reign in the cities of the earth as to rule in its schools.

"Thou couldst a people raise, but couldst not rule."

In this world no one rules by mere love; if you are but amiable you are no hero; to be powerful you must be strong, and to have dominion you must have a genius for organising. Macedon and Rome were, as in politics so in literature, the necessary complement of Athens.

Yet there is something so winning in that idea of Athenian life which Pericles sets before us, that, acknowledging, as, alas! I must acknowledge, that it was inseparable from the gravest disorders, in this world as it is, and much more in the pagan world, and that at best it is only ephemeral, if attempted, still, since I am now going to bid farewell to Athens and her schools, I am not sorry to be able to pay her some sort of compliment in parting. I think, then, her great orators have put to her credit a beautiful idea, which, though not really fulfilled in her, has literally and unequivocally been realised within the territory of Christianity. I am not speaking of course of the genius of the Athenians, which was peculiar to themselves, nor of those

manifold gifts in detail which have made them the wonder of the world, but of that profession of philosophical democracy, so original and so refined in its idea, of that grace, freedom, nobleness, and liberality of daily life, of which Pericles, in his oration, is specially enamoured; and, with my tenderness, on the one hand, for Athens (little as I love the radical Greek character), and my devotion to a particular Catholic Institution on the other, I have ever thought I could trace a certain resemblance between Athens, as contrasted with Rome, and the Oratory of St. Philip, as viewed in contrast with the Religious Orders.

All the creations of Holy Church have their own excellence and do their own service; each is perfect in its kind, nor can any one be measured against another in the way of rivalry or antagonism. We may admire one of them without disparaging the rest; again, we may specify its characteristic gift, without implying thereby that it has not other gifts also. Whereas then, to take up the language which my friend Richard has put into my mouth, there are two great principles of action in human affairs, Influence and System; some ecclesiastical institutions are based upon System, and others upon Influence. Which are those which flourish and fulfil their mission by means of System? Evidently the Regular Bodies, as the very word "regular" implies; they are great, they are famous, they spread, they do exploits, in the strength of their Rule. They are of the nature of imperial States. Ancient Rome, for instance, had the talent of organisation; and she formed a political framework to unite to herself and to each other the countries which she successively conquered. She sent out her legions all over the earth to secure and to govern it. She created establishments which were fitted to last for ever; she

brought together a hundred nations into one, and she moulded Europe on a model which it retains even now; —and this not by a sentiment or an imagination, but by wisdom of policy and the iron hand of Law. Establishment is the very idea, which the name of Imperial Rome suggests. Athens, on the other hand, was as fertile indeed in schools as Rome in military successes and political institutions; she was as metropolitan a city, and as frequented a capital, as Rome; she drew the world to her, she sent her literature into the world;—but still men came and went, in and out, without constraint; and her preachers went to and fro, as they pleased; she sent out her missions by reason of her energy of intellect, and men came on pilgrimage to her from their love for philosophy.

Observe, I am all along directing attention not to the genius of Athens, which belonged to her nature, but to what is separable from her, her method and her instruments. I repeat, that, contrariwise to Rome, it was the method of Influence; it was the absence of rule, it was the action of personality, the intercourse of soul with soul, the play of mind upon mind, it was an admirable spontaneous force, which kept the schools of Athens going, and made the pulses of foreign intellects keep time with hers.

Now, I say, if there be an Institution in the Catholic Church which in this point of view has caught the idea of this great heathen precursor of the Truth, and has made that idea Christian,—if it proceeds from one who has even gained for himself the title of the "Amabile Santo,"—who has placed the noblest aims before his children, yet withal the freest course; who always drew them to their duty instead of commanding, and brought them on to perform before they had promised; who made it a man's praise that

he "potuit transgredi, et non est transgressus, facere mala, et non fecit;" who in his humility had no intention of forming any congregation at all, but had formed it before he knew it, from the beauty and the fascination of his own saintliness; and then, when he was obliged to recognise it and put it into shape, shrank from the severity of the Regular, would have nothing to say to vows, and forbade propagation and dominion; whose houses stand, like Greek colonies, independent of each other and complete in themselves; whose subjects in those several houses are allowed, like Athenian citizens, freely to cultivate their respective gifts and to follow out their own mission; whose one rule is love, and whose one weapon influence;—I say, if all this is true of a certain Congregation in the Church, and if it so happens that that Congregation, in the person of one of its members, finds itself at the present moment in contact with the preparatory movements of the establishment of a great University, then surely I may trust, without fancifulness and without impertinence, that there is a providential fitness discernible in the circumstance of the traditions of that Congregation flowing in upon the first agitation of that design; and though to frame, to organise, and to consolidate be the imperial gift of St. Dominic or St. Ignatius, and beyond his range, yet a son of St. Philip Neri may aspire without presumption to the preliminary task of breaking the ground and clearing the foundations of the Future, of introducing the great idea into men's minds, and making them understand it, and love it, and have hope in it, and have faith in it, and show zeal for it;—of bringing many intellects to work together for it, and of teaching them to understand each other, and bear with each other, and go on together, not so much by rule as by mutual kind feeling and a common

devotion,—after the conception and in the spirit of that memorable people, who, though they could bring nothing to perfection, were great (over and above their supreme originality) in exciting a general interest, and in creating an elevated taste, in the various subject-matters of art, science, and philosophy.

But here I am only in the middle of my subject, and at the end of my paper; so I must reserve the rest of what I have to say for the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

MACEDONIAN AND ROMAN SCHOOLS: DISCIPLINE.

LOOKING at Athens as the preacher and missionary of Letters, and as enlisting the whole Greek race in her work, who is not struck with admiration at the range and multiplicity of her operations? At first, the Ionian and Æolian cities are the principal scene of her activity; but, if we look on a century or two, we shall find that she forms the intellect of the colonies of Sicily and Magna Græcia, has penetrated Italy, and is shedding the light of philosophy and awakening thought in the cities of Gaul by means of Marseilles, and along the coast of Africa by means of Cyrene. She has sailed up both sides of the Euxine, and deposited her literary wares where she stopped, as traders nowadays leave samples of foreign merchandise, or as war steamers land muskets and ammunition, or as agents for religious societies drop their tracts or scatter their versions. The whole of Asia Minor and Syria resounds with her teaching;

the barbarians of Parthia are quoting fragments of her tragedians; Greek manners are introduced and perpetuated on the Hydaspes and Acesines; Greek coins, lately come to light, are struck in the capital of Bactriana; and so charged is the moral atmosphere of the East with Greek civilisation, that, down to this day, those tribes are said to show to most advantage which can claim relation of place or kin with Greek colonies established there above two thousand years ago. But there is one city which, though Greece and Athens have no longer any memorial in it, has in this point of view a claim, beyond the rest, upon our attention; and that, not only from its Greek origin and the memorable name which it bears, but because it introduces us to a new state of things, and is the record of an advance in the history of the education of the intellect—I mean Alexandria.

Alexander, if we must call him a Greek, which the Greeks themselves would not permit, did that which no Greek had done before; or rather, because he was no thorough Greek, though so nearly a Greek by descent and birthplace and by tastes, he was able, without sacrificing what Greece was, to show himself to be what Greece was not. The creator of a wide empire, he had talents for organisation and administration which were foreign to the Athenian mind, and which were absolutely necessary if its mission was to be carried out. The picture which history presents of Alexander is as beautiful as it is romantic. It is not only the history of a youth of twenty, pursuing conquests so vast, that at the end of a few years he had to weep that there was no second world to subjugate, but it is that of a beneficent prince, civilising, as he went along, both by his political institutions and by his patronage of science. It is this union of an

energetic devotion to letters with a genius for sovereignty which places him in contrast both to Greek and Roman. Cæsar, with all his cultivation of mind, did not conquer to civilise, any more than Hannibal; he must add Augustus to himself before he can be an Alexander. The royal pupil of Aristotle and Callisthenes started where aspiring statesmen or generals end; he professed to be more ambitious of a name for knowledge than for power, and he paid a graceful homage to the city of intellect by confessing, when he was in India, that he was doing his great acts to gain the immortal praise of the Athenians. The classic poets and philosophers were his recreation; he preferred the contest of song to the palæstra; of medicine he had more than a theoretical knowledge; and his ear for music was so fine, that Dryden's celebrated Ode, legendary as it may be, only does justice to its sensitiveness. He was either expert in fostering, or quick in detecting, the literary tastes of those around him; and two of his generals have left behind them a literary fame. Eumenes and Ptolemy, after his death, engaged in the honourable rivalry, the one in Asia Minor, the other in Egypt, of investing the dynasties which they respectively founded, with the patronage of learning and of its professors.

Ptolemy, upon whom, on Alexander's death, devolved the kingdom of Egypt, supplies us with the first great instance of what may be called the establishment of Letters. He and Eumenes may be considered the first founders of public libraries. Some authors indeed allude to the Egyptian king, Osymanduas, and others point to Pisistratus, as having created a precedent for their imitation. It is difficult to say what these pretensions are exactly worth, or how far those personages are entitled to more than the merit of a concep-

tion, which obviously would occur to various minds before it was actually accomplished. There is more reason for referring it to Aristotle, who, from his relation to Alexander, may be considered as the head of the Macedonian literary movement, and whose books, together with those of his rich disciple, Theophrastus, ultimately came into the possession of the Ptolemies; but Aristotle's idea, to whatever extent he realised it, was carried out by the two Macedonian dynasties with a magnificence of execution which kings alone could project, and a succession of ages secure. For the first time, a great system was set on foot for collecting together in one, and handing down to posterity, the oracles of the world's wisdom. In the reign of the second Ptolemy the number of volumes rescued from destruction, and housed in the Alexandrian Library, amounted to 100,000, as volumes were then formed; in course of time it grew to 400,000; and a second collection was commenced, which at length rose to 300,000, making, with the former, a sum-total of 700,000 volumes. During Cæsar's military defence of Alexandria, the former of these collections was unfortunately burned; but, in compensation, the library received the 200,000 volumes of the rival collection of the kings of Pergamus, the gift of Antony to Cleopatra. After lasting nearly a thousand years, this noblest of dynastic monuments was deliberately burned, as all the world knows, by the Saracens, on their becoming masters of Alexandria.

A library, however, was only one of two great conceptions brought into execution by the first Ptolemy; and as the first was the embalming of dead genius, so the second was the endowment of living. Here again the Egyptian priests may be said in a certain sense to have preceded him; moreover, in Athens itself there had grown up a custom of maintaining

in the Prytaneum at the public cost, or of pensioning, those who had deserved well of the State, nay, their children also. This had been the privilege, for instance, conferred on the family of the physician Hippocrates, for his medical services at the time of the plague; but I suppose the provision of a home or residence was never contemplated in its idea. But as regards literature itself, to receive money for teaching was considered to degrade it to an illiberal purpose, as had been felt in the instance of the Sophists; even the Pythian prize for verse, though at first gold or silver, became nothing more than a crown of leaves, as soon as a sufficient competition was secured. Kings, indeed, might lavish precious gifts upon the philosophers or poets whom they kept about them; but such practices did not proceed on rule or by engagement, nor imply any salary settled on the objects of their bounty. Ptolemy, however, prompted, or at least encouraged, by the celebrated Demetrius of Phalerus, put into execution a plan for the formal endowment of literature and science. The fact indeed of the possession of an immense library seemed sufficient to render Alexandria a University; for what could be a greater attraction to the students of all lands than the opportunity afforded them of intellectual converse, not only with the living, but with the dead, with all who had anywhere at any time thrown light upon any subject of inquiry? But Ptolemy determined that his teachers of knowledge should be as stationary and as permanent as his books; so resolving to make Alexandria the seat of a *Studium Generale*, he founded a College for its domicile, and endowed that College with ample revenues.

Here, I consider, he did more than has been commonly done, till modern times. It requires considerable knowledge of mediæval Universities to be entitled to give an opinion;

as to Germany, for instance, or Poland, or Spain; but, as far as I have a right to speak, such a measure has been rare down to the sixteenth century, as well as before Ptolemy. The University of Toulouse, I think, was founded in a College; so was Orleans; so has been the Protestant University of Dublin; other Universities have yearly salaries from the Government; but even the University of Oxford to this day, viewed as a University, is a poor body. Its Professors have for the most part a scanty endowment and no residence; and it subsists mainly on fees received from year to year from its members. Such too, I believe, is the case with the University of Cambridge. The University founded in Dublin in John the Twenty-second's time, fell for lack of funds. The University of Paris could not be very wealthy, even in the ninth century of its existence, or it would not have found it necessary to sell its beautiful Park or Pratum. As for ourselves here, it is commonly understood that we are starting with ample means already, while large contributions are still expected; a sum equal perhaps to a third of what has already been collected is to be added to it from the United States; as to Ireland herself, the overflowing, almost miraculous liberality of her poorest classes makes no anticipation of their prospective contributions extravagant. Well, anyhow, if money made a University, we might expect ours to last as long as the Ptolemies'; and, I suppose, there is no one who would not be content that an institution, which he helped to found, should live through a thousand years.

But to return to the Alexandrian College. It was called the Museum—a name since appropriated to another institution connected with the seats of science. Its situation affords an additional instance in corroboration of remarks I

have already made upon the sites of Universities. There was a quarter of the city so distinct from the rest in Alexandria, that it is sometimes spoken of as a suburb. It was pleasantly situated on the water's edge, and had been set aside for ornamental buildings, and was traversed by groves of trees. Here stood the royal palace, here the theatre and amphitheatre; here the gymnasia and stadium; here the famous Serapeum. And here it was, close upon the Port, that Ptolemy placed his Library and College. As might be supposed, the building was worthy of its purpose; a noble portico stretched along its front, for exercise or conversation, and opened upon the public rooms devoted to disputations and lectures. A certain number of Professors were lodged within the precincts, and a handsome hall, or refectory, was provided for the common meal. The Prefect of the house was a priest, whose appointment lay with the Government. Over the Library a dignified person presided, who, if his jurisdiction extended to the Museum also, might somewhat answer to a mediæval or modern Chancellor; the first of these functionaries being the celebrated Athenian who had so much to do with the original design. As to the Professors, so liberal was their maintenance that a philosopher of the very age of the first foundation called the place a "bread basket," or a "bird coop"; yet, in spite of accidental exceptions, so careful on the whole was their selection, that even six hundred years afterwards Ammianus describes the Museum under the title of "the lasting abode of distinguished men." Philostratus, too, about a century before, calls it "a table gathering together celebrated men": a phrase which merits attention, as testifying both to the high character of the Professors, and to the means by which they were secured. In some cases, at least, they were

chosen by what is now called *concursus*, in which the native Egyptians are said sometimes to have surpassed the Greeks. We read too of literary games or contests, apparently of the same nature. As time went on, new Colleges were added to the original Museum; of which one was a foundation of the Emperor Claudius, and called after his name.

It cannot be thought that the high reputation of these foundations would have been maintained, unless Ptolemy had looked beyond Egypt for occupants of his chairs; and indeed he got together the best men, wherever he could find them. On these he heaped wealth and privileges, and so complete was their naturalisation in their adopted country, that they lost their usual surnames, drawn from their place of birth, and, instead of being called, for instance, Apion of Oasis, or Aristarchus of Samothracia, or Dionysius of Thrace, received each simply the title of "the Alexandrian." Thus Clement of Alexandria, the learned father of the Church, was a native of Athens.

A diversity of teachers secured an abundance of students. "Hither," says Cave, "as to a public emporium of polite literature, congregated, from every part of the world, youthful students, and attended the lectures in Grammar, Rhetoric, Poetry, Philosophy, Astronomy, Music, Medicine, and other arts and sciences;" and hence proceeded, as it would appear, the great Christian writers and doctors, Clement, whom I have just been mentioning, Origen, Anatolius, and Athanasius. St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, in the third century, may be added; he came across Asia Minor and Syria from Pontus, as to a place, says his namesake of Nyssa, "to which young men from all parts gathered together, who were applying themselves to philosophy."

As to the subjects taught in the Museum, Cave has

already enumerated the principal; but he has not done justice to the peculiar character of the Alexandrian school. From the time that science got out of the hands of the pure Greeks, into those of a power which had a talent for administration, it became less theoretical, and bore more distinctly upon definite and tangible objects. The very conception of an endowment is a specimen of this change. Without yielding the palm of subtle speculation to the Greeks, philosophy assumed a more masculine and vigorous character. Dreamy theorists, indeed, they could also show in still higher perfection than Athens, where there was the guarantee of genius that abstract investigation would never become ridiculous. The Alexandrian Neo-platonists certainly have incurred the risk of this imputation; yet, Potamo, Ammonius, Plotinus, and Hierocles, who are to be numbered among them, with the addition perhaps of Proclus, in spite of the frivolousness and feebleness of their system, have a weight of character, taken together, which would do honour to any school. And the very circumstance that they originated a new philosophy is no ordinary distinction in the intellectual world; and that it was directly intended to be a rival and refutation of Christianity, while it is no merit certainly in religious judgment, marks the practical character of the Museum even amid its subtleties. So much for their philosophers: among their poets was Apollonius of Rhodes, whose poem on the Argonauts carries with it, in the very fact of its being still extant, the testimony of succeeding ages either to its merit or to its antiquarian importance. Egyptian antiquities were investigated at least by the disciples of the Egyptian Manetho, fragments of whose history are considered to remain; while Carthaginian and Etruscan had a place in the studies of the Claudian

College. The Museum was celebrated, moreover, for its grammarians; the work of Hephæstion *de Metris* still affords matter of thought to a living Professor of Oxford;[1] and Aristarchus, like the Athenian Priscian, has almost become the nickname for a critic.

Yet, eminent as is the Alexandrian school in these departments of science, its fame rests still more securely upon its proficiency in medicine and mathematics. Among its physicians is the celebrated Galen, who was attracted thither from Pergamus; and we are told by a writer of the fourth century,[2] that in his time the very fact of a physician having studied at Alexandria was an evidence of his science which superseded further testimonial. As to mathematics, it is sufficient to say, that, of four great ancient names, on whom the modern science is founded, three came from Alexandria. Archimedes indeed was a Syracusan; but the Museum may boast of Apollonius of Perga, Diophantus, a native Alexandrian, and Euclid, whose country is unknown. Of these three, Euclid's services to geometry are known, if not appreciated, by every schoolboy; Apollonius is the first writer on Conic Sections; and Diophantus the first writer on Algebra. To these illustrious names may be added, Eratosthenes of Cyrene, to whom astronomy has obligations so considerable; Pappus; Theon; and Ptolemy, said to be of Pelusium, whose celebrated system, called after him the Ptolemaic, reigned in the schools till the time of Copernicus, and whose Geography, dealing with facts, not theories, is in repute still.

Such was the celebrated *Studium* or University of Alex-

[1] Dr. Gaisford, since dead. For the Alexandrian Grammarians, vid. *Fabric. Bibl. Græc.*, t. vi., p. 353.

[2] Ammianus.

andria; for a while, in the course of the third and fourth centuries, it was subject to reverses, principally from war. The whole of the Bruchion, the quarter of the city in which it was situated, was given to the flames; and, when Hilarion came to Alexandria, the holy hermit, whose rule of life did not suffer him to lodge in cities, took up his lodgment with a few solitaries among the ruins of its edifices. The schools, however, and the library continued: the library was reserved for the Caliph Omar's famous judgment; as to the schools, even as late as the twelfth century, the Jew, Benjamin of Tudela, gives us a surprising report of what he found in Alexandria. "Outside the city," he says, a mode of speaking which agrees with what has been above said about the locality of the Museum, "is the Academy of Aristotle, Alexander's preceptor; a handsome pile of building, which has twenty Colleges, whither students betake themselves from all parts of the world to learn his philosophy. The marble columns divide one College from another."

Though the Roman schools have more direct bearing on the subsequent rise of the mediæval Universities, they are not so exact an anticipation of its type as the Alexandrian Museum. They differ from the Museum, as being for the most part, as it would appear, devoted to the education of the very young, without any reference to the advancement of science. No list of writers or discoveries, no local or historical authorities, can be adduced, from the date of Augustus to that of Justinian, to rival the fame of Alexandria; we hear on the contrary much of the elements of knowledge, the Trivium and Quadrivium; and the Law of the Empire provided, and the Theodosian Code has recorded, the

discipline necessary for the students. Teaching and learning was a department of government; and schools were set up and professors endowed, just as soldiers were stationed or courts opened, in every great city of the East and West. In Rome itself the seat of education was placed in the Capitol; ten chairs were appointed for Latin Grammar, ten for Greek; three for Latin Rhetoric, five for Greek; one, some say three, for Philosophy; two or four for Roman Law. Professorships of Medicine were afterwards added. Under Grammar (if St. Gregory's account of Athens in Roman times may be applied to the Roman schools generally) were included knowledge of language and metre, criticism, and history. Rome, as might be expected, and Carthage were celebrated for their Latin teaching; Roman Law is said to have been taught in three cities only—Rome itself, Constantinople, and Berytus; but this probably was the restriction of a later age.

The study of grammar and geography was commenced at the age of twelve, and apparently at the private school, and was continued till the age of fourteen. Then the youths were sent to the public academy for oratory, philosophy, mathematics, and law. The course lasted five years; and, on entering on their twentieth year, their education was considered complete, and they were sent home. If they studied the law, they were allowed to stay, for instance, in Berytus, till their twenty-fifth year; a permission, indeed, which was extended in that city to the students in polite literature, or, as we should now say, in Arts.

The number of youths who went up to Rome for the study of the Law was considerable, chiefly from Africa and Gaul. Originally the Government had discouraged foreigners in repairing to the metropolis, from the dangers

it naturally presented to youth; when their residence there became a necessary evil, it contented itself with imposing strict rules of discipline upon them. No youth could obtain admission into the Roman schools without a certificate signed by the magistracy of his province. Next, he presented himself before the Magister Census, an official who was in the department of the Præfectus Urbis, and who, besides his ordinary duties, acted as Rector of the Academy. Next, his name, city, age, and qualifications were entered in a public register; and a specification, moreover, of the studies he proposed to pursue, and of the lodging-house where he proposed to reside. He was amenable for his conduct to the Censuales, as if they had been Proctors; and he was reminded that the eyes of the world were upon him, that he had a character to maintain, and that it was his duty to avoid clubs, of which the Government was jealous, riotous parties, and the public shows, which were of daily occurrence and of most corrupting tendency. If he was refractory and disgraced himself, he was to be publicly flogged, and shipped off at once to his country. Those who acquitted themselves well were reported to the Government, and received public appointments. The Professors were under the same jurisdiction as the students, and were sometimes made to feel it.

Of the schools planted through the Empire, the most considerable were the Gallic and the African, of which the latter had no good reputation, while the Gallic name stood especially high. Marseilles, one of the oldest of the Greek colonies, was the most celebrated of the schools of Gaul for earning and for discipline. For this reason, and from its position, it drew off numbers under the Empire who otherwise would have repaired to Athens. It was here that

Agricola received his education; "a school," says his biographer, "in which Greek politeness was happily blended and tempered with provincial strictness." The schools of Bordeaux and Autun also had a high name; and Rheims received the title of a new Athens. This appellation was also bestowed upon the school of Milan. Besides these countries, respectful mention is made of the schools of Britain. As to Spain, the colonies there established are even called, by one commentator on the Theodosian code, "literary colonies," a singular title when Rome is concerned; and, in fact, a number of writers of reputation came from Spain. Lucan, the Senecas, Martial, perhaps Quintilian, Mela, Columella, and Hyginus, are its contribution in the course of a century.

It will be seen that the Roman schools, as little as Athens itself, answer to the precise idea of a modern University. The Roman schools are for boys, or at least *adolescentuli:* Agricola came to Marseilles when a child, "parvulus." On the other hand, a residence at Athens corresponded rather to seeing the world, as in touring and travels, and was often delayed till the season of education was over. Cicero went thither, after his public career had begun, with a view to his health, as well as his oratory. St. Basil had already studied at the schools of Cæsarea and Cappadocia. Sometimes young men on campaign, when quartered near Athens, took the opportunity of attending her schools. However, the case was the same with Rome, so far as regards the departments of jurisprudence and general cultivation. We read both of Rusticus, the correspondent of St. Jerome, and of St. Germanus of Auxerre, coming to Rome, after attending the Gallic schools;—the latter expressly in order to study the law; the former, for the same general purpose which

might take a student to Athens, to polish and perfect his style of conversation and writing.

All this suggests to us, what of course must ever be borne in mind, that, while the necessities of human society and the nature of the case are guarantees to us, that such Schools of general education are of a permanent nature, still they will be modified in detail by the circumstances, and marked by the peculiarities, of the age to which they severally belong.

CHAPTER IX.

DOWNFALL AND REFUGE OF ANCIENT CIVILISATION: THE LOMBARDS.

THERE never was, perhaps, in the history of this tumultuous world, prosperity so great, so far-spreading, so lasting, as that which began throughout the vast Empire of Rome at the time when the Prince of Peace was born into it. Preternatural as was the tyranny of certain of the Cæsars, it did not reach the mass of the population; and the reigns of the Five good Emperors, who succeeded them, are proverbs of wise and gentle government. The sole great exception to this universal happiness was the cruel persecution of the Christians; the sufferings of a whole world fell and were concentrated on them, and the children of heaven were tormented that the sons of men might enjoy their revel. Their Lord, while His shadow brought peace upon earth, foretold that in the event He came to send "not peace but a sword;" and that sword was first let loose upon His own.

"Judgment commenced with the House of God;" and though, as time went on, it issued forth from Jerusalem, and began to career round the world and sweep the nations as it travelled on, nevertheless, as if by some paradox of Providence, it seemed still that truth and wretchedness had "met together," and sin and civilisation had "kissed one another." The more the heathens prospered, the more they scorned, hated, and persecuted the true Light and true Peace. They persecuted Him for the very reason that they had little else to do; happy and haughty, they saw in Him the sole drawback, the sole exception, the sole hindrance, to a universal, a continual sunshine; they called Him "the enemy of the human race:" and they felt themselves bound, by their loyalty to the glorious and immortal memory of their forefathers, by their traditions of state, and their duties towards their children, to trample upon, and, if they could, to stifle that teaching, which was destined to be the life and mould of a new world.

But our immediate subject here is, not Christianity, but the world that passed away; and before it passed, it had, I say, a tranquillity great in proportion to its former commotions. Ages of trouble terminated in two centuries of peace. The present crust of the earth is said to be the result of a long war of elements, and to have been made so beautiful, so various, so rich, and so useful, by the discipline of revolutions, by earthquake and lightning, by mountains of water and seas of fire; and so in like manner, it required the events of two thousand years, the multiform fortunes of tribes and populations, the rise and fall of kings, the mutual collision of states, the spread of colonies, the vicissitude and the succession of conquests, and the gradual adjustment and settlement of innumerous discordant ideas

and interests, to carry on the human race to unity, and to shape and consolidate the great Roman Power.

And when once those unwieldy materials were welded together into one mass, what human force could split them up again? what "hammer of the earth" could shiver at a stroke a solidity which it had taken ages to form? Who can estimate the strength of a political establishment, which has been the slow birth of time? and what establishment ever equalled Pagan Rome? Hence has come the proverb, "Rome was not built in a day:" it was the portentous solidity of its power that forced the gazer back upon an exclamation, which was the relief of his astonishment, as being his solution of the prodigy. And, when at length it was built, Rome, so long in building, was "Eternal Rome": it had been done once for all; its being was inconceivable beforehand, and its not being was inconceivable afterwards. It had been a miracle that it was brought to be; it would take a second miracle that it should cease to be. To remove it from its place was to cast a mountain into the sea. Look at the Palatine Hill, penetrated, traversed, cased with brick-work, till it appears a work of man, not of nature; run your eye along the cliffs from Ostia to Terracina, covered with the débris of masonry; gaze around the bay of Baiæ, whose rocks have been made to serve as the foundations and the walls of palaces; and in those mere remains, lasting to this day, you will have a type of the moral and political strength of the establishments of Rome. Think of the aqueducts making for the imperial city for miles across the plain; think of the straight roads stretching off again from that one centre to the ends of the earth; consider the vast territory round about it strewn to this day with countless ruins; follow in your minds its suburbs, extending along its

roads, for as much, at least in some directions, as forty miles; and number up its continuous mass of population, amounting, as grave authors say, to almost six million; and answer the question, how was Rome ever to be got rid of? why was it not to progress? why was it not to progress for ever? where was that ancient civilisation to end? Such were the questionings and anticipations of thoughtful minds, not over loyal or fond of Rome. "The world," says Tertullian, "has more of cultivation every day, and is better furnished than in times of old. All places are opened up now; all are familiarly known; all are scenes of business. Smiling farms have obliterated the notorious wilderness; tillage has tamed the forest land; flocks have put to flight the beasts of prey. Sandy tracts are sown; rocks are put into shape; marshes are drained. There are more cities now, than there were cottages at one time. Islands are no longer wild; the crag no longer frightful; everywhere there is a home, a population, a state, and a livelihood." Such was the prosperity, such the promise of progress and permanence, in which the Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek, the Macedonian conquests had terminated.

Education had gone through a similar course of difficulties, and had a place in the prosperous result. First, carried forth upon the wings of genius, and disseminated by the energy of individual minds, or by the colonising missions of single cities, knowledge was irregularly extended to and fro over the spacious regions, of which the Mediterranean is the common basin. Introduced, in course of time, to a more intimate alliance with political power, it received the means, at the date of Alexander and his successors, both of its cultivation and its propagation. It was formally recognised and endowed under the Ptolemies, and at length

became a direct object of the solicitude of the Government under the Cæsars. It was honoured and dispensed in every considerable city of the Empire; it tempered the political administration of the conquering people; it civilised the manners of a hundred barbarian conquests; it gradually reconciled uncongenial, and associated distant countries, with each other; while it had ever ministered to the fine arts, it now proceeded to subserve the useful. It took in hand the reformation of the world's religion; it began to harmonise the legends of discordant worships; it purified the mythology by making it symbolical; it interpreted it, and gave it a moral, and explained away its idolatry. It began to develop a system of ethics, it framed a code of laws: what might not be expected of it, as time went on, were it not for that illiberal, unintelligible, fanatical, abominable sect of Galileans? If they were allowed to make play, and get power, what might not happen? There again Christians were in the way, as hateful to the philosopher as to the statesman. Yet truly it was not in this quarter that the peril of civilisation lay: it lay in a very different direction, over against the Empire to the North and North-East, in a black cloud of inexhaustible barbarian populations: and when the storm mounted overhead and broke upon the earth, it was those scorned and detested Galileans, and none but they, the men-haters and god-despisers, who, returning good for evil, housed and lodged the scattered remnants of that world's wisdom, which had so persecuted them, went forth valiantly to meet the savage destroyer, tamed him without arms, and became the founders of a new and higher civilisation. Not a man in Europe now who talks bravely against the Church, but owes it to the Church that he can talk at all.

But what was to be the process, what the method, what the instruments, what the place, for sheltering the treasures of ancient intellect during the convulsion, of bridging over the abyss, and of linking the old world to the new? In spite of the consolidation of its power, Rome was to go, as all things human go, and vanish for ever. In the words of inspiration, "Great Babylon came in remembrance before God, and every island fled away, and the mountains were not found." All the fury of the elements was directed against it; and, as a continual dropping wears away the stone, so blow after blow, and convulsion after convulsion, sufficed at last to heave up, and hurl down, and smash into fragments, the noblest earthly power that ever was. First came the Goth, then the Hun, and then the Lombard. The Goth took possession, but he was of noble nature, and soon lost his barbarism. The Hun came next; he was irreclaimable, but did not stay. The Lombard kept both his savageness and his ground; he appropriated to himself the territory, not the civilisation of Italy, fierce as the Hun, and powerful as the Goth, the most tremendous scourge of Heaven. In his dark presence the poor remains of Greek and Roman splendour died away, and the world went more rapidly to ruin, material and moral, than it was advancing from triumph to triumph in the time of Tertullian. Alas! the change between Rome in the hey-day of her pride, and in the agony of her judgment! Tertullian writes while she is exalted; Pope Gregory when she is in humiliation. He was delivering homilies upon the Prophet Ezekiel when the news came to Rome of the advance of the Lombards upon it, and in the course of them he several times burst out into lamentations at the news of miseries, which eventually obliged him to cut short his exposition.

"Sights and sounds of war," he says, "meet us on every side. The cities are destroyed; the military stations broken up; the land devastated; the earth depopulated. No one remains in the country; scarcely any inhabitants in the towns; yet even the poor remains of human kind are still smitten daily and without intermission. Before our eyes some are carried away captive, some mutilated, some murdered. She herself, who once was mistress of the world, we behold how Rome fares: worn down by manifold and incalculable distresses, the bereavement of citizens, the attack of foes, the reiteration of overthrows, where is her senate? where are her people? We, the few survivors, are still the daily prey of the sword and of other innumerable tribulations. Where are they who in a former day revelled in her glory? where is their pomp, their pride, their frequent and immoderate joy? Youngsters, young men of the world, congregated here from every quarter, where they aimed at a secular advancement. Now no one hastens up to her for preferment; and the case is the same in other cities also; some places are laid waste by pestilence, others are depopulated by the sword, others are tormented by famine, and others are swallowed up by earthquakes."

These words, far from being a rhetorical lament, are but a meagre statement of some of the circumstances of a desolation in which the elements themselves, as St. Gregory intimates, as well as the barbarians, took a principal part. In the dreadful age of that great Pope, a plague spread from the lowlands of Egypt to the Indies on the one hand, along Africa across to Spain on the other, till, reversing its course, it reached the eastern extremity of Europe. For fifty-two years did it retain possession of the infected atmosphere, and, during three months, five thousand,

and at length ten thousand persons are said to have died daily in Constantinople. Many cities of the East were left without inhabitants; and in several districts of Italy there were no labourers to attend either harvest or vintage. A succession of earthquakes accompanied for years this heavy calamity. Constantinople was shaken for above forty days. Two hundred and fifty thousand persons are said to have perished in the earthquake of Antioch, crowded, as the city was, with strangers for the festival of the Ascension. Berytus, the Eastern school of Roman jurisprudence, called, from its literary and scientific importance, the eye of Phœnicia, shared a similar fate. These, however, were but local visitations. Cities are indeed the homes of civilisation, but the wide earth, with her hill and dale, open plain and winding valley, is its refuge. The barbarian invaders, spreading over the country like a flight of locusts, did their best to destroy every fragment of the old world, and every element of revival. Twenty-nine public libraries had been founded at Rome; but, had these been destroyed, as in Antioch or Berytus, by earthquakes or by conflagration, yet a large aggregate of books would have still survived. Such collections had become a fashion and a luxury in the later Empire, and every colony and municipium, every larger temple, every prætorium, the baths, and the private villas, had their respective libraries. When the ruin swept across the country, and these various libraries were destroyed, then the patient monks had begun again, in their quiet dwellings, to bring together, to arrange, to transcribe, and to catalogue; but then again the new visitation of the Lombards fell, and Monte Cassino, the famous metropolis of the Benedictines, not to mention monasteries of lesser note, was sacked and destroyed.

Truly was Christianity revenged on that ancient civilisation for the persecution which it had inflicted on Christianity. Man ceased from the earth, and his works with him. The arts of life, architecture, engineering, agriculture, were alike brought to nought. The waters were let out over the face of the country; arable and pasture lands were drowned; landmarks disappeared. Pools and lakes intercepted the thoroughfares; whole districts became pestilential marshes; the strong stream, or the abiding morass, sapped and obliterated the very site of cities. Here the mountain torrent cut a channel in the plain; there it elevated ridges across it; elsewhere it disengaged masses of rock and earth in its precipitous passage, and, hurrying them on, left them as islands in the midst of the flood. Forests overspread the land, in rivalry of the waters, and became the habitation of wild animals, of wolves, and even bears. The dwindled race of man lived in scattered huts of mud, where best they might avoid marauder, and pestilence, and inundation; or clung together for mutual defence in cities, where wretched cottages, on the ruins of marble palaces, over-balanced the security of numbers by the frequency of conflagration.

In such a state of things, the very mention of education was a mockery; the very aim and effort to exist was occupation enough for mind and body. The heads of the Church bewailed a universal ignorance, which they could not remedy; it was a great thing that schools remained sufficient for clerical education, and this education was only sufficient, as Pope Agatho informs us, to enable them to hand on the traditions of the Fathers, without scientific exposition or polemical defence. In that Pope's time, the great Council of Rome, in its letter to the Emperor of the East, who had asked for Episcopal legates of correct life and

scientific knowledge of the Scriptures, made answer, that, if by science was meant knowledge of revealed truth, the demand could be supplied; not, if more was required; "since," continue the Fathers, "in these parts, the fury of our various heathen foes is ever breaking out, whether in conflicts, or in inroads and rapine. Hence our life is simply one of anxiety of soul and labour of body: anxiety, because we are in the midst of the heathen; labour, because the maintenance which used to come to us as ecclesiastics, is at an end; so that faith is our only substance, to live in its possession our highest glory, to die for it our eternal gain." The very profession of the clergy is the knowledge of letters; if even these lost it, would others retain it in their miseries, to whom it was no duty? And what then was the hope and prospect of the world in the generations which were to follow?

"What is coming? what is to be the end?" Such was the question which weighed so heavily upon the august line of Pontiffs, upon whom rested "the solicitude of all the churches," and whose failure in vigilance and decision in that miserable time had been the loss of ancient learning, and the indefinite postponement of new civilisation. What could be done for art, science, and philosophy, when towns had been burned up, and country devastated? In such distress, islands, or deserts, or the mountain-top have commonly been the retreat to which in the last instance the hopes of humanity have been conveyed. Thus the Christian Goths were just then biding their time to revenge themselves on the Saracens in the mountains of Asturias; so too the monks of the fourth century had preserved the Catholic faith from the tyranny of Arianism in the Egyptian desert; and so the inhabitants of Lombardy had taken

refuge from the Huns in the shallows of the Adriatic. Where should the Steward of the Household deposit the riches which his predecessors had inherited from Jew and heathen, the things old as well as new, in an age in which each succeeding century threatened them with worse than the centuries which had gone before! Pontiff after Pontiff looked out from the ruins of the Imperial City, which were to be his ever-lasting, ever-restless throne, if perchance some place was to be found, more tranquil than his own, where the hope of the future might be lodged. They looked over the Earth, towards great cities and far provinces, and whether it was Gregory, or Vitalian, or Agatho, or Leo, their eyes had all been drawn in one direction, and fixed upon one quarter for that purpose—not to the East, from which the light of knowledge had arisen, nor to the West, whither it had spread—but to the North.

High in the region of the North, beyond the just limits of the Roman world, though partly included in its range, so secluded and secure in their sea-encircled domain that they have been thought to be the fabulous Hesperides, where heroes dwelt in peace, lay two sister islands—whose names and histories, warned by my diminished space, I must reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER X.

THE TRADITION OF CIVILISATION: THE ISLES OF THE NORTH.

WHATEVER were the real causes of the downfall of the ancient civilisation, its immediate instrument was the fury

of the barbarian invasions, directed again and again against the institutions in which it was embodied. First one came down upon the devoted Empire, and then another; and "that which the palmer worm left, the locust ate; and what the locust left, the mildew destroyed." Nay, this succession of assaults did not merely carry on and finish the process of destruction, but rather undid the promise and actual prospect of recovery. In the interval between blow and blow, there was a direct tendency to a revival of what had been trodden down, and a restoration of what had been defaced; and that, not only from any such reaction as might take place in the afflicted population itself, when the crisis was over, but from the incipient domestication of the conqueror, and the introduction of a new and vigorous element into the party and cause of civilisation. The fierce soldier was vanquished by the captive of his sword and bow. The beauty of the southern climate, the richness of its productions, the material splendour of its cities, the majesty of the imperial organisation, the spontaneous precision of a routine administration, the influence of religion upon the imagination and the affections, antiquity, rule, name, prescription, and territory, presented in visible and recognised forms,—in a word, the conservative power proper to establishments,—awed, overcame, and won the sensitive and noble savage. "Order is heaven's first law," and bears upon it the impress of divinity; and it has especial power over those minds which have had least experience of it. The Goth not only took pay, and sought refuge, from the Empire, but, still more, when, instead of dependent, he was lord and master, he found himself absorbed into and assimilated with the civilisation upon which he had violently thrust himself. Had he been left

in possession, great revolutions certainly, but not dissolution, would have been the destiny of the social framework; and the tradition of science and of the arts of life would have been unbroken.

Thus, in the midst of the awful events which were then in progress, there were intervals of respite and of hope. The day of wrath seemed to be passing away; things began to look up, and the sun was on the point of coming out again. Statesmen, who watched the signs of the times, perhaps began to say that at last they did think that the worst was over, and that there were good grounds for looking hopefully at the state of affairs. Adolphus, the successor of Alaric, took on himself the obligations of a Roman general, assumed the Roman dress, accepted the Emperor's sister in marriage, and opposed in arms the fiercer barbarians who had overrun Spain. The sons of Theodoric the Visigoth were taught Virgil and Roman Law in the schools of Gaul. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, anxiously preserved the ancient monuments of Rome, and ornamented the cities of Italy with new edifices; he revived agriculture, promoted commerce, and patronised literature. But the Goth was not to retain the booty which the Roman had been obliged to relinquish; he had soon, in company with his former foe, to repel the Vandal, the Hun, or the Frank; or, weakened from within, to yield to the younger assailants who were to succeed him. Then the whole work of civilisation had to begin again—if indeed there was to be a new beginning; or rather there was not life enough left in its poor remains to vivify the fresh mass of barbarism which fell heavily upon it, or even to save itself from a final extinction. As great Cæsar fell, not under one, but under twenty strokes; so it was only by many a cleaving, many

a shattering blow, "scalpri frequentis ictibus et tunsione plurima," that the existing fabric of the old world, to which Cæsar, more than any other, had given name and form, was battered down. It was the accumulation, the reiteration of calamities, in every quarter and through a long period, by "the rain falling, and the floods coming, and the winds blowing and breaking upon that house," that it fell, "and great was the fall thereof."

The judgments of God were upon the earth, and "the clouds returned after the rain;" and, as a thunder-cloud careers around the sky, and condenses suddenly here or there, and repeats its violence when it seems to have been spent, so was it with the descent of the North upon the South. There was scarcely a province of the great Empire, but twice or thrice had to sustain attack, invasion, or occupation from the barbarian. Till the termination of the reign of the Antonines, for a hundred and fifty years, the long peace continued, which the Prince of Peace brought with Him; then a fitful century of cloud and sunshine, hope and fear, suspense and affliction, till at length, just at the middle of the third century of our era, the trumpet sounded, and the time of visitation opened. The tremendous period opened in a great pestilence, and in an irruption of the barbarians both on the East and on the West. The pestilence lasted for fifteen years; and, though sooner brought to an end than that more awful pestilence in St. Gregory's day with which the season of judgment closed, yet in that fifteen years it made its way into every region and city of the Empire. Many cities were emptied; Rome at one time lost 5000 inhabitants daily, Alexandria lost half her population. As to the barbarians, the Franks in the West descended

into Spain; and the Goths on the East into Asia Minor.

Asia Minor had had a long peace of three hundred years, a phenomenon almost solitary in the history of the world, and difficult for the imagination to realise. Its cities were unwalled; military duties had been abolished; the taxes were employed in the public buildings and the well-being and enjoyments of life; the face of the country was decorated and diversified by the long growth and development of vegetation, by the successive accumulations of art, and by the social memorials and reminiscences of nine peaceful generations. Its parks and groves, its palaces and temples, were removed further by a hundred years from the injuries of warfare than England is now from the ravages of the Great Rebellion. Down came the Goths from Prussia, Poland, and the Crimea; they sailed along the Euxine, ravaged Pontus and Bithynia, sacked the wealthy Trebizond and Chalcedon, and burned the imperial Nicæa and Nicomedia, and other great cities of the country; then fell upon Cyzicus and the cities on the coast, and finally demolished the famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, the wonder of the world. Then they passed over to the opposite continent, sacked Athens, and spread dismay and confusion, if not conflagration, through both upper Greece and the Peloponnese. At the same solemn era, the Franks fell upon Spain, and ran through the whole of it, destroying flourishing cities, whose ruins lay on the ground for centuries, nor stopped till they had crossed into Africa.

A second time, at a later date, was Spain laid waste by the Vandals and their confederates, with an utter desolation of its territory. Famine became so urgent, that human flesh was eaten; pestilence so rampant, that the wild beasts mul-

tiplied among the works of man. Passing on to Africa, these detestable savages cut down the very fruit-trees, as they went, in the wantonness of their fury; and the inhabitants of the plundered cities fled away with such property as they could save beyond sea. A new desolation of Africa took place two centuries later, when the Saracens passed in a contrary direction from Egypt into Spain.

Nor were the Greek and Asiatic provinces, more than the West, destined to be protected against successive invasions. Scarcely a hundred years had passed since the barbarian Goth had swept so fiercely each side of the Ægean, when additional blows fell upon Europe and Asia from distinct enemies. In Asia, the Huns poured down upon Cappadocia, Cilicia, and Syria, scaring the pagans of Antioch, and the monks and pilgrims of Palestine, silencing at once the melody of immodest song and of holy chant, till they came to the entrance of Egypt. In Europe it was the Goths again, who descended with fire and sword into Greece, desolated the rich lands of Phocis and Bœotia, destroyed Eleusis and its time-honoured superstitions, and passing into the Peloponnese, burned its cities and enslaved its population. About the same time the fertile and cultivated tract, stretching from the Euxine to the Adriatic, was devastated by the same reckless invaders, even to the destruction of the brute creation. Sixty years afterwards the same region was overrun by the still more terrible Huns, who sacked as many as seventy cities, and carried off their inhabitants. This double scourge, of which Alaric and Attila are the earlier and later representatives, travelled up the country northwards, and thence into Lombardy, pillaging, burning, exterminating, as it went along.

What Huns and Goths were to the South, such were

Germans, Huns, and Franks to Gaul. That famous country, though in a less favoured climate, was as cultivated and happy as Asia Minor after its three centuries of peace. The banks of the Rhine are said to have been lined with villas and farms; the schools of Marseilles, Autun, and Bordeaux vied with those of the East, and even with that of Athens; opulence had had its civilising effect upon their manners, and familiarity with the Latin classics upon their native dialect. At the time that Alaric was carrying his ravages from Greece into Lombardy, the fierce Burgundians and other Germans, to the number of 200,000 fighting men, fell upon Gaul; and, to use the words of a well-known historian, "the scene of peace and plenty was suddenly changed into a desert, and the prospect of the smoking ruins could alone distinguish the solitude of nature from the work of man." The barbarian torrent, sweeping away cities and inhabitants, spread from the banks of the Rhine to the Atlantic and the Pyrenees. Fifty years later a great portion of the same region was devastated with like excesses by the Huns; and in the intervals between the two visitations, destructive inroads, or rather permanent occupations, were effected by the Franks and Burgundians.

As to Italy, with Rome as a centre, its multiplied miseries are too familiarly known to require illustration. I need not enlarge upon the punishments inflicted on it by German, Goth, Vandal, Hun, and Byzantine, who in those same centuries overspread the country, or upon the destruction of cities, villas, monasteries, of every place where literature might be stored or civilisation transmitted to posterity. Barbarians occupied the broad lands of nobles and senators; mercenary bands infested its roads and tyrannised in its towns and its farms; even the useful arts

were gradually forgotten, and the ruins of its cities sufficed for the remnant of its citizens. Such was the state of things, when, after the gleam of prosperity and hope which accompanied the Gothic ascendency, the Lombards came down in the age of St. Gregory, a more fatal foe than any before, to complete the desolation of the garden of Europe.

Encompassed then by such calamities, present and hereditary, through such a succession of centuries and in such a multitude of countries, where should the Roman Pontiff look for a refuge of learning, sacred and profane, when the waters were out all over the earth? What place shall he prepare, what people shall he choose, with a view to a service, the more necessary in proportion as it was difficult? I know where it must be; doubtless in the old citadel of science, which hitherto had been safe from the spoiler—in Alexandria. The city and country of the Ptolemies was inviolate as yet; the Huns had stopped on its eastern, the Vandals at its western boundary; and though Athens and Rhodes, Carthage and Madaura, Cordova and Lerida, Marseilles and Bordeaux, Rheims and Milan, had been overrun by the barbarian, yet the Museum, the greatest of all schools, and the Serapeum, the largest of all libraries, had recovered from the civil calamities which had pressed upon them in a past century, and were now far away from the Lombard, who was the terror of the age. It would have been a plausible representation in the age of St. Gregory and his immediate successors, if human wisdom had been their rule of judgment, that they must strengthen their alliance, since they could not with ambitious and schismatical Constantinople, at least with Alexandria. Yet to Alexandria they did not turn, and in fact, before another century had passed, Alexandria itself was taken, and her

library burned by an enemy, more hostile to religion, if not to philosophy, even than the Lombard. The instinctive sagacity of Popes, when troubled about the prospective fortunes of the human race, did not look for a place of refuge to a city which had done great services to science and literature in its day, but was soon to fall for ever.

The weak and contemptible things of this world are destined to bring to nought and to confound the strong and noble. High up in the North, above the continent of Europe, lay two sister islands, ample in size, happy in soil and climate, and beautiful in the face of the country. Alas! that the passions of man should alienate from one another those whom nature and religion had bound together! So far away were they from foreign foes that one of them the barbarians had never reached, and though a solitary wave of their invasion had passed over the other, it was not destined to be followed by a second for some centuries. In those days the larger of the two was called Britannia, the lesser Hibernia. The latter was then the seat of a flourishing Church, abounding in the fruits of sanctity, learning, and zeal; the former, at least its southern half, had formed part of the Empire, had partaken both of its civilisation and its Christianity, but had lately been occupied, with the extermination of its population, by the right wing of the great barbaric host which was overrunning Europe. I need but allude to a well-known history; we all recollect how some of those pagan invaders of Britain appeared for sale in the slave-market at Rome, and were taken as samples of their brethren by the great Saint so often mentioned in these pages, who succeeded at length in buying the whole race, not for any human master, but for Christ.

St. Gregory, who, amid his troubles at Rome, engaged in this sacred negotiation, was led by his charity towards a particular people to do a deed which resulted in surpassing benefits on the whole of Christendom. Here lay the answer to the prayers and questionings of himself and other holy Popes, and the solution of the great problem which had so anxiously perplexed their minds. The old world was to pass away, and its wealth and wisdom with it; but these two islands were to be the storehouse of the past and the birthplace of the future. A Divine purpose ruled his act of love towards the Anglo-Saxon race; or, if we ascribe it to the special prescience proper to Popes, then we may say that it was inspired by what he saw already realised in his own day, in the instance of the remarkable people planted from time immemorial on the sister island. For the Celt, it cannot be denied, preceded the Anglo-Saxon, not only in his Christianity, but in his cultivation and custody of learning, religious and secular, and again in his special zeal for its propagation; and St. Gregory, in evangelising England, was but following the example of St. Celestine. Let us on this point hear the words of a historian, who has high claims on the respect and gratitude of this generation:—

"During the sixth and seventh centuries," says Dr. Döllinger, "the Church of Ireland stood in the full beauty of its bloom. The spirit of the Gospel operated amongst the people with a vigorous and vivifying power; troops of holy men, from the highest to the lowest ranks of society, obeyed the counsel of Christ, and forsook all things, that they might follow Him. There was not a country of the world, during this period, which could boast of pious foundations or of religious communities equal to those that

adorned this far-distant island. Among the Irish, the doctrines of the Christian Religion were preserved pure and entire; the names of heresy or of schism were not known to them; and in the Bishop of Rome they acknowledged and venerated the Supreme Head of the Church on earth, and continued with him, and through him with the whole Church, in a never interrupted communion. The schools in the Irish cloisters were at this time the most celebrated in all the West; and in addition to those which have been already mentioned, there flourished the Schools of St. Finian of Clonard, founded in 530, and those of Cataldus, founded in 640. Whilst almost the whole of Europe was desolated by war, peaceful Ireland, free from the invasions of external foes, opened to the lovers of learning and piety a welcome asylum. The strangers who visited the island, not only from the neighbouring shores of Britain, but also from the most remote nations of the Continent, received from the Irish people the most hospitable reception, a gratuitous entertainment, free instruction, and even the books that were necessary for their studies. Thus in the year 536, in the time of St. Senanus, there arrived at Cork from the Continent, fifteen monks, who were led thither by their desire to perfect themselves in the practices of an ascetic life under Irish directors, and to study the Sacred Scriptures in the school established near that city. At a later period, after the year 650, the Anglo-Saxons in particular passed over to Ireland in great numbers for the same laudable purposes. On the other hand, many holy and learned Irishmen left their own country to proclaim the faith, to establish or to reform monasteries in distant lands, and thus to become the benefactors of almost every nation in Europe."

Such was St. Columba, who is the Apostle of the Northern Picts in the sixth century; such St. Fridolin in the beginning of the same century, who, after long labours in France, established himself on the Rhine; such the far-famed Columbanus, who, at its end, was sent with twelve of his brethren to preach in France, Burgundy, Switzerland, and Lombardy, where he died. All these great acts and encouraging events had taken place ere yet the Anglo-Saxon race was converted to the faith, or at least while it was still under education for its own part in extending it; and thus in the contemporary or previous labours of the Irish the Pope found an encouragement, as time went on, boldly to prosecute that conversion and education of the English, which was beginning with such good promise,—and not only by the labours of the Irish elsewhere, for they themselves, as the writer I have quoted intimates, took a foremost part in the very work.

"The foundation of many of the English sees," he says, "is due to Irishmen; the Northumbrian diocese was for many years governed by them, and the abbey of Lindisfarne, which was peopled by Irish monks and their Saxon disciples, spread far around it its all-blessing influence. These holy men served God and not the world; they possessed neither gold nor silver, and all that they received from the rich passed through their hands into the hands of the poor. Kings and nobles visited them from time to time, only to pray in their churches, or to listen to their sermons; and as long as they remained in the cloisters, they were content with the humble food of the brethren. Wherever one of these ecclesiastics or monks came, he was received by all with joy; and whenever he was seen journeying across the country, the people streamed around

him to implore his benediction and to hearken to his words. The priests entered the villages only to preach or to administer the sacraments; and so free were they from avarice, that it was only when compelled by the rich and noble, that they would accept lands for the erection of monasteries. Thus has Bede described the Irish bishops, priests, and monks of Northumbria, although so displeased with their custom of celebrating Easter. Many Anglo-Saxons passed over to Ireland, where they received a most hospitable reception in the monasteries and schools. In crowds, numerous as bees, as Aldhelm writes, the English went to Ireland, or the Irish visited England, where the Archbishop Theodore was surrounded by Irish scholars. Of the most celebrated Anglo-Saxon scholars and saints, many had studied in Ireland; among these were St. Egbert, the author of the first Anglo-Saxon mission to the pagan continent, and the blessed Willebrod, the Apostle of the Frieslanders, who had resided twelve years in Ireland. From the same abode of virtue and of learning came forth two English priests, both named Ewald, who in 690 went as messengers of the Gospel to the German Saxons, and received from them the crown of martyrdom. An Irishman, Mailduf, founded in the year 670 a school, which afterwards grew into the famed Abbey of Malmesbury; among his scholars was St. Aldhelm, afterwards Abbot of Malmesbury, and first bishop of Sherburne or Salisbury, and whom, after two centuries, Alfred pronounced to be the best of the Anglo-Saxon poets."

The seventh and eighth centuries are the glory of the Anglo-Saxon Church, as are the sixth and seventh of the Irish. As the Irish missionaries travelled down through England, France, and Switzerland to lower Italy, and

attempted Germany at the peril of their lives, converting the barbarian, restoring the lapsed, encouraging the desolate, collecting the scattered, and founding churches, schools, and monasteries, as they went along; so, amid the deep pagan woods of Germany and round about, the English Benedictine plied his axe and drove his plough, planted his rude dwelling and raised his rustic altar upon the ruins of idolatry, and then settling down as a colonist upon the soil, began to sing his chants and to copy his old volumes, and thus to lay the slow but sure foundations of the new civilisation. Distinct, nay antagonistic, in character and talent, the one nation and the other, Irish and English, the one more resembling the Greek, the other the Roman, open from the first perhaps to jealousies as well as rivalries, they consecrated their respective gifts to the Almighty Giver, and, labouring together for the same great end, they obliterated whatever there was of human infirmity in their mutual intercourse by the merit of their common achievements. Each by turn could claim preeminence in the contest of sanctity and of learning. In the schools of science England has no name to rival Erigena in originality, or St. Virgil in freedom of thought; nor among its canonised women any saintly virgin to compare with St. Bridget; nor, although it has 150 saints in its calendar, can it pretend to equal that Irish multitude which the Book of Life alone is large enough to contain. Nor can Ireland, on the other hand, boast of a Doctor such as St. Bede, or of an Apostle equal to St. Boniface, or of a Martyr like St. Thomas,—or of a list of royal devotees so extended as that of the thirty male or female Saxons who in the course of two centuries resigned their crowns,—or as the roll of twenty-three kings, and sixty queens

and princes, who, between the seventh and the eleventh centuries, gained a place among the saints. Yet, after all, the Irish, whose brilliancy of genius has sometimes been considered, like the Greek, to augur fickleness and change, have managed to persevere to this day in the science of the saints, long after their ancient rivals have lost the gift of faith.

But I am not writing a history of the Church, nor of England or Ireland, but tracing the fortunes of literature. When Charlemagne arose upon the Continent, the special mission of the two islands was at an end; and accordingly Ragnor Lodbrog with his Danes began his descents upon their coasts. Yet they were not superseded, till they had formally handed over the tradition of learning to the schools of France, and had written their immortal names on one and the same page of history. The Anglo-Saxon Alcuin was the first Rector, and the Irish Clement the second, of the Studium of Paris. In the same age the Irish John was sent to found the school of Pavia; and, when the heretical Claudius of Turin exulted over the ignorance of the devastated Churches of the Continent, and called the Synod of Bishops, who summoned him, "a congregation of asses," it was no other than the Irish Dungall, a monk of St. Denis, who met and overthrew the presumptuous railer.

CHAPTER XI.

A CHARACTERISTIC OF THE POPES: ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

DETACHMENT, as we know from spiritual books, is a rare and high Christian virtue; a great Saint, St. Philip Neri,

said that, if he had a dozen really detached men, he should be able to convert the world. To be detached is to be loosened from every tie which binds the soul to the earth, to be dependent on nothing sublunary, to lean on nothing temporal; it is to care simply nothing what other men choose to think or say of us, or do to us; to go about our own work, because it is our duty, as soldiers go to battle, without a care for the consequences; to account credit, honour, name, easy circumstances, comfort, human affections, just nothing at all, when any religious obligation involves the sacrifice of them. It is to be as reckless of all these goods of life on such occasions, as under ordinary circumstances we are lavish and wanton, if I must take an example, in our use of water,—or as we make a present of our words without grudging to friend or stranger,—or as we get rid of wasps or flies or gnats, which trouble us, without any sort of compunction, without hesitation before the act, and without a second thought after it.

Now this "detachment" is one of the special ecclesiastical virtues of the Popes. They are of all men most exposed to the temptation of secular connections; and, as history tells us, they have been of all men least subject to it. By their very office they are brought across every form of earthly power; for they have a mission to high as well as low, and it is on the high, and not the low, that their maintenance ordinarily depends. Cæsar ministers to Christ; the framework of society, itself a divine ordinance, receives such important aid from the sanction of religion, that it is its interest in turn to uphold religion, and to enrich it with temporal gifts and honours. Ordinarily speaking, then, the Roman Pontiffs owe their exaltation to the secular power, and have a great stake in its stability and prosperity. Under

such circumstances, any men but they would have had a strong leaning towards what is called "Conservatism"; and they have been, and are, of course Conservatives in the right sense of the word; that is, they cannot bear anarchy, they think revolution an evil, they pray for the peace of the world and the prosperity of all Christian States, and they effectively support the cause of order and good government. The name of Religion is but another name for law on the one hand, freedom on the other; and at this very time, who are its professed enemies, but Socialists, Red Republicans, Anarchists, and Rebels? But a Conservative, in the political sense of the word, commonly signifies something else, which the Pope never is, and cannot be. It means a man who is at the top of the tree, and knows it, and means never to come down, whatever it may cost him to keep his place there. It means a man who upholds government and society and the existing state of things,—not because it exists,—not because it is good and desirable, because it is established, because it is a benefit to the population, because it is full of promise for the future,—but rather because he himself is well off in consequence of it, and because to take care of number one is his main political principle. It means a man who defends religion, not for religion's sake, but for the sake of its accidents and externals; and in this sense conservative a Pope can never be, without a simple betrayal of the dispensation committed to him. Hence at this very moment the extreme violence against the Holy See, of the British legislature and constituency and their newspapers and other organs, mainly because it will not identify the cause of civil government with its own, because, while it ever benefits this world, it ever contemplates the world unseen.

So much, however, is intelligible enough; but there is a more subtle form of Conservatism, by which ecclesiastical persons are much more likely to be tempted and overcome, and to which also the Popes are shown in history to be superior. Temporal possessions and natural gifts may be dedicated to the service of religion; however, since they do not lose their old nature by being invested by a new mission or quality, they still possess the pabulum of temptation, and may be fatal to ecclesiastical "detachment." To prefer the establishment of religion to its purity is Conservatism, though in a plausible garb. It was once of no uncommon occurrence for saintly Bishops, in the time of famine or war, to break up the Church plate and sell it, in order to relieve the hungry or to redeem the captives by the sums which it brought them. And this proceeding was not unfrequently urged against them in their day as a great offence; but the Church has always justified them. Here we see, as in a typical instance, both the dangerous Conservatism, of which I am speaking, and its righteous repudiation. It is an over-attachment to the ecclesiastical establishment, as such;—to the seats of its power, to its holy places, its sanctuaries, churches, and palaces,—to its various national hierarchies, with their several prescriptions, privileges, and possessions,—to traditional lines of policy, precedent, and discipline,—to rules and customs of long standing. But a great Pontiff must be detached from everything save the deposit of faith, the tradition of the Apostles, and the vital principles of the Divine polity. He may use, he may uphold, he may and will be very slow to part with, a hundred things which have grown up, or taken shelter, or are stored, under the shadow of the Church; but at bottom, and after all, he will be simply detached from pomp and etiquette, secular rank,

secular learning, schools and libraries, Basilicas and Gothic cathedrals, old ways, old alliances, and old friends. He will be rightly jealous of their loss, but still he will "know nothing but" Him whose Vicar he is; he will not stake his fortunes, he will not rest his cause, upon any one else:—this is what he will do, and what he will not do, as in fact the great Popes of history have shown, in their own particular instances, on so many and various occasions.

Take the early Martyr-Popes, or the Gregories and the Leos; whether they were rich or poor, in power or in persecution, they were simply detached from every earthly thing save the Rock of Peter. This was their adamantine foundation, their starting-point in every enterprise, their refuge in every calamity, the point of leverage by which they moved the world. Secure in this, they have let other things come and go, as they would; or have deliberately made light of what they had, in order that they might gain what they had not. They have known, in the fulness of a heroic faith, that, while they were true to themselves and to their divinely-appointed position, they could not but "inherit the earth," and that if they lost ground here, it was only to make progress elsewhere. Old men usually get fond of old habits; they cannot imagine, understand, relish anything to which they are not accustomed. The Popes have been old men; but, wonderful to say, they have never been slow to venture out upon a new line, when it was necessary, and had ever been looking about, sounding, exploring, taking observations, reconnoitring, attempting, even when there was no immediate reason why they should not let well alone, as the world would say, or even when they were hampered with difficulties at their door so great, that you would think that they had no time or thought to spare for anything in the distance. It is but a few years

ago that a man of eighty, of humble origin, the most conservative of Popes, as he was considered, with disaffection and sedition upheaving his throne, was found to be planning missions for the interior of Africa, and, when a moment's opportunity was given him, made the most autocratical of Emperors, the very hope of Conservatives, the very terror of Catholics, quail beneath his glance. And, thus independent of times and places, the Popes have never found any difficulty, when the proper moment came, of following out a new and daring line of policy (as their astonished foes have called it), of leaving the old world to shift for itself and to disappear from the scene in its due season, and of fastening on and establishing themselves in the new.

I am led to this line of thought by St. Gregory's behaviour to the Anglo-Saxon race, on the break-up of the old civilisation. I am not mentioning our people for their own sake, but because they furnish an instance of that remarkable trait in the character of Popes, of which I have been speaking. One would have thought that in the age of St. Gregory, a Pope had enough to do in living on from day to day, without troubling himself about the future; that, with the Lombard at his doors, he would not have had spirit to set about converting the English; and that, if he was anxious about the preservation of learning, he would have looked elsewhere than to the Isles of the North for its refuge in the evil day. Why, I repeat, was it not easier, safer, and more feasible for him to have made much of the prosperous, secure, and long-established schools of Alexandria, when the enemy went about plundering and burning? He was not, indeed, on the best terms with Constantinople; Antioch was exposed to other enemies, and had suffered from them already; but Alexandria was not only learned

and protected, but was a special ally of the Holy See; yet Alexandria was put aside for England and Ireland.

With what pertinacity of zeal does Gregory send his missionaries to England! with what an appetite he waits for the tidings of their progress! with what a relish he dwells over the good news, when they are able to send it! He wrote back to Augustine in words of triumph:—"'Gloria in excelsis Deo,'" he says, "'et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis!' for the Grain of corn died and was buried in the earth, that It might reign with a great company in heaven,—by whose death we live, by whose weakness we are strengthened, by whose sufferings we escape suffering, by whose love we are seeking in Britain brothers whom we know not of, by whose gift we find those whom, not knowing, we were seeking. Who can describe the joy which was caused in the hearts of all the faithful here on the news that the English nation, by the operation of the grace of the Omnipotent God, and by your labours, my brother, had been rescued from the shades of error and overspread with the light of holy faith! If on one penitent there is great joy in heaven, what, think we, does it become when a whole people has turned from its error, and has betaken itself to faith, and condemned the evil it has done by repenting of the doing! Wherefore in this joy of Heaven and Angels, let me say once more the very Angels' words, 'Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis.'"

What were these outer barbarians to Gregory? how could they relieve him or profit him? What compensation could they make for what the Church was then losing, or might lose in future? Yet he corresponds with their king and queen, urges them to complete what they had so happily begun, reminds Bertha of St. Helena, and what Helena did

for the Romans, and Ethelbert, of the great Constantine; informs them of the satisfaction which their conversion had given to the Imperial Court at Constantinople, and sends them sacred presents from the Apostle Peter. Nay, he cannot keep from talking of these savages, *apropos* of anything whatever, for they have been running in his head from the day he first saw them in the slave-market; and he makes the learned Church of Alexandria the special partner of his joy upon this contemptible victory. The patriarch Eulogius had been telling him of his own success in reclaiming the heretics of Alexandria, and he sends him a piece of good news in return:—"As I am well aware," he says, "that, in the midst of your own good deeds, you rejoice in those of others, I will repay you for the kindness of your tidings by telling you something of the same sort." And then he goes on to speak of the conversion of the English, "who are situated in a corner of the world," as if their gain was comparable to that of the educated and wealthy persons whom Eulogius had been reconciling to the Church. Nay, lest he should take too much credit for his success, and grow vain upon it, he attributes it to the prayers of the Alexandrians, or at least of their Bishop, all that way off, as if the Angles and Jutes were anything to the city of the Ptolemies! "On Christmas Day," he says, "more than 10,000 of them were baptised. I tell you of it, that you may know that, while your words avail for your own people, your prayers avail for the ends of the earth. For you are by prayer where you are not, while you manifest yourself by holy labours where you are."

Time went on, and the Popes showed less and less disposition to cling to past associations, or to confide in existing establishments, or to embarrass themselves in political engagements. When they were in trouble, their old friends

could not, or would not, help them. Rome was almost deserted; no throng of pilgrims mounted the threshold of the Apostles; no students flocked to the schools. The Pope sat in the Lateran desolate, till at length news was brought him that one foreigner had made his appearance. Whence did he come? from the north; from beyond the sea; he was one of those barbarians whom his Holiness's predecessor, Gregory of blessed memory, had converted. The pilgrim came, and he went. An interval, and then, I think, a second pilgrim-student came; and who was he? Why, he was an Englishman too. A fact to remember! one of these young barbarians is worth a thousand of those time-servers of Constantinople. Our predecessor must have acted under some special guidance, when, at the beginning of this century, he set his heart upon the worshippers of Thor and Woden! So, when a vacancy occurs in the see of Canterbury, Pope Vitalian determines to place in it a man of his own choosing, one whom so faithful a people deserves. The Irish, says the Pope, have done much for England, but teachers it still needs. Moreover, local teaching, even the best, and though saints be its organs, is apt to have something in it of local flavour, and needs from time to time to be refreshed from the founts of apostolical tradition. We will pick out, says he, the best specimens of learning and science which the length and breadth of southern Christendom can furnish, and send them thither, uniting the excellence of different lands, under the immediate sanction of Rome. In this eclecticism, he did but follow St. Gregory himself, who, when Augustine represented to him that, while faith was one, customs were so various, made answer, "I wish that, wherever you find anything especially pleasing to Almighty God, whether in the

Roman, or Gallic, or any other Church, you would be at pains to select it, and introduce it into the English Church, as yet new in the faith."

This line of proceeding in ecclesiastical matters was carried on by Vitalian into the province of learning. The Greek colonies of Syria and Asia Minor, and the Roman settlements upon the African coast, had been, almost from their first formation, flourishing schools of education; and now that they were perishing under the barbarism of the Saracens, they were abandoned, by such professors and students as remained, for the cities of Italy. In a convent near Naples lived Adrian, an African; at Rome there was a monk, named Theodore, from Tarsus in Cilicia; both of them were distinguished for their classical, as well as their ecclesiastical attainments; and while Theodore had been educated in Greek usages, Adrian represented the more congenial and suitable traditions of the West. Of these two, Theodore, at the age of sixty-six, was made Primate of England, while Adrian was placed at the head of the monastery of Canterbury. Passing through France, in their way to their post of duty, they delayed there a while at the command of the Pope, to accustom themselves to the manners of the North; and at length they made their appearance in England, with a collection of books, Greek classics, and Gregorian chants, and whatever other subjects of study may be considered to fill up the interval between those two. They then proceeded to found schools of secular, as well as of sacred learning throughout the south of the island; and we are assured by St. Bede, that many of their scholars were as well acquainted with Latin and Greek as with their native tongue. One of these schools in Wiltshire, as the legend

goes, was, on that account, called "Greeklade," since corrupted into Cricklade, and, migrating afterwards to Oxford, was one of the first elements of its University. Meanwhile, one of those Saxon pilgrims who had been so busy at Rome, having paid, it is said, as many as five visits to the Apostles, went up to the north of the country. Before the coming of the foreign teachers, Benedict Biscop had been Abbot of Canterbury; but, making way for Adrian, he took himself and his valuable library, the fruit of his travels, to Wearmouth in Northumberland, where he founded a Church and monastery.

These details are not out of place in the history of Universities; but I introduce them here as illustrating a point, much to be remarked, in the character of the Popes. It is a common observation of Protestants, that, curiously enough, the Holy See is weakest at home when it is strongest abroad, and they derive some consolation to themselves, I do not know what, from the fact. So it is; this weakness is an alleviation of the annoyance which they feel at the sight of a world succumbing to the See of Peter. They say, that after all, if the world has its mortifications, Peter, on the other hand, has his discomforts too. True, the gates of hell do not prevail against him, but then he is driven about from place to place, thrown into prison, and, if he escapes the sword of Herod, it is only that Nero may inflict upon him the more cruel death of crucifixion. What then is Peter's but a hollow power, which profits the possessor nothing, though it be ecumenical? Does it secure him health, strength, wealth, comfort, ease, that he is revered by millions whom he never saw? He inherits the earth, but is not certain of a roof to sleep under, or a grave to be buried in. How is he better off, because his name is mentioned in Mass in the Brazils, and his briefs are read in the Churches of Cochin China?

This taunt does but supply a boast to the Catholic, and has a moral for the philosopher. Certainly Popes are unlike any other old and infirm men that ever were. To clutch at what is within their reach, to keep tight hold of what they have, to believe what they see, to care that things should last their own time, to let posterity shift for itself, to hate disturbance and turmoil, to compound for present peace, to be sceptical about improvements, to be averse to new plans, in a word, to live in sense, not in imagination, is the characteristic of old statesmen, old lawyers, and old traders. They cannot throw their minds into new ideas; they cannot realise the views of others; they cannot move out of their lifelong position, nor advance one inch towards any other. Were such a person—sound, safe, sensible, sagacious, experienced—at the elbow of Pope Gregory, or his successors of the seventh century, he would have advised him to fall back upon Constantinople, to come to an understanding with the Imperial Court, to link his fortunes with those of an effete civilisation, and to allow the encroachments of an ambitious hierarchy; as to Franks, and Frisons, and Westphalians, and Saxons, and Burgundians, and Visigoths, and Scots, to leave them to themselves. I need not take an imaginary instance; not many years have passed since a *Nuncio* of the Holy See passed through England in his way from Portugal to Rome, and had an interview with a great warrior now no more, a man of preternatural sagacity in his own sphere of thought,—which was not Catholic and divine. When the ecclesiastic in question asked the great man's advice what Pope Gregory's policy should be, the Duke abruptly replied, "Let him catch hold of the coat-tail of Austria, and hang on as hard as he can." Yes, and the able statesmen of each age would have said

the same to Gregory the First, the Second, the Third, and the Seventh, as well as to Gregory the Sixteenth,—to Julius, Silverian, and Martin; they would have counselled the Vicar of Christ a safe and pleasant course, "fallentis semita vitæ," which would have ended in some uninhabitable desert, or some steep precipice, far from the haunts of man.

When Pius the Ninth, foiled in his attempt to better the civil condition of his states, from the worthlessness both of his materials and his instruments, was a fugitive and exile at Gaeta, the Protestant public jeered and mocked at him, as one whose career was over and whose candle was put out. Yet he has but supplied a fresh and the latest instance, later there cannot be, of the heroic detachment of Popes, and has carried down the tradition of St. Peter into the age of railroads and newspapers. But we are entering upon a new part of the subject, which our present limits will not admit, and which we cannot perhaps treat without freedom.

CHAPTER XII.

MORAL OF THAT CHARACTERISTIC OF THE POPES. PIUS THE NINTH.

A GREAT personage, within the last fifteen years, sent his advice to the Pope to make sure of the coat-tail of Austria, and hold on. Austria is a great and a religious power; she inherits the prerogatives of the German Empire and the titles of the Cæsars. There must ever be relations of a very peculiar kind between the Holy See and the Holy Roman Empire. Nevertheless, when the time came for taking advantage of his advice, the Pope did just the

reverse. He made light of this master of political wisdom, and showed his independence of Austria;—not that he did not honour Austria, but that he honoured the Rock of Peter more. And what has been the consequence? he has simply gained by his fidelity to his position. Austria has been far more truly the friend and protector, the child and servant of the Pope than before; she has repealed the Josephine statutes, so injurious to the Church, and has opened her territories to the full religious influences of the Holy See. Here is an instance of what I have called "ecclesiastical detachment," and of its working.

Again, a revolution breaks out in Europe, and a deep scheme is laid to mix up the Pope in secular politics of a contrary character. He is to be the head of Italy, to range himself against the sovereigns of Europe, and to carry all things before him in the name of Religion. He steadily refuses to accept the insidious proposal; and at length he is driven out of his dominions, because, while he would ameliorate their condition, he would do so as a Father and a Prince, and not as the tool of a conspiracy. However, not many months pass, and the party of disorder is defeated, and he goes back to Rome again. Rome is his place; but it is little to him whether he is there or away, compared with the duty of fidelity to his Trust.

Once more, the power which restores him to his country, presumes, and insists upon his modelling his temporal polity upon the unecclesiastical principles of a foreign code. France, too, as Austria, is a great Catholic power; the eldest born of the Church; the representative of the coming civilisation, as Austria is the heir of the past; but France was not likely to gain for the Code of a dead Emperor, what that Emperor, in the plenitude of his living genius and

authority, could not compass for it. The Pope refuses to subject himself to France, as he had refused to subject himself to Austria; and what is the consequence? It is the old story; a new Emperor arises, with the name, and without the religious shortsightedness, of his great predecessor. He has the wisdom to run a race with Austria in doing honour to the Church, and France professes Catholicity with an ardour unknown to her since the reign of Louis the Fourteenth.

These are times of peculiar difficulty and delicacy for the Church. It is not as in the middle ages, or as in the ante-Nicene period, when right and wrong were boldly marked out, and there was a broad line between them, and little chance of mistaking one for the other. In such times detachment was another name for faith; it was scarcely a virtue, substantive and *sui generis;* for attachment to any temporal possession or advantage then was practically nothing else than apostasy. Things are otherwise now; it has not, therefore, fallen to the lot of many Popes to have such opportunities as Pius the Ninth, of resisting temptation, of resigning himself to the political weakness incident to the Holy See, of falling back calmly upon its traditionary principles, of rejecting the arguments for innovating upon its true position, and in consequence of attaining so rapid a triumph after deplorable reverses. When Pius was at Gaeta and Portici, the world laughed on hearing that he was giving his attention to the theological bearings of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. Little fancying what various subject-matters fall all at once under a Pope's contemplation, and are successively carried out into effect, as circumstances require; little dreaming of the intimate connection of these matters with each other, even when they seem most hetero-

geneous; or that a belief touching the Blessed Virgin might have any influence upon the fortunes of the Holy See; the wise men of the day concluded from the Pope's Encyclical about that doctrine, that he had, what they called, given up politics in disgust, and had become a harmless devotee or a trifling school-divine. But soon they heard of other acts of the Holy Father; they heard of his interposition in the East; of his success in Spain; of his vigilant eye directed towards Sardinia and Switzerland in his own neighbourhood, and towards North and South America in another hemisphere; of his preachers spreading through Germany; of his wonderful triumphs, already noticed, in Austria and France; of his children rising as if out of the very earth in England; and of their increasing moral strength in Ireland, in proportion to her extraordinary sufferings; of the hierarchies of England and Holland, and of the struggle going forward on the Rhine; and then they exchanged contempt for astonishment and indignation, saying that it was intolerable that a potentate who could not keep his own, and whose ease and comfort at home were not worth a month's purchase, should be so blind to his own interests as to busy himself with the fortunes of Religion at the ends of the earth.

And an additional feeling arose, which it is more to our purpose to dwell upon. They were not only angry, but they began to fear. It may strike one at first with surprise, that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, in an age of professed light and liberality, so determined a spirit of persecution should have arisen, as we experience it, in these countries, against the professors of the ancient faith. Catholics have been startled, irritated, and depressed at this unexpected occurrence; they have been frightened, and have wished to retrace their steps; but after all, far from

suggesting matter for alarm or despondency, it is nothing more or less than a confession on the part of our adversaries, how strong we are, and how great our promise. It is the expression of their profound misgiving that the Religion which existed long before theirs, is destined to live after it. This is no mere deduction from their acts; it is their own avowal. They have seen that Protestantism was all but extinct abroad; they have confessed that its last refuge and fortress was in England; they have proclaimed aloud, that, if England was supine at this moment, Protestantism was gone. Twenty years ago England could afford, as much in contempt as in generosity, to grant to Catholics political emancipation.[1] Forty or fifty years ago it was a common belief in her religious circles, that the great Emperor, with whom she was at war, was raised up to annihilate the Popedom. But from the very grave of Pius the Sixth, and from the prison of Pius the Seventh, from the very moment that they had an opportunity of showing to the world their expertness in that ecclesiastical virtue of which I have said so much, the Catholic movement began. In proportion to the weakness of the Holy See at home, became its influence and its success in the world. The Apostles were told to be prudent as serpents, and simple as doves. It has been the simplicity of the Sovereign Pontiffs which has been their prudence. It is their fidelity to their commission, and their detachment from all secular objects, which has given them the possession of the earth.

I am not pursuing the line of thought which has engaged

[1] It is not meant that contempt was the feeling of Sir Robert Peel personally, or of the Government of the day, but of the general party advocating the measure from the time of Pitt.

me in my last chapter and my present without a drift. It bears directly upon the subject which leads me to write at all; and it has an important bearing, intelligible even to the historian and philosopher, so that reason and experience will be able to extort from us, what faith cannot obtain. A very pagan ought to be able to prophesy that our University is destined for great things. I look back at the early combats of Popes Victor and Stephen; I go to Julius and Celestine, Leo and Gregory, Boniface and Nicholas; I pass along the middle ages, down to Paul the Third and Pius the Fifth; and thence to the two Popes of the same name, who occupy the most eventful fifty years, since Christianity was; and I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that the Sovereign Pontiffs have a gift, proper to themselves, of understanding what is good for the Church, and what Catholic interests require. And in the next place, I find that this gift exercises itself in an absolute independence of secular politics, and a detachment from every earthly and temporal advantage, and pursues its end by uncommon courses, and by unlikely instruments, and by methods of its own. I see that it shines the brightest, and is the most surprising in its results, when its possessors are the weakest in this world and the most despised; that in them are most vividly exemplified the Apostle's words, in the most beautiful and most touching of his Epistles, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency may be of the power of God, and not of us; as needy, yet enriching many, as having nothing, and possessing all things."

I get these two points of history well into my mind; and then I shut my book, and look at the world before my eyes. I see an age of transition, the breaking up of the old and the coming in of the new; an old system shattered some sixty

years ago, and a new state of things scarcely in its rudiments as yet, to be settled perhaps some centuries after our time. And it is a special circumstance in these changes that they extend beyond the historical platform of human affairs; not only is Europe broken up, but other continents are thrown open, and the new organisation of society aims at embracing the world. It is a day of colonists and emigrants;—and, what is another most pertinent consideration, the language they carry with them is English, which consequently, as time goes on, is certain, humanly speaking, to extend itself into every part of the world. It is already occupying the whole of North America, whence it threatens to descend upon South; already is it the language of Australia, a country large enough in the course of centuries to rival Europe in population; already it has become the speech of a hundred marts of commerce, scattered over the East, and, even where not the mother tongue, it is at least the medium of intercourse between nations. And, lastly, though the people who own that language is Protestant, a race pre-eminently Catholic has adopted it, and has a share in its literature; and this Catholic race is, at this very time, of all tribes of the earth, the most fertile in emigrants both to the West and the South. These are the facts of the day, which we should see before our eyes, whether the Pope had anything to say to them or no. The English language and the Irish race are overrunning the world.

When then I consider what an eye the Sovereign Pontiffs have for the future; and what an independence in policy and vigour in action have been the characteristics of their present representative; and what a flood of success, mounting higher and higher, has lifted up the Ark of God from the beginning of this century; and then, that the Holy Father

has definitely put his finger upon Ireland, and selected her soil as the seat of a great Catholic University, to spread religion, science, and learning, wherever the English language is spoken; when I take all these things together,—I care not what others think, I care not what others do, God has no need of men,—oppose who will, shrink who will, I know and cannot doubt that a great work is begun. It is no great imprudence to commit oneself to a guidance which never yet has failed; nor is it surely irrational or fanatical to believe that, whatever difficulties or disappointments, reverses or delays, may be our lot in the prosecution of the work, its ultimate success is certain, even though it seem at first to fail,—just as the greatest measures in former times have been the longest in carrying out, as Athanasius triumphed though he passed away before Arianism, and Hildebrand died in exile, that his successors might enter into his labours.

CHAPTER XIII.

SCHOOLS OF CHARLEMAGNE: PARIS.

As nations are inscrutably brought within the sacred fold, and inscrutably cast without it, so are they used, while within it, in this way or that, according to the supreme will, and for the greater glory, of Him who has brought them into being from some common ancestor, and holds them together by unity of government or by traditionary ideas. One Catholic nation is high in the world, another low; one rises and expands into an Empire, another is ever in the position of subject or even dependant. England and

Ireland were, in the darkest age of Christian history, the conservators of sacred and profane knowledge: not, however, for any merit of their own, but according to the good pleasure of their Maker: and, when the time came, in His counsels, for the revival of learning on the Continent, then He dispensed with their ministry, and put them aside. It is a remarkable fact, to which I have already alluded, that the appearance of the Danes off the coasts of England and Ireland, the destroyers in both islands of religion and science, synchronises with the rise of Charlemagne, the founder of modern civilisation.

Christianity, which hitherto might be considered as a quality superinduced upon the face of society, now became the element out of which society grew into shape and reached its stature. The Church had battled with the Roman Empire, and had eventually vanquished it; but, while she succeeded in teaching it the new song of the Saints, she did not demand of it that flexibility of the organs of speech which only exists in the young. It was the case of an old man learning a foreign tongue; its figure, gait, attitudes, and gestures, and in like manner its accent, belonged to an earlier time. Up to the point at which a change was imperative, its institutions were suffered to remain just as they had been in paganism; Christianised just so far as to enable them to work Christian-wise, however cumbrously or circuitously. And as to the system of education in particular, I suppose the primary, or, as they may be better called, the grammar schools, as far as they were not private speculations, were from first to last in the hands of the State: State-institutions, first of pagan, then of mixed education. I do not mean to say that there are no traces in Christian antiquity of a higher pattern of

education, in which religion and learning were brought together,—as in the method of teaching which St. Basil and St. Gregory brought into Asia Minor from Alexandria, and in the Benedictine schools of Italy; but I am speaking of what the Christian Empire did, and again of what the Church exacted from it. She for the most part confined herself to the education of the clergy, and their ecclesiastical education; the laity and secular learning seem to have been still, more or less, in the charge of the State;—not, however, as if this were the best way of doing things, as the attempts I have spoken of bore testimony, but, because she found things in a certain state, and used them as best she could. Her aim was to make the Empire Christian, not to revolutionise it; and, without a revolution of society, the typical form of a Christian polity could not have been given to the institutions of Rome. But, when society was broken up, and had to be constructed over again, the case was different; it would have been as preposterous, under such circumstances, not to build it up upon Catholicity, as it would have been to attempt to do so before. Henceforth, as all government, so all education, was to be founded on Revealed Truth. Secular teaching was to be united to sacred; and the Church had the supervision both of lay students and of profane learning.

The new state of things began in the Frankish Empire; but it is observable how Rome after all strikes the key-note of the movement. Charlemagne indeed betook himself to the two Islands of the North for a tradition; Alcuin, an Englishman, was at the head of his educational establishments; he came to France, not with sacred learning only, but with profane; he set up schools for laity as well as clergy; but whence was it that he in turn got the tradition

which he brought? He refers us back for it to that earlier age, when Theodore of Tarsus, Primate of England, brought with him thither from Rome the classics, and made Greek and Latin as familiar to the Anglo-Saxons as their native tongue. Alcuin was the scholar of Bede and Egbert; Egbert was educated in the York school of Theodore, and Bede in that of Benedict Biscop and of John precentor of the Vatican Basilica. Here was the germ of the new civilisation of Europe, which was to join together what man had divided, to adjust the claims of Reason and of Revelation, and to fit men for this world while it trained them for another. Charlemagne has the glory of commencing this noble work; and, whether his school at Paris be called a University or not, he laid down principles of which a University is the result, in that he aimed at educating all classes, and undertook all subjects of teaching.

In the first place, however, he turned his attention to the Episcopal Seminaries, which seem to have been institutions of the earliest times of Christianity, though they had been in great measure interrupted amid the dissolution of society consequent upon the barbarian inroads, as various passages in these Essays have already suggested. His restoration lasted for four centuries, till Universities rose in their turn, and indirectly interfered with the efficiency of the Seminaries, by absorbing them into the larger institution. This inconvenience was set right at a later period by the Council of Trent, whose wise regulations were in turn the objects of the jealousy of the Josephism of the last century, which used or rather abused the University system to their prejudice. The present policy of the Church in most places has been to return to the model of the first ages and of Charlemagne.

To these Seminaries he added, what I have spoken of as

his characteristic institution, grammar and public schools, as preparatory both to the Seminaries and to secular professions. Not that they were confined to grammar, for they recognised the *trivium* and *quadrivium;* but grammar, in the sense of literature, seems to have been the principal subject of their teaching. These schools were established in connection with the Cathedral or the Cloister; and they received ecclesiastics and the sons of the nobility, though not to the exclusion of the poorer class.

Charlemagne probably did not do much more than this, though it was once the custom to represent him as the actual founder of the University of Paris. But great creations are not perfected in a day; without doing everything which had to be done, he did many things, and opened the way for more. It will throw light upon his position in the history of Christian education, to quote a passage from the elaborate work of Bulæus, on the University of Paris, though he not unnaturally claims the great Emperor as its founder, maintaining that he established, not only the grammar or public schools already mentioned, but the higher *Studia generalia.* This assumption, well founded or not, will not make his account less instructive, if, as I have supposed, Charlemagne certainly introduced ideas and principles of which the University was the result.

"It is observable," says Bulæus, "that Charles, in seeking out masters, had in view, not merely the education of his own family, but of his subjects generally, and of all lovers of the Christian Religion; and wished to be of service to all students and cultivators of the liberal arts. It is indeed certain that he sought out learned men and celebrated teachers from all parts of the world, and induced them to accept his invitation by rewards and honours, on which

Alcuin lays great stress. 'I was well aware, my Lord David,' he says, 'that it has been your praiseworthy solicitude ever to love and to extol wisdom; and to exhort all men to cultivate it, nay, to incite them by means of prizes and honours; and out of divers parts of the world to bring together its lovers as the helpers of your good purpose; among whom you have taken pains to secure even me, the meanest slave of that holy wisdom, from the extremest boundaries of Britain.'

"It is evident hence, that Charles's intention was not to found any common sort of schools, such, that is, as would have required only a few instructors, but public schools, open to all, and possessing all kinds of learning. Hence the necessity of a multiplicity of Professors, who from their number and the remoteness of their homes might seem a formidable charge, not only to the court, or to one city, but even to his whole kingdom. Such is the testimony of Eginhart, who says: 'Charles loved foreigners and took great pains to support them; so that their number was a real charge not to the Palace alone, but even to the realm. Such, however, was his greatness of soul, that the burden of them was no trouble to him, because even of great inconveniences the praise of munificence is a compensation.'

"Charles had in mind to found two kinds of schools, less and greater. The less he placed in Bishops' palaces, canons' cloisters, monasteries, and elsewhere; the greater, however, he established in places which were public, and suitable for public teaching; and he intended them, not only for ecclesiastics, but for the nobility and their children, and on the other hand for poor scholars too; in short, for every rank, class, and race.

"He seems to have had two institutions before his mind,

when he contemplated this object; the first of them was the ancient schools. Certainly, a man of so active and inquiring a mind as Charles, with his intercourse with learned persons and his knowledge of mankind, must have been well aware that in former ages these two kinds of schools were to be found everywhere; the one kind few in number, public, and of great reputation, possessed moreover of privileges, and planted in certain conspicuous and central sites. Such was the Alexandrian in Egypt, the Athenian in Greece; such, under the Roman Emperors, the schools of Rome, of Constantinople, of Berytus, which are known to have been attended by multitudes, and amply privileged by Theodosius, Justinian, and other princes; whereas the other kind of schools, which were far more numerous, were to be found up and down the country, in cities, towns, villages, and were remarkable neither in number of students nor in name.

"The other pattern which was open to Charles was to be found in the practice of monasteries, if it really existed there. The Benedictines, from the very beginning of their institution, had applied themselves to the profession of literature, and it has been their purpose to have in their houses two kinds of schools, a greater or a less, according to the size of the house; and the greater they wished to throw open to all students, at a time when there were but few laymen at all who could teach, so that externals, seculars, laymen, as well as clerics, might be free to attend them. However, true as it was that boys, who were there from childhood intrusted to the monks, bound themselves by no vow, but could leave when they pleased, marry, go to court, or enter the army, still a great many of the cleverest of them were led, either by the habits which they

acquired from their intercourse with their teachers, or by their persuasion, to embrace the monastic life. And thus, while the Church in consequence gained her most powerful supports, the State, on the other hand, was wanting in men of judgment, learning, and experience, to conduct its affairs. This led very frequently to kings choosing monks for civil administration, simply because no others were to be found capable of undertaking it.

"Charles then, consulting for the common good, made literature in a certain sense secular, and transplanted it from the convents to the royal palace; in a word, he established in Paris a Universal School like that at Rome.

"Not that he deprived Monks of the licence to teach and profess, though he certainly limited it, from a clear view that that variety of sciences, human and profane, which secular academies require, is inconsistent with the profession and devotion of ascetics; and accordingly, in conformity to the spirit of their institute, it was his wish that the lesser schools should be set up or retained in the Bishops' palaces and monasteries, while he prescribed the subjects which they were to teach. The case was different with the schools which are higher and public, which, instead of multiplying, he confined to certain central and celebrated spots, not more than to three in his whole empire—Paris, and in Italy, Pavia and Bologna."

Such certainly was the result in which his reforms ended, even though they did not reach it; and they may be said to have directly tended to it, considering that it was their characteristic, in contrast with the previous schools, to undertake the education of laity as well as clergy, and secular studies as well as religious. But, after all, it was not in an Emperor's power, though he were Charlemagne,

to carry into effect in any case, by the resources peculiar to himself, so great an idea as a University. Benefactors and patrons may supply the framework of a *Studium Generale;* but there must be a popular interest and sympathy, a spontaneous co-operation of the many, the concurrence of genius, and a spreading thirst for knowledge, if it is to live. And it so happened that, towards the end of the fourth century of the institutions of Charlemagne, a remarkable intellectual movement took place in Christendom; and to it must be ascribed the development of Universities, out of the public or grammar schools, which I have already described. No such movement could happen without the rise of some deep and comprehensive philosophy; and, when it rose, then the existing Trivium and Quadrivium became the subjects, and the existing seats of learning the scene, of its victories; and next the curiosity and enthusiasm, which it excited, attracted larger and larger numbers to places which were hitherto but local centres of education. Such a gathering of students, such a systematising of knowledge, are the notes of a University.

The increase of members and the multiplication of sciences both involved changes in the organisation of the Schools; and of these the increase of members was the first to modify them. Hitherto there had been but one governor over the students, who were but few at the most, and came from the neighbourhood; but now the academic body was divided into Nations, according to the part of Europe from which they joined it, and each Nation had a head of its own, under the title of Procurator or Proctor. There were traces of this division, as we have seen in a former chapter, in Athens; where the students were arranged under the

names of Attic, Oriental, Arab, and Pontic, with a protector for each class. In like manner, in the University of Paris there were four Nations, first, the French, which included the middle and south of France, Spain, Italy, and Greece; secondly, the English, which, besides the two British islands, comprehended Germany and Scandinavia; thirdly, the Norman; and fourthly, the Picards, who carried with them the inhabitants of Flanders and Brabant. Again, in the University of Vienna, there were also four Nations—Austria, the Rhine, Hungary, and Bohemia. Oxford recognised only two Nations: the north English, which comprehended the Scotch; and the south English, which comprehended the Irish and Welsh. The Proctors of the Nations both governed and represented them; the double office is still traceable, unless the recent Act of Parliament has destroyed it, in the modern constitution of Oxford, in which the two Proctors on the one hand represent the Masters of Arts in the Hebdomadal Board, and on the other have in their hands the discipline of the University.

And as Nations and their Proctors arose out of the metropolitan character of a University, to which students congregated from the farthest and most various places, so are Faculties and Deans of Faculties the consequence of its encyclopædic profession. According to the idea of the institutions of Charlemagne, each school had its own teacher, who was called Rector, or Master. In Paris, however, where the school was founded in St. Genevieve's, the Chancellor of that Church became the Rector, and he kept his old title of Chancellor in his new office. Elsewhere the head of the University was called Provost. However, it was not every one who would be qualified to profess even the Seven Sciences, of which the old course

of instruction consisted, though the teaching was only elementary, and to become the Rector, Chancellor, or Provost of the University; but when these sciences became only parts of a whole system of instruction, which demanded in addition a knowledge of philosophy, scholastic theology, civil and canon law, medicine, natural history, and the Semitic languages, no one person was equal to the undertaking. The Rector fell back from the position of a teacher to that of a governor; and the instruction was divided among a board of Doctors, each of whom represented a special province in Science. This is the origin of Deans of Faculties; and, inasmuch as they undertook among themselves one of those departments of academical duty, which the Chancellor or Rector had hitherto fulfilled, they naturally became his Council. In some places the Proctors of the Nations were added. Thus, in Vienna the Council consisted of the Four Deans of Faculties and the Four Proctors.

As Nations preceded Faculties, we may suppose that degrees, which are naturally connected with the latter, either did not enter into the original provisions of a University, or had not the same meaning as afterwards. And this seems to have been the case. At first they were only testimonials that a resident was fit to take part in the public teaching of the place; and hence, in the Oxford forms still observed, the Vice-Chancellor admits the person taking a degree to the "lectio" of certain books. Degrees would not at that time be considered mere honours or testimonials, to be enjoyed by persons who at once left the University and mixed in the world. The University would only confer them for its own purposes; and to its own subjects, for the sake of its

own subjects. It would claim nothing for them external to its own limits; and, if so, only used a power obviously connate with its own existence. But of course the recognition of a University by the State, not to say by other Universities, would change the import of degrees, and, since such recognition has commonly been granted from the first, degrees have seldom been only what they were in their original idea; but the formal words by which they are denoted still preserve its memory. As students on taking degrees are admitted "legere et disputare," so are they called "Magistri," that is, of the *schools;* and "Doctors," that is, teachers, or in some places "Professors," as the letters S.T.P. show, used instead of D.D.

It will be observed that the respective distributions into Faculties and into Nations are cross-divisions. Another cross-division, on which I shall not now enter, is into Colleges and Halls.

I conclude by enumerating the characteristic distinctions, laid down by Bulæus, between the public or grammar schools founded by Charlemagne, and the Universities into which eventually some of them grew, or, as he would say, which Charlemagne also founded.

First, he says, they differ from each other *ratione disciplinæ.* The Scholæ Minores only taught the Trivium and Quadrivium, the seven liberal Arts; whereas the Scholæ Majores added Medicine, Law, and Theology.

Next, *ratione loci;* for the Minores were many and everywhere, but the Majores only in great cities, and few in number. I have already remarked on the physical and social qualifications necessary for a place which is to become the seat of a great school of learning: Bulæus observes, that the Muses were said to inhabit mountains,

Parnassus or Helicon, spots high and healthy and secured against the perils of war, and the Academy was a grove; though of course he does not forget that it must be accessible too, and in the highway of the world. "That the city of Paris," he says, "is ample in size, largely frequented, healthy and pleasant in site, there can be no doubt." Frederic the Second spoke the general sentiment when he gave as a reason for establishing a University at Naples, the convenience of the sea-coast and the fertility of the soil. We are informed by Matamorus, in his account of the Spanish Universities,[1] that Salamanca was but the second site of its University, which was transferred thither from Palencia on account of the fertility of the neighbourhood, and the mildness of its climate. And Mr. Prescott speaks of Alcala being chosen as the site for his celebrated foundations by Cardinal Ximenes, because "the salubrity of the air, and the sober, tranquil complexion of the scenery on the beautiful borders of the Henares, seemed well suited to academic study and meditation."

The third difference between the greater and lesser schools lies *ratione fundatorum.* Popes, Emperors, and Kings are the founders of Universities; lesser authorities in Church and State are the founders of Colleges and Schools.

Fourthly, *ratione privilegiorum.* The very notion of a University, I believe, is, that it is an institution of privilege. I think it is Bulæus who says, "*Studia Generalia* cannot exist without privileges, any more than the body without the soul. And in this all writers on Universities agree." He reduces those privileges to two heads, "Patrocinium" and "Præmium"; and these, it is obvious, may be either

[1] *Hispan. Illustr.*, t. 2, p. 801.

of a civil or an ecclesiastical nature. There were formerly five Universities endowed with singular privileges: those of Rome, of Paris, of Bologna, of Oxford, and of Salamanca; but Anthony à Wood quotes an author who seems to substitute Padua for Rome in this list.

Lastly, the greater and lesser schools differ *ratione regiminis.* The head of a College is one; but a University is a "respublica litteraria."

CHAPTER XIV.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND: THE SCHOOLMEN.

It is most interesting to observe how the foundations of the present intellectual greatness of Europe were laid, and most wonderful to think that they were ever laid at all. Let us consider how wide and how high is the platform of our knowledge at this day, and what openings in every direction are in progress—openings of such promise, that, unless some convulsion of society takes place, even what we have attained will in future times be nothing better than a poor beginning; and then on the other hand, let us recollect that, seven centuries ago, putting aside revealed truths, Europe had little more than that poor knowledge, partial and uncertain, and at best only practical, which is conveyed to us by the senses. Even our first principles now are beyond the most daring conjectures then; and what has been said so touchingly of Christian ideas as compared with pagan, is true in its way and degree of the progress of secular knowledge also in the seven centuries I have named.

"What sages would have died to learn,
Is taught by cottage dames."

Nor is this the only point in which the revelations of Science may be compared to the supernatural revelations of Christianity. Though sacred truth was delivered once for all, and scientific discoveries are progressive, yet there is a great resemblance in the respective histories of Christianity and of Science. We are accustomed to point to the rise and spread of Christianity as a miraculous fact, and rightly so, on account of the weakness of its instruments, and the appalling weight and multiplicity of the obstacles which confronted it. To clear away those obstacles was to move mountains; yet this was done by a few poor, obscure, unbefriended men, and their poor, obscure, unbefriended followers. No social movement can come up to this marvel, which is singular and archetypical, certainly; it is a divine work, and we soon cease to admire it in order to adore. But there is more in it than its own greatness to contemplate; it is so great as to be prolific of greatness. Those whom it has created, its children who have become such by a supernatural power, have imitated, in their own acts, the dispensation which made them what they were; and, though they have not carried out works simply miraculous, yet they have done exploits sufficient to bespeak their own unearthly origin, and the new powers which had come into the world. The revival of letters by the energy of Christian ecclesiastics and laymen, when everything had to be done, reminds us of the birth of Christianity itself, as far as a work of man can resemble a work of God.

Two characteristics, as I have already had occasion to say, are generally found to attend the history of science:—first, its instruments have an innate force, and can dispense

with foreign assistance in their work; and secondly, these instruments must exist and must begin to act, before subjects are found on whom they are to operate. In plainer language, the teacher is strong, not in the patronage of great men, but in the intrinsic value and attraction of what he has to communicate; and next, he must come forward and advertise himself, before he can gain hearers. This I have expressed before, in saying that a great school of learning lived in demand and supply, and that the supply must be before the demand. Now, what is this but the very history of the preaching of the Gospel? who but the Apostles and Evangelists went out to the ends of the earth without patron, or friend, or other external advantage which could ensure their success? and again, who among the multitude they enlightened would have called for their aid unless they had gone to that multitude first, and offered to it blessings which up to that moment it had not heard of? They had no commission, they had no invitation, from man; their strength lay neither in their being sent, nor in their being sent for; but in the circumstance that they had that with them, a divine message, which they knew would at once, when it was uttered, thrill through the hearts of those to whom they spoke, and make for themselves friends in any place, strangers and outcasts as they were when they first came. They appealed to the secret wants and aspirations of human nature, to its laden conscience, its weariness, its desolateness, and its sense of the true and the divine; nor did they long wait for listeners and disciples, when they announced the remedy of evils which were so real.

Something like this were the first stages of the process by which in mediæval Christendom the structure of our present

intellectual elevation was carried forward. From Rome as from a centre, as the Apostles from Jerusalem, went forth the missionaries of knowledge, passing to and fro all over Europe; and, as metropolitan sees marked the temporary presence of Apostles, so did Paris, Pavia, and Bologna, and Padua, and Ferrara, Pisa and Naples, Vienna, Louvain, and Oxford, rise into Universities at the voice of the theologian or the philosopher. Moreover, as the Apostles went through labours untold, by sea and land, in their charity to souls; so, if robbers, shipwrecks, bad lodging, and scanty fare are trials of zeal, such trials were encountered without hesitation by the martyrs and confessors of science. And as Evangelists had grounded their teaching upon the longing for happiness natural to man, so did these securely rest their cause on the natural thirst for knowledge: and again as the preachers of Gospel peace had often to bewail the ruin which persecution or dissension had brought upon their flourishing colonies, so also did the professors of science often find or flee the ravages of sword or pestilence in those places, which they themselves perhaps in former times had made the seats of religious, honourable, and useful learning. And lastly, as kings and nobles have fortified and advanced the interests of the Christian faith without being necessary to it, so in like manner we may enumerate with honour Charlemagne, Alfred, Henry the First of England, Joan of Navarre, and many others, as patrons of the schools of learning, without being obliged to allow that those schools could not have progressed without such countenance.

These are some of the points of resemblance between the propagation of Christian truth and the revival of letters; and, to return to the two points, to which I have particularly drawn attention, the University Professor's confidence in his

own powers, and his taking the initiative in the exercise of them, I find both these distinctly recognised by Mr. Hallam in his history of Literature. As to the latter point, he says, "The schools of Charlemagne were designed to lay the basis of a learned education, *for which there was at that time no sufficient desire*":—that is, the supply was prior to the demand. As to the former: "In the twelfth century," he says, "the *impetuosity* with which men *rushed* to that source of what they deemed wisdom, the great University of Paris, *did not depend upon academical privileges or eleemosynary stipends*, though these were undoubtedly very effectual in keeping it up. The University *created patrons, and was not created by them*":—that is, demand and supply were all in all.

A story of the age of Charlemagne will serve in illustration. We are told that two wandering Irish students were brought by British traders to the coast of France. There, observing the eagerness with which those hawkers of perishable merchandise were surrounded by the populace, they imitated them by crying out, "Who wants wisdom? here is wisdom on sale! this is the place for wisdom!" till a sensation was created, and they were sent for and taken into favour by the great Emperor.

The professors of Greece and Rome, though pursuing the same course, had an easy time of it, compared with the duties which, at least in the earlier periods or in certain localities, fell upon the mediæval missionaries of knowledge. The pagan teachers might indeed be told to quit the city, whither they had come, on their outraging its religious sentiments or arousing its political jealousy; but still they were received as superior beings by the persons in immediate contact with them, and what they lost in one place they

regained in another. On the contrary, as the cloister alone gave birth to the revivers of knowledge, so the cloister alone prepared them for their work. There was nothing selfish in their aim, nothing cowardly in their mode of operation. It was generosity which sent them out upon the public stage; it was ascetic practice which prepared them for it. Afterwards, indeed, they received the secular rewards of their exertions; but even then the general character of the intellectual movement remained as before. "The Doctors," says Fleury in his Discourses, "being sure of finding in a certain town occupation with recompense for their labours, established themselves there of their own accord; and students, in like manner, sure to find there good masters with all the commodities of life, assembled there in crowds from all parts, even from distant countries. Thus they came to Paris from England, from Germany and all the North, from Italy, from Spain."

Bec, a poor monastery of Normandy, set up in the eleventh century by an illiterate soldier, who sought the cloister, soon attracted scholars to its dreary clime from Italy, and transmitted them to England. Lanfranc, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was one of these, and he found the simple monks so necessitous, that he opened a school of logic to all comers, in order, says William of Malmesbury, "that he might support his needy monastery by the pay of the students." The same author adds, that "his reputation went into the most remote parts of the Latin world, and Bec became a great and famous Academy of letters." Here is an instance of a commencement without support, without scholars, in order to attract scholars, and in them to find support. William of Jumièges, too, bears witness to the effect, powerful, sudden, wide spreading,

and various, of Lanfranc's advertisement of himself. The fame of Bec and Lanfranc, he says, quickly penetrated through the whole world; and "clerks, the sons of dukes, the most esteemed masters of the Latin schools, powerful laymen, high nobles, flocked to him." What words can more strikingly attest the enthusiastic character of the movement he began, than to say that it carried away with it all classes; rich as well as poor, laymen as well as ecclesiastics, those who were in that day in the habit of despising letters, as well as those who might wish to live by them?

It was about a century after Lanfranc that from this same monastery of Bec came forth another Abbot, and he another Lombard, to begin a second movement, in a new science, in these same northern regions, especially in England. This was the celebrated Vacarius, or Bacalareus, who from the proximity of his birthplace to Bologna, seems to have gained that devotion to the study of the Law which he ultimately kindled in Oxford. Lanfranc had lectured in logic; Vacarius lectured in Law. Bologna, which is celebrated in history for its cultivation of this august science, was one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of Universities, as far as historical evidence is to decide the question. Its University was commenced a little later than the first years of the School of Bec; and affords us an observable instance, first, of the self-originating, independent character of the scientific movement,—then, of the influence and attraction it exerted on the people,—and lastly, of the incidental difficulties through which it slowly advanced in the course of many years to its completion. There Irnerius, or Warner, according to Muratori, is found at the end of the eleventh century, and opened a school of civil law. In the next century canon law was added;

in the first years of the thirteenth, the school of grammar and literature; and a few years later, those of theology and medicine. Fifty years later, it had ten thousand students under its teaching, numbers of whom had come all across sea and mountain from England;—so strong and encompassing was the sentiment.

And as Englishmen at that time sought Italy, so, I say, did Vacarius in turn, a native of Italy, seek England. Selden completes the parallel between him and Lanfranc, by making him Archbishop of Canterbury, after which he retired again to Bec. However, to England he came, and to Oxford; and there, he effected a revolution in the studies of the place, and that on the special ground of the definite drift and direct usefulness of the science in which he was a proficient. As in the case of Lanfranc, not one class of persons, but "rich and poor," says Wood, "gathered around him." The professors of Arts were thrown into the shade. Their alarm was increased by the rival zeal with which the medical science was prosecuted, and the aspect of things got in course of years so threatening, that the Holy See was obliged to interfere. If knowledge is power, it also may be honour and wealth; hence the couplet, expressive of the feeling of the day,

> "Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores,
> Sed Genus et Species, cogitur ire pedes."

It was indeed the Faculty of Arts which constituted the staple, as it may be called, of a University; Arts, as seems to be commonly allowed, constituted a University; and by Arts are understood the studies comprised in the Trivium and Quadrivium—viz. (as I ought to have said before), Grammar, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, Logic, Geometry,

Astronomy, and Music. These were inherited from the ancient world, and were the foundation of the system which was then in course of formation. But the life of Universities lay in the new sciences, not indeed superseding, but presupposing Arts—viz., those of Theology, Law, Medicine, and in subordination to them, of Metaphysics, Natural History, and the languages. I have been speaking of the law movement, as it may be called; now, about the same time that Vacarius came to Oxford, Robert Pullus or Pulleyn came thither too from Exeter, just about the time of St. Anselm, and gave the same sort of impulse to Biblical learning which Vacarius gave to law. "From his teaching," says the Osney Chronicle, "the Church both in England and in France gained great profit." Leland says that he lectured daily, "and left no stone unturned to make the British youth flourish in the sacred tongues." "Multitudes" are said to have come to hear him, and his fame spread to Rome, whither Pope Innocent the Second sent for him. Celestine the Second made him a Cardinal, and Lucius the Second his Chancellor. He was an intimate friend of St. Bernard's, and his influence extended to Cambridge as well as to Paris.

At Cambridge the intellectual movement had already commenced, and with similar phenomena in its course. These points, indeed, are so enveloped in obscurity, and on the other hand so intimately bearing on the sensibilities, now as keen as ever, of rival schools, that I, who look on philosophically, a member neither of Cambridge nor of Oxford nor of Paris, "turbantibus æquora ventis," find it necessary to state that, in what I shall say, I am determining nothing to the prejudice of the antiquity or precedence of any of those seats of learning. I take the account given

us by Peter of Blois, merely as a *specimen* of the way in which the present fabric of knowledge was founded and reared, as a picture in miniature of the great mediæval revival, whatever becomes of its historical truth. As a mere legend, it is sufficient for my purpose; for historical legends and fictions are made according to what is probable, and after the pattern of precedents.

The author, then, to whom I have referred, says, that Jeoffred, or Goisfred, had studied at Orleans; thence he came to Lincolnshire, and became Abbot of Crowland; whence he sent to his manor of Cotenham, near Cambridge, four of his French fellow-students and monks, one of them to be Professor of sacred learning, the rest teachers in Philosophy, in which they were excellently versed. At Cambridge they hired a common barn, and opened it as a School of the high Sciences. They taught daily. By the second year the number of hearers was so great, from town and country, "that not the biggest house and barn that was," says Wood, "nor any church whatsoever, sufficed to hold them." They accordingly divided off into several schools, and began an arrangement of classes, some of which are enumerated. "Betimes in the morning, brother Odo, a very good grammarian and satirical poet, read grammar to the boys, and those of the younger sort, according to the doctrine of Priscian;" at one o'clock "a most acute and subtle Sophist taught the elder sort of young men Aristotle's Logic;" at three o'clock, "brother William read a lecture on Tully's Rhetoric and Quintillian's Flores;" —such was the beginning of the University of Cambridge. And "Master Gislebert upon every Sunday and Holyday, preached the Word of God to the people;"—such was the beginning of its University Church.

It will be observed, that in these accounts, Scripture comment is insisted on, and little or nothing is said of Theology, properly so called. Indeed, it was not till the next (the thirteenth) century, that Theology took that place which Law assumed about a century before it. Then it was that the Friars, especially the Dominicans, were doing as much for Theology as Irnerius, Vacarius, and the Bolognese Professors did for Law. They raised it (if I may so speak of what is divine) to the dignity of a science. "They had such a succinct and delightful method," says Wood, speaking of them at Oxford, "in the whole course of their discipline, quite in a manner different from the sophistical way of the Academicians, that thereby they did not only draw to them the Benedictines and Carthusians, to be sometimes their constant auditors, but also the Friars of St. Augustine."

Here we have another exemplification of the same great principles of the movement which we have noticed elsewhere; its teachers came from afar, and they depended, not on kings and great men for their support, but on the enthusiasm they created. "The reputation of the school of Paris," says Fleury, "increased considerably at the commencement of the twelfth century under William of Champeaux and his disciples at St. Victor's. At the same time Peter Abelard came thither and taught them with great *éclat* the humanities and the Aristotelic philosophy. Alberic of Rheims taught there also; and Peter Lombard, Hildebert, Robert Pullus, the Abbot Rupert, and Hugh of St. Victor; Albertus Magnus also, and the Angelic Doctor." How few of these professors at Paris were fellow-countrymen! Albert was from Germany, St. Thomas from Naples, Peter Lombard from Novara,

Robert Pullus from Exeter in England. The case had been the same three centuries before in the same great school. Charlemagne brought Peter of Pisa from Pavia for Grammar; Alcuin from England for Rhetoric and Logic; Theodore and Benedict from Rome for Music; John of Melrose, who was afterwards at the head of the schools at Pavia, and Claudius Clemens, two Scots, from Ireland. Ireland, indeed, contributed a multitude of teachers to the Continental schools, and the more, because, great as was the fame of its earlier schools, it had now no University of its own. The names of its professors have not commonly been preserved, though Erigena and Scotus by their very titles show their origin; but we find that, when the Emperor Frederick the Second would set up the University of Naples, he sent all the way to Ireland for the learned Peter to be its first Rector; and an author quoted in Bulæus speaks of "the whole of Ireland, with its *family* of philosophers, despising the dangers of the sea," and migrating to the south. Such was the famous Richard of St. Victor, whose very title marks his connection with the great school of Paris.

There is a force in the words, "despising the dangers of the sea." We in this degenerate age sometimes shrink from the passage between Holyhead and Kingstown, when duty calls for it; yet before steam-boats, almost before seaworthy vessels, we find these zealous scholars, both Irish and English, voluntarily exposing themselves to the winds and waves, from their desire of imparting and acquiring knowledge. Not content with one teacher, they went from place to place, according as in each there was pre-eminence in a particular branch of knowledge. We have in St. Athanasius's life of St. Antony a beautiful account of the diligence with which

the young hermit went about "like the bee," as his great biographer says, in quest of superiority in various kinds of virtue. From one holy man, he says (I quote from memory), the youth gained courtesy and grace, from another gentleness, from another mortification, from another humility; and in a similar way did the knights-errant of science go about, seeking indeed sometimes rivals to encounter, but more frequently patterns and instructors to follow. As then the legendary St. George or St. Denis wandered from place to place to achieve feats of heroism, as St. Antony or Sulpicius Severus went about on pilgrimage to holy hermits, as St. Gregory Nazianzen visited Greece, or St. Jerome traversed Europe, and became, the one the most accomplished theologian, the other the first Biblical scholar of his age, so did the mediæval Doctors and Masters go the round of Universities in order to get the best instruction in every school.

The famous John of Salisbury (as Mr. Sharon Turner tells us) went to Paris for the lectures of Abelard just on the death of Henry the First, and with him he studied logic. Then for dialectics he went to Alberic and to the English Robert for two years. Then for three years to William de Conchia for grammar; afterwards to Richard Bishop for a renewed study of grammar and logic, going on to the Quadrivium; and to the German Harduin. Next he restudied rhetoric, which he had learned from Theodoric, and more completely from Father Elias. Meanwhile he supported himself by teaching the children of noble persons, and became intimate with Adam, an Englishman, a stout Aristotelian, and returned to logic with William of Soissons and Gilbert. Lastly, he studied theology with Robert Pulleyne or Pullus, already mentioned, and Simon de Poissy. Thus he passed as much as twelve years. Better instances, how-

ever, than his, as introducing a wider extent of travel, are those already referred to, of St. Thomas, or Vacarius, of Lanfranc, St. Anselm, or John of Melrose.

The ordinary course of study, however, lay between the schools of Paris and Oxford, in which was almost centred the talent of the age, and which were united by the most intimate connection. Happy age, whatever its other inconveniences, happy so far as this, that religion and science were then a bond of union, till the ambition of monarchs and the rivalry of race dissolved it! Wood gives us a list of thirty-two Oxford professors of name, who in their respective times went to teach in Paris, among whom were Alexander Hales, and the admirable St. Edmund, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury—St. Edmund, who, after St. Thomas, perhaps shows us best how sanctity is not inconsistent with pre-eminence in the schools. On the other hand, Bulæus recites the names of men, even greater, viewed as a body, who went from Oxford to Paris, not to teach, but to be taught; such as St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Richard, St. Gilbert of Sempringham, Giraldus Cambrensis, Gilbert the Universal, Haimo, Richard de Bury, Nicholas Breakspeare, afterwards Pope, Nekam, Morley, and Galfredus de Vinsalfe. So intimate, or to use the word, so *thick* were Paris and Oxford at this time, as to give occasion to this couplet,

> "Et procul et propius jam Francus et Anglicus æque,
> Norunt Parisiis quid feceris, Oxoniæque."

And this continued till the time of Edward the Third, when came the wretched French wars and the Lollards, and then adieu to familiar intercourse down to this day.

I have not found the number of students in Paris; but from what I have said, one is led to expect two things of it,

first, that it would be very great, next, that it would be very variable: and these inferences are confirmed by what is told us of the numbers at Oxford. In that University we read of Scotch, Irish, Welsh, French, Spanish, German, Bohemian, Hungarian, and Polish students; and, when it is considered, as a modern writer tells us, that they would bring with them, or require for their uses, a number of dependants in addition, such as parchment-preparers, bookbinders, stationers, apothecaries, surgeons, and laundresses, it is not wonderful that the whole number of matriculated persons was sometimes even marvellous, and as fluctuating in a long period as excessive at particular dates. We are told that there were in Oxford in 1209 three thousand members of the University, in 1231 thirty thousand, in 1263 fifteen thousand, in 1350 between three and four thousand, and in 1360 six thousand. This ebbing and flowing, moreover, suggests what it is all along very much to my purpose to observe, and on which, if I have the opportunity, I shall have more to say presently; first, that the zeal for study and knowledge is sufficient indeed in itself for the being of a University; but secondly, that it is not sufficient for its well-being, or what is technically called its *integrity*.

The era of the French wars, which put an end to this free intercourse of France and England, seems for various reasons to have been the beginning of a decline in the ecumenical greatness of Universities. They lost some advantages, they gained others; they became national bodies; they gained much in the way of good order and in comfort; they became rich and honourable establishments. Each age has its own character and its own wants: and we trust that in each a loving Providence shapes the institutions of the Church as they may best subserve the objects for which

she has been sent into the world. We cannot tell exactly what the Catholic University ought to be at this era; doubtless neither the University of Scotus, nor that of Gerson, in matters of detail; but, if we keep great principles before us, and feel our way carefully, and ask guidance from above for every step we take, we may trust to be able to serve the cause of truth in our day and according to our measure, and in that way which is most expedient and most profitable, as our betters did in ages past and gone.

CHAPTER XV.

PROFESSORS AND TUTORS.

I MAY seem in the foregoing chapter to have relapsed into the tone of thought which created some surprise when I was speaking of Athens and the Sophists; and my good friend Richard, the Epicurean, may be upon me again, for my worship, as he will consider it, of the intellect, and my advocacy of the Professorial System. This is an additional call on me to go forward with my subject, if I can do so without wearying the reader. I say "without wearying," for I beg to assure him, if he has not already found it out for himself, that it is very difficult for any one to discuss points of ancient usage or national peculiarity, as I am doing, and to escape the dry, dull tone of an antiquarian. This is so acknowledged an inconvenience, that every now and then you find an author attempting to evade it by turning his book of learned research into a novel or a poem. I will say nothing of Thalaba or Kehama, though the various

learning displayed in the notes appended to those pleasing fables, certainly suggests the idea that the poetry may have grown out of the notes, instead of the notes being the illustration of the poetry. However, I believe it is undoubted, that Morier converted his unsaleable quarto on Persia into his amusing Hadji Baba; while Palgrave has poured out his mediæval erudition by the channels of Friar Bacon and Marco Polo, and Bekker has insinuated archæology in the persons of Charicles and Gallus. Were I to attempt to do the same, whether for the grouping of facts or the relief of abstract discussion, I have reason to believe I should not displease men of great authority and judgment; but for success in such an undertaking there would be demanded a very considerable stock of details, and no small ability in bringing them to bear on principles, and working them up into a narrative. On the whole, then, I prefer to avail myself, both as counsel and as comfort, of the proverb, "Si gravis, brevis;" and to make it a point that, weary as my reader may be, he shall not have time to go to sleep. And to-day especially, since I mean to be particularly heavy in the line of abstract discussion, I mean also to be particularly short.

I purpose, then, to state here what is the obvious safeguard of a University from the evils to which it is liable if left to itself, or what may be called, to use the philosophical term, its *integrity*. By the "integrity" of anything is meant a gift superadded to its nature, without which that nature is indeed complete, and can act, and fulfil its end, but does not find itself, if I may use the expression, in easy circumstances. It is in fact very much what easy circumstances are in relation to human happiness. This reminds me of Aristotle's account of happiness, which is an instance in point. He specifies two conditions, which are required for

its integrity; it is indeed a state of *mind*, and in its nature independent of externals, yet he goes on (inconsistently we might say, till we make the distinction I am pointing out), he goes on, after laying down that "man's chief good is an energy of the soul according to virtue," to add, "besides this, *throughout the greater part of life*,—for, as neither one swallow, nor one day, makes a spring, so neither does one day, nor a short time, make a man blessed and happy." Here is one condition, which in one sense may be said to fall under the notion of integrity; but, whether this be so or not, a second condition, which he proceeds to mention, seems altogether to answer to it. After repeating that "happiness is the best and most noble and most delightful of energies according to virtue," he adds: "at the same time *it seems to stand in need of external goods*, for it is impossible, or at least not easy, to perform praiseworthy actions without external means, for many things are performed, as it were, by instruments, by friends, and wealth, and political power. But men deprived of some things, as of noble birth, fine progeny, a fine form, have a flaw in their happiness; for he is not altogether capable of happiness, who is deformed in his body, or of mean birth, or deserted and childless; and still less so, perhaps, if he have vicious children, or if they were dear and dutiful, and have died. Therefore it seems to demand such prosperity as this; whence some arrange good fortune in the same class with happiness; but others virtue."

This, then, is how we may settle the dispute to which my Epicurean alluded, and which has been carried on at intervals in the British Universities for the last fifty years. It began in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, which at that time might in some sense be called the organ of the

University of Edinburgh. Twenty years later, if my memory does not play me false, it was renewed in the same quarter; then it was taken up at Cambridge, and lately it was going on briskly between some of the most able members of the University of Oxford. Now what has been the point of dispute between the combatants? This, whether a University should be conducted on the system of Professors, or on the system of Colleges and College Tutors. By a College was understood something more than the Museum of Alexandria, or such corporations among ourselves, as are established for Medicine, Surgery, Engineering, or Agriculture. It was taken to mean a place of residence for the University student, who would there find himself under the guidance and instruction of Superiors and Tutors, bound to attend to his personal interests, moral and intellectual. The party of the North and of progress have ever advocated the Professorial system, as it has been called, and have pointed in their own behalf to the practice of the middle ages and of modern Germany and France; the party of the South and of prescription have ever stood up for the Tutorial or Collegiate system, and have pointed to Protestant Oxford and Cambridge, where it has almost or altogether superseded the Professorial. Now I have on former occasions said enough to show that I am for both views at once, and think neither of them complete without the other. I admire the Professor, I venerate the College. The Professorial system fulfils the strict idea of a University, and is sufficient for its *being*, but it is not sufficient for its *well-being*. Colleges constitute the *integrity* of a University.

This view harmonises with what I said in a former chapter, about Influence and Law; for though Professors may be and have been utterly without personal weight and

persuasiveness, and Colleges utterly forgetful of moral and religious discipline, still, taking a broad view of history, we shall find that Colleges are to be accounted the maintainers of order, and Universities the origins of movement. It coincides, too, with the doctrine of a late Treatise on University Education,[1] in which a *Studium Generale* is considered first in its own nature, then as it exists within the pale of Catholicism. "It is," the author says, "a place of teaching universal knowledge. Such is a University in its *essence* and independently of its relation to the Church. But, practically speaking, it cannot fulfil its object duly without the Church's assistance, or the Church is necessary for its *integrity;* not that its main characters are changed by this incorporation; it still has the office of intellectual education; but the Church steadies it in the performance of that office." I say this passage coincides with the statements I have been making, because Colleges are the direct and special instruments, which the Church *uses* in a University, for the attainment of her sacred objects—as other passages of the same volume incidentally teach.

Let us then bring the real state of the case before our minds. A University is "a school of knowledge of every kind, consisting of teachers and learners from every quarter." Two or three learned men, with little or no means, make their way to some great city. They come with introductions to the Bishop, if there is no University there yet, and receive his sanction, or they get the necessary leave, and then on their own responsibility they open a school. They may, or they may not, be priests; but, anyhow, they are men of correct principles, in earnest, set on their work, and not

[1] Newman's *Discourses on the Scope and Nature of University Education.* Duffy. 1852.

careful of their own ease or interest. They do not mind where they lodge, or how they live, and their learning, zeal, and eloquence soon bring hearers to them, not only natives, but strangers to the place, travelling thither from considerable distances, on the report of the teachers who have there congregated. If the professors have but scanty means, the pupils have not more abundant; and, in spite of their thirst for knowledge, whatever it may be, they cannot have the staidness and gravity of character, or the self-command, which years and experience have given to their teachers. They have difficulty in finding food or lodging, and are thrown upon shifts, and upon the world, for both the one and the other.

Now, it must be an extraordinary excitement which can save them from the consequences of a trial such as this. They lodge in garrets or cellars, or they share a room with others; they mix with the inhabitants of the place, who, if not worse, at least will not be better than the run of mankind. A man must either be a saint or an enthusiast to be affected in no degree by the disadvantages of such a mode of living. There are few people whose minds are not unsettled on being thrown out of habits of regularity; few who do not suffer, when withdrawn from the eye of those who know them, or from the scrutiny of public opinion. How often does a religious community complain, on finding themselves in a new home, of the serious inconvenience, in a spiritual point of view, which attaches to the mere circumstance that they have not a habitation suited to the rule which they are bound to observe! Without elbow-room, without order, without tranquillity, they grieve to find that recollection and devotion have not fair play. What, then, will be the case with a number of youths of unformed minds,

so little weaned from the world that their very studies are perhaps the result of their ambition, and who are under no definite obligation to be better than their neighbours, only bound by that general Christian profession, which those neighbours share with them? The excitement of novelty or emulation does not last long; and then the mind is commonly left a prey to its enemies, even when there is no such disarrangement of daily life as I have been describing. It is not to be expected that the Professor, whom they attend, necessitous himself, can exercise a control over such a set of pupils, even if he has any jurisdiction, or can bring his personal influence to bear upon any great number of them; or that he can see them beyond the hours in which the schools are open, or, indeed, can do much more than deliver lectures in their presence. It is certain then, that, in proportion to the popularity, whether of the Professor or the place itself, granting there will be numerous exceptions to the contrary, a mob of lawless youths will gradually be formed, after the pattern of the rioters whom Eunapius encountered, and St. Basil escaped, at Athens. Nor will the state of things be substantially different, even if we suppose that, instead of the indigence I have described, the frequenters of the schools have a competency for their maintenance; much less, if they have a superfluity of means.

To these disorders, which are of certain occurrence, others may easily be added. A popular Professor will be carried away by his success, and, in proportion as his learning is profound, his talents ready, and his elocution attractive, will be in danger of falling into some extravagance of doctrine, or even of being betrayed into heresy. The teacher has his own perils, as well as the taught; there are in his path such enemies as the pride of intellect, the aberrations of reasoning,

and the intoxication of applause. The very advantages of his position are his temptation. I have spoken in a former chapter of the superiority of oral instruction to books, in the communication of knowledge; the following passage from an able controversialist of the day, which is intended to illustrate that superiority, incidentally suggests to us also, that, first, the speaker may suffer from the popularity of his gift, and, then, the hearer from its fascination.

"While the type," he says, "is so admirable a contrivance for perpetuating knowledge, it is certainly more expensive, and in some points of view less effective as a means of communication, than the lecture. The type is a poor substitute for the human voice. It has no means of arousing, moderating, and adjusting the attention. It has no emphasis except Italics, and this meagre notation cannot finely graduate itself to the need of the occasion. It cannot in this way mark the heed which should be specially and chiefly given to peculiar passages or words. It has no variety of manner and intonation, to show by their changes how the words are to be accepted, or what comparative importance is to be attached to them. It has no natural music to take the ear, like the human voice; it carries with it no human eye to range, and to rivet the student when on the verge of truancy, and to command his intellectual activity by an appeal to the courtesies of life. Half the symbolism of a living language is thus lost, when it is committed to paper; and that symbolism is the very means by which the forces of the hearer's mind can be best economised or most pleasantly excited. The lecture, on the other hand, as delivered, possesses all these instruments to win, and hold, and harmonise attention; and above all, it imparts to the whole teaching a human character, which the printed

book can never supply. The Professor is the science or subject vitalised and humanised in the student's presence. He sees him kindle into his subject; he sees reflected and exhibited in him, his manner, and his earnestness, the general power of the science to engage, delight, and absorb a human intelligence. His natural sympathy and admiration attract or impel his tastes and feelings and wishes for the moment into the same currents of feeling, and his mind is naturally and rapidly and insensibly strung and attuned to the strain of truth which is offered to him."

It needs not this elegant panegyric of an Oxford Professor to inform us of the influence which eloquence can exert over an audience; I quote it rather for its able analysis of that influence. I quote it, because it forcibly suggests to the mind how fitted the talent is, first to exalt the possessor in his own eyes, and then through him to mislead his hearers. I will *cap* it, if I may use the expression, with the following histories or legends of the thirteenth century:—"Simon of Tournay, a famous Parisian doctor, one day proved in a lecture by such powerful arguments, the divinity of Christianity, that his school burst out into admiration of his ability. On this he cried out, 'Ha, good Jesus; I could, if I chose, refute Thee quite as well.'" The story goes on to say that he was instantly struck dumb. A disciple of Silo, a professor of theology, died; after a while he returned to his master from the grave, invested in a cope of fire, inscribed all over with philosophical theses. A drop of his sweat fell upon the professor's hand, and burned it through. This cope lay on him as a punishment for intellectual pride.[1]

Considerations such as this are sufficiently suggestive of

[1] *Vide* Father Dalgairns's article in the *British Critic*, Jan. 1843.

the dangers of the Professorial system; it is obvious, however, to mention one additional evil. We are supposing a vast influx and congregation of young men, their own masters, in a strange city, from countries various, of different traditions, politics, and manners, and which have often been at war with each other. And they have come to attend lecturers whom they are to choose out of a number of able men, themselves of various countries and characters too. Some of these Professors are their own countrymen respectively, others are not; and all of them are more or less in rivalry one with another, so far as their department of teaching is the same. They will have their respective gatherings, their respective hostilities; many will puff them, many run them down; their countrymen, for the sake of "la belle France," or "merry England," will range themselves on their side, and fight in their behalf. Squabbles, conflicts, feuds, will be the consequence; the peace of the University will be broken, the houses will be besieged, the streets will be impassable. Accustomed to brawls with each other, they are not likely to be peaceable with any third party; they will find themselves a match for the authority of Chancellor and Rector; nor will they scruple at compromising themselves with the law, or even with the government; nay, with the Church, if her authorities come in their way; with the townspeople of course—a sort of ready-made opponent. The bells of St. Mary's and St. Martin's will ring; out will rush from their quarters the academic youth; and the smart blackguard of the city, and the stout peasant from the neighbourhood, will answer to the challenge. The worse organised is a country, the greater of course will be the disorder; intolerable of course in the middle ages; in times such as these, the magistracy

or police would to a very considerable extent keep under such manifestations; yet, in Germany, we are told that at least duels and party skirmishes are not uncommon, and even within the very home and citadel of Order, town-and-gown rows are not yet matters of history in the English Universities.

Now, I have said quite enough for the purpose of showing that, taking human nature as it is, the thirst of knowledge and the opportunity of quenching it, though these be the real life of a great school of philosophy and science, will not be sufficient in fact for its establishment; that they will not work to their ultimate end, which is the attainment and propagation of truth, unless surrounded by influences of a different sort, which have no pretension to be the essence of a University, but are conservative of that essence. The Church does not think much of any "wisdom" which is not "*desursum*," that is, revealed; nor unless, as the Apostle proceeds, it is "primum quidem *pudica*, deinde *pacifica*." These may be called the three vital principles of the Christian student, faith, chastity, love; because their contraries, viz., unbelief or heresy, impurity, and enmity, are just the three great sins against God, ourselves, and our neighbour, which are the death of the soul:—now, these are also just the three imputations which I have been bringing against the incidental action of what may be called the Professorial system.

And lastly, obvious as are the deficiencies of that system, as obvious surely is its remedy, as far as human nature admits of one. I have been saying that regularity, rule, respect for others, the eye of friends and acquaintances, the absence from temptation, external restraints generally, are of first importance in protecting us against ourselves. When a

boy leaves his home, when a peasant leaves his country, his faith and morals are in great danger, both because he is in the world, and also because he is among strangers. The remedy, then, of the perils which a University presents to the student, is to create within it homes, "altera Trojæ Pergama," such as those, or better than those, which he has left behind. Small communities must be set up within its precincts, where his better thoughts will find countenance, and his good resolutions support; where his waywardness will be restrained, his heedlessness forewarned, and his prospective deviations anticipated. Here, too, his diligence will be steadily stimulated; he will be kept up to his aim; his progress will be ascertained, and his week's work, like a labourer's, measured. It is not easy for a young man to determine for himself whether he has mastered what he has been taught; a careful catechetical training, and a jealous scrutiny into his power of expressing himself and of turning his knowledge to account, will be necessary, if he is really to profit from the able Professors whom he is attending; and all this he will gain from the College Tutor.

Moreover, it has always been considered the wisdom of lawgivers and founders, to find a safe outlet for natural impulses and sentiments, which are sure to be found in their subjects, and which are hurtful only in excess; and to direct, and moderate, and variously influence what they cannot extinguish. The story is familiarly told, when a politician was talking of violently repressive measures on some national crisis, of a friend who was present, proceeding to fasten down the lid of the kettle, which was hissing on his fire, and to stop up its spout. Here, in like manner, the subdivision of the members of a University, while it breaks up the larger combination of parties, and makes them more manageable,

answers also the purposes of providing a safe channel for national, or provincial, or political feeling, and for a rivalry which is wholesome when it is not inordinate. These small societies, pitted, as it were, one against another, give scope to the exertion of an honourable emulation; and this, while it is a stimulus on the literary exertions of their respective members, is changed from a personal and selfish feeling, into a desire for the reputation of the body. Patriotic sentiment, too, here finds its home; one college has a preponderance of members from one race or locality, another from another; the "Nations" no longer fight on the academic scene, like the elements in chaos; they are submitted to these salutary organisations; and the love of country, without being less intense, becomes purer, and more civilised, and more religious.

My object at present is not to prove what I have been saying, either by argument or from history, but to suggest views to the reader which he will pursue for himself. It may be said that small bodies may fall into a state of decay or irregularity, as well as large. It is true; but that is not the question; but whether in themselves smaller bodies of students are not easier to manage on the long run, than large ones. I should not like to do either; but, if I must choose between the two, I would rather drive four-in-hand, than the fifty wild cows which were harnessed to the travelling waggon of the Tartars.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF UNIVERSITIES: ABELARD.

We can have few more apposite illustrations of at once the strength and weakness of what may be called the University principle, of what it can do and what it cannot, of its power to collect students, and its impotence to preserve and edify them, than the history of the celebrated Abelard. His name is closely associated with the commencement of the University of Paris; and in his popularity and in his reverses, in the criticisms of John of Salisbury on his method, and the protest of St. Bernard against his teaching, we read, as in a pattern specimen, what a University professes in its essence, and what it needs for its integrity. It is not to be supposed that I am prepared to show this here, as it might be shown; but it is a subject so pertinent to the general object of these Essays, that it may be useful to devote even a few pages to it.

The oracles of Divine Truth, as time goes on, do but repeat the one message from above which they have ever uttered, since the tongues of fire attested the coming of the Paraclete; still, as time goes on, they utter it with greater force and precision, under diverse forms, with fuller luminousness, and a richer ministration of thought, statement, and argument. They meet the varying wants, and encounter the special resistance of each successive age; and, though prescient of coming errors and their remedy long before, they cautiously reserve their new enunciation of the old Truth, till it is imperatively demanded. And, as it happens

in kings' cabinets, that surmises arise, and rumours spread, of what is said in council, and is in course of preparation, and secrets perhaps get wind, true in substance or in direction, though distorted in detail; so too, before the Church speaks, one or other of her forward children speaks for her, and, while he does anticipate to a certain point what she is about to say or enjoin, he states it incorrectly, makes it error instead of truth, and risks his own faith in the process. Indeed, this is actually one source, or rather concomitant, of heresy, that it is the misshapen, huge, and grotesque foreshadow of true statements which are to come. Speaking under correction, I would apply this remark to the heresy of Tertullian or of Sabellius, which may be considered a reaction from existing errors, and an attempt, presumptuous, and therefore unsuccessful, to meet them with those divinely appointed correctives which the Church alone can apply, and which she will actually apply, when the proper moment comes. The Gnostics boasted of their intellectual proficiency before the time of St. Irenæus, St. Athanasius, and St. Augustin; yet, when these doctors made their appearance, I suppose they were examples of a knowledge truer and deeper than theirs. Apollinaris anticipated the work of St. Cyril and the Ephesine Council, and became a heresiarch in consequence; and, to come down to the present times, we may conceive that writers, who have impatiently fallen away from the Church, because she would not adopt their views, would have found, had they but trusted her, and waited, that she knew how to profit by them, though she never could have need to borrow her enunciations from them; for their writings contained, so to speak, truth *in the ore*, truth which they themselves had not the gift to disengage from its foreign concomitants, and safely use, which

she alone could use, which she would use in her destined hour, and which became their scandal simply because she did not use it faster. Now, applying this principle to the subject before us, I observe, that, supposing Abelard to be the first master of scholastic philosophy, as many seem to hold, we shall have still no difficulty in condemning the author, while we honour the work. To him is only the glory of spoiling by his own self-will what would have been done well and surely under the teaching and guidance of Infallible Authority.

Nothing is more certain, than that some ideas are consistent with one another, and others inconsistent; and, again, that every truth must be consistent with every other truth;—hence, that all truths of whatever kind form into one large body of Truth, by virtue of the consistency between one truth and another, which is the connecting link running through them all. The science which discovers this connection, is logic; and, as it discovers the connection when the truths are given, so, having one truth given and the connecting principle, it is able to go on to ascertain the other. Though all this is obvious, it was realised and acted on in the middle age with a distinctness unknown before; all subjects of knowledge were viewed as parts of one vast system, each with its own place in it, and from knowing one, another was inferred. Not indeed always rightly inferred, because the art might be less perfect than the science, the instrument than the theory and aim; but I am speaking of the principle of the scholastic method, of which Saints and Doctors were the teachers;—such I conceive it to be, and Abelard was the ill-fated logician who had a principal share in bringing it into operation.

Others will consider the great St. Anselm and the school

of Bec as the proper source of Scholasticism; I am not going to discuss the question; anyhow, Abelard, and not St. Anselm, was the Professor at the University of Paris, and of Universities I am speaking; anyhow, Abelard illustrates the strength and the weakness of the principle of advertising and communicating knowledge for its own sake, which I have called the University principle, whether he is, or is not, the first of scholastic philosophers or scholastic theologians. And, though I could not speak of him at all without mentioning the *subject* of his teaching, yet, after all, it is of *him*, and of his *teaching itself*, that I am going to speak, whatever that might be which he actually taught.

Since Charlemagne's time the schools of Paris had continued, with various fortunes, faithful, as far as the age admitted, to the old learning, as other schools elsewhere, when, in the eleventh century, the famous school of Bec began to develop the powers of logic in forming a new philosophy. As the inductive method rose in Bacon, so did the logical in the mediæval schoolmen; and Aristotle, the most comprehensive intellect of Antiquity, as the one who had conceived the sublime idea of mapping the whole field of knowledge, and subjecting all things to one profound analysis, became the presiding master in their lecture halls. It was at the end of the eleventh century that William of Champeaux founded the celebrated Abbey of St. Victor under the shadow of St. Geneviève, and by the dialectic methods which he introduced into his teaching, has a claim to have commenced the work of forming the University out of the Schools of Paris. For one at least, out of the two characteristics of a University, he prepared the way; for, though the schools were not public till after his day, so as to admit laymen as well as clerks, and foreigners as well as

natives of the place, yet the logical principle of constructing all sciences into one system, implied of course a recognition of all the sciences that are comprehended in it. Of this William of Champeaux, or de Campellis, Abelard was the pupil; he had studied the dialectic art elsewhere, before he offered himself for his instructions; and, in the course of two years, when as yet he had only reached the age of twenty-two, he made such progress, as to be capable of quarrelling with his master, and setting up a school for himself.

This school of Abelard was first situated in the royal castle of Melun; then at Corbeil, which was nearer to Paris, and where he attracted to himself a considerable number of hearers. His labours had an injurious effect upon his health; and at length he withdrew for two years to his native Brittany. Whether other causes co-operated in this withdrawal, I think, is not known; but, at the end of the two years, we find him returning to Paris, and renewing his attendance on the lectures of William, who was by this time a monk. Rhetoric was the subject of the lectures he now heard; and after a while the pupil repeated with greater force and success his former treatment of his teacher. He held a public disputation with him, got the victory, and reduced him to silence. The school of William was deserted, and its master himself became an instance of the vicissitudes incident to that gladiatorial wisdom (as I may style it) which was then eclipsing the old Benedictine method of the Seven Arts. After a time, Abelard found his reputation sufficient to warrant him in setting up a school himself on Mount St. Geneviève; whence he waged incessant war against the unwearied logician, who by this time had rallied his forces to repel the young and ungrateful adventurer who had raised his hand against him.

Great things are done by devotion to one idea; there is one class of geniuses who would never be what they are, could they perceive two. The calm philosophical mind, which contemplates parts without denying the whole, and the whole without confusing the parts, is notoriously indisposed to action; whereas single and simple views arrest the mind, and hurry it on to carry them out. Thus, men of one idea and nothing more, whatever their merit, must be to a certain extent narrow-minded; and it is not wonderful that Abelard's devotion to the new philosophy made him undervalue the Seven Arts out of which it had grown. He felt it impossible so to honour what was now to be added, as not to dishonour what existed before. He would not suffer the Arts to have their own use, since he had found a new instrument for a new purpose. So he opposed the reading of the Classics. The monks had opposed them before him; but this is little to our present purpose; it was the duty of men, who abjured the gifts of this world on the principle of mortification, to deny themselves literature just as they would deny themselves particular friendships or scientific music. The doctrine which Abelard introduced and represents was founded on a different basis. He did not recognise in the poets of antiquity any other merit than that of furnishing an assemblage of elegant phrases and figures; and accordingly he asks why they should not be banished from the city of God, since Plato banished them from his own commonwealth. The *animus* of this language is clear, when we turn to the pages of John of Salisbury and Peter of Blois, who were champions of the ancient learning. We find them complaining that the careful "getting up," as we now call it, "of books," was growing out of fashion. Youths once studied critically the text of poets or philosophers;

they got them by heart; they analysed their arguments; they noted down their fallacies; they were closely examined in the matters which had been brought before them in lecture; they composed. But now, another teaching was coming in; students were promised truth in a nutshell; they intended to get possession of the sum-total of philosophy in less than two or three years; and facts were apprehended, not in their substance and details, by means of living and, as it were, personal documents, but in dead abstracts and tables. Such were the reclamations to which the new Logic gave occasion.

These, however, are lesser matters; we have a graver quarrel with Abelard than that of his undervaluing the Classics. As I have said, my main object here is not *what* he taught, but *why* and *how*, and how he *lived*. Now it is certain, his activity was stimulated by nothing very high, but by something very earthly and sordid. I grant there is nothing morally wrong in the mere desire to rise in the world, though Ambition and it are twin sisters. I should not blame Abelard merely for wishing to distinguish himself at the University; but when he makes the ecclesiastical state the instrument of his ambition, mixes up spiritual matters with temporal, and aims at a bishopric through the medium of his logic, he joins together things incompatible, and cannot complain of being censured. It is he himself who tells us, unless my memory plays me false, that the circumstance of William of Champeaux being promoted to the see of Chalons, was an incentive to him to pursue the same path with an eye to the same reward. Accordingly, we next hear of his attending the theological lectures of a certain master of William's, named Anselm, an old man, whose school was situated at Laon. This person had a

great reputation in his day; John of Salisbury, speaking of him in the next generation, calls him the doctor of doctors; he had been attended by students from Italy and Germany; but the age had advanced since he was in his prime, and Abelard was disappointed in a teacher who had been good enough for William. He left Anselm, and began to lecture on the prophet Ezekiel on his own resources.

Now came the time of his great popularity, which was more than his head could bear; which dizzied him, took him off his legs, and whirled him to his destruction. I spoke in my foregoing chapter of those three qualities of true wisdom which a University, absolutely and nakedly considered, apart from the safeguards which constitute its integrity, is sure to compromise. Wisdom, says the inspired writer, is *desursum*, is *pudica*, is *pacifica*, "from above, chaste, peaceable." We have already seen enough of Abelard's career to understand that his wisdom, instead of being "pacifica," was ambitious and contentious. An Apostle speaks of the tongue both as a blessing and as a curse. It may be the beginning of a fire, he says, a "Universitas iniquitatis;" and alas! such did it become in the mouth of the gifted Abelard. His eloquence was wonderful; he dazzled his contemporaries, says Fulco, "by the brilliancy of his genius, the sweetness of his eloquence, the ready flow of his language, and the subtlety of his knowledge." People came to him from all quarters;—from Rome, in spite of mountains and robbers; from England, in spite of the sea; from Flanders and Germany; from Normandy, and the remote districts of France; from Angers and Poitiers; from Navarre by the Pyrenees, and from Spain, besides the students of Paris itself; and among those who sought his

instructions now or afterwards, were the great luminaries of the schools in the next generation. Such were Peter of Poitiers, Peter Lombard, John of Salisbury, Arnold of Brescia, Ivo, and Geoffrey of Auxerre. It was too much for a weak head and heart, weak in spite of intellectual power; for vanity will possess the head, and worldliness the heart, of the man, however gifted, whose wisdom is not an effluence of the Eternal Light.

True wisdom is not only "pacifica," it is "pudica"; chaste as well as peaceable. Alas for Abelard! a second disgrace, deeper than ambition, is his portion now. The strong man—the Samson of the schools in the wildness of his course, the Solomon in the fascination of his genius—shivers and falls before the temptation which overcame that mighty pair, the most excelling in body and in mind.

> "Desire of wine, and all delicious drinks,
> Which many a famous warrior overturns,
> Thou couldst repress; nor did the dancing ruby
> Sparkling outpour'd, the flavour or the smell,
> Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,
> Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.
> But what avail'd this temperance, not complete,
> Against another object more enticing?
> What boots it at one gate to make defence,
> And at another to let in the foe,
> Effeminately vanquished?"

In a time when Colleges were unknown, and the young scholar was commonly thrown upon the dubious hospitality of a great city, Abelard might even be thought careful of his honour, that he went to lodge with an old ecclesiastic, had not his host's niece Eloisa lived with him. A more subtle snare was laid for him than beset the heroic champion or the all-accomplished monarch of Israel; for sensuality

came upon him under the guise of intellect, and it was the high mental endowments of Eloisa, who became his pupil, speaking in her eyes, and thrilling on her tongue, which were the intoxication and the delirium of Abelard. . . .

He is judged, he is punished;—but he is not reclaimed. True wisdom is not only "pacifica," not only "pudica"; it is "desursum" too. It is a revelation from above; it knows heresy as little as it knows strife or licence. But Abelard, who had run the career of earthly wisdom in two of its phases, now is destined to represent its third.

It is at the famous Abbey of St. Denis that we find him languidly rising from his dream of sin, and the suffering that followed. The bad dream is cleared away; clerks come to him, and the Abbot,—begging him to lecture still, for love now, as for gain before. Once more his school is thronged by the curious and the studious; and at length a rumour spreads, that Abelard is exploring the way to some novel view on the subject of the Most Holy Trinity. Wherefore is hardly clear, but about the same time the monks drive him away from the place of refuge he had gained. He betakes himself to a certain cell, and his pupils follow him. "I betook myself to a certain cell," he says, "wishing to give myself to the schools, as was my custom. Thither so great a multitude of scholars flocked, that there was neither room to house them, nor fruits of the earth to feed them." Such was the enthusiasm of the student, such the attraction of the teacher, when knowledge was advertised freely, and its market opened.

Next he is in Champagne, in a delightful solitude near Nogent in the diocese of Troyes. Here the same phenomenon presents itself, which is so frequent in his history. "When the scholars knew it," he says, "they began to

crowd thither from all parts; and, leaving other cities and strongholds, they were content to dwell in the wilderness. For spacious houses they framed for themselves small tabernacles, and for delicate food they put up with wild herbs. Secretly did they whisper among themselves: 'Behold, the whole world is gone out after him!' When, however, my Oratory could not hold even a moderate portion of them, then they were forced to enlarge it, and to build it up with wood and stone." He called the place his Paraclete, because it had been his consolation.

I do not know why I need follow his life further. I have said enough to illustrate the course of one who may be called the founder, or at least the first great name, of the Parisian Schools. After the events I have mentioned he is found in Lower Brittany; then, being about forty-eight years of age, in the Abbey of St. Gildas; then with St. Geneviève again. He had to sustain the fiery eloquence of a Saint, directed against him; he had to present himself before two Councils; he had to burn the book which had given offence to pious ears. His last two years were spent at Clugni on his way to Rome. The home of the weary, the hospital of the sick, the school of the erring, the tribunal of the penitent, is the city of St. Peter. He did not reach it; but he is said to have retracted what had given scandal in his writings, and to have made an edifying end. He died at the age of sixty-two, in the year of grace 1142.

In reviewing his career, the career of so great an intellect so miserably thrown away, we are reminded of the famous words of the dying scholar and jurist, which are a lesson to us all: "Heu, vitam perdidi, operose nihil agendo." A happier lot be ours!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ANCIENT UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.

THE most prominent distinction between the primitive and the mediæval schools, as I have already many times said, was, that the latter had a range and system in their subjects and the manner of their teaching, which were unknown to the former. The primitive schools, for instance, lectured from Scripture with the comments of the Fathers; but the mediæval schools created the science of theology. The primitive schools collected and transmitted the canonical rules and traditions of the Church; the mediæval schools taught the science of canon law. And so as regards secular studies, the primitive schools professed the three sciences of grammar, rhetoric, and logic, which make up the Trivium, and the four branches of the mathematics, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music, which make up the Quadrivium. On the other hand, the mediæval schools recognised philosophy as a science of sciences, which included, located, connected, and used all kinds and modes of knowledge; they enlarged the sphere and application of logic; and they added civil law, natural history, and medicine to the curriculum. It followed, moreover, from this, that while, on the one hand, they were led to divide their work among a number of Professors, they opened their doors on the other to laity as well as clergy, and to foreigners as well as natives.

Of schools founded on this magnificent idea and answering to a profession so comprehensive and so engrossing, there could be but a few specimens; for instance, Paris,

Oxford, and Bologna. These, too, owed their characteristic splendour in no small measure to the zeal and learning of the Friars, especially the Dominicans; accordingly, their great era was the thirteenth century. But various causes came into operation to modify the University type, as I have described it, or at least its applications and manifestations, when that century had passed away. The first movements of new agents, both in the physical and social world, are commonly more energetic and more successful than those which follow; and this remark includes both Universities themselves, and the religious bodies which were their prominent supporters. New orders of religion commonly achieve their greatest works in their first fervour. The very success too of the experiment would tend to impair the University type by multiplying copies of it; for an imperial power (and a University was such in the intellectual world) must be solitary to be imperial. As, then, the utility of the new schools was recognised, they became more numerous, and their respective territories less extensive. Moreover, it was natural, that, as country after country woke up into existence and assumed an individuality, each in turn should desire a University of its own, that is, an institution indigenous and national. Peace between states could not always be maintained; the elements were beyond the traveller's control; and a safe-conduct could not secure the pilgrim scholar from bandits and pirates. The mutual divergence and distinctive formation of languages and of national character, national histories, national pride, national antipathies, would all carry forward the course of events in the same direction; and the Collegiate system, of which I shall presently speak, co-operated in making a University a local institution, and in embodying it among

the establishments of the nation. Hence it came to pass, that Oxford, for instance, in course of time was not exactly the Oxford of the thirteenth century. Not that the great and primary idea of a University was not sufficiently preserved; it was still a light set upon a hill, or a sort of ecumenical doctor on all subjects of knowledge, human and divine; but it was directed and coloured by the political and social influences to which it was accidentally exposed. This change began about the commencement of the fourteenth century; however, I am not going to dwell upon it here; for the foregoing reference to it is only introductory to a short notice, which I propose now to give, of the ancient University of Dublin or of Ireland, set up at this very era,—a subject to which the mind naturally reverts just at this moment, when we are now on the point of laying down the rudiments of its revival or reconstruction upon the old foundations, on a grander scale, and, as we trust and believe, with a happier prospect for the future.

If by "University" is meant a large national School, conducted on the basis of the old Roman education, it was impossible that such should not have existed in a people so literary as the Irish, from the very time that St. Patrick brought among them Christianity and civilisation. Accordingly, we hear of great seats of learning of this description in various parts of the country. The school of Armagh is said at one time to have numbered as many as seven thousand students; and tradition assigns a University town to the locality where the Seven Churches still preserve the memory of St. Kevin. Foreigners, at least Anglo-Saxons, frequented such schools, and, so far, they certainly had a University character; but that they offered to their pupils more than the glosses on the sacred text and the collections

of canons, and the Trivium and the Quadrivium, which were the teaching of the schools of the Continent, it is difficult to suppose; or that the national genius for philosophising, which afterwards anticipated or originated the scholastic period, should at this era have come into exercise. When that period came, the Irish, so far having its characteristic studies already domiciled among them, were forced to go abroad for their prosecution. They went to Paris or to Oxford for the living traditions which are the ordinary means by which religion and morals, science and art, are diffused over communities, and propagated from land to land. In Oxford, indeed, there was from the earliest time even a street called "Irishman's Street," and the Irish were included there under the "Nation" of the Southern English; but they gained what they sought in that seat of learning at the expense of discomforts which were the serious drawback of the first age of Universities. Lasting feuds and incessant broils marked the presence of Irish, Welsh, Scotch, English, and French in one place, at a time when the Collegiate system was not formed. To this great evil was added the very circumstance that home was far away, and the danger of the passage across the channel, which would diminish the number, while it illustrated the literary zeal, of the foreign students. And an additional source of discontent was found in the feeling of incongruity, that Ireland, with her literary antecedents, should be without a University of her own; and, moreover, as time went on, in the feeling which existed at Rome, in favour of the multiplication of such centres of science and learning.

Another perfectly distinct cause was in operation, to which I was just now alluding. The Dominicans, and other Orders of the age, had had a pre-eminent place in the

history of the Universities of Paris and Oxford, and had done more than any other teachers to give the knowledge taught in them their distinctive form. When then these Orders came into Ireland, it was only to be expected that they should set about the same work there which had marked their presence in England and France. Accordingly, at the end of the thirteenth century, the question of a University in Ireland had been mooted, and its establishment was commenced in the first years of the fourteenth.

This was the date of the foundation of the Universities of Avignon and Perugia, which was followed by that of Cahors, Grenoble, Pisa, and Prague. It was the date at which Oxford in consequence lost its especial pre-eminence in science; and it was the date, I say, at which the University of Dublin was projected and begun. In 1311 or 1312, John Lech or Leach, Archbishop of Dublin, obtained of Clement the Fifth a brief for the undertaking; in which, as is usual in such documents, the Pope gives the reasons which have induced him to decide upon it. He begins by setting forth the manifold, or rather complex, benefits of which a University is the instrument; as father of the faithful, he recognises it as his office to nurture learned sons, who, by the illumination of their knowledge, may investigate the divine law, protect justice and truth, illustrate the faith, promote good government, teach the ignorant, confirm the weak, and restore the fallen. This office he is only fulfilling, in receiving favourably the supplication of his venerable brother, John de Lecke, who has brought before him the necessities of his country, in which, as well as in Scotland, Man, and Norway, the countries nearest to Ireland, a "Universitas Scholarum," or "Generale Studium," is not to be found;—the consequence being, that though there

are in Ireland some doctors and bachelors in theology, and other graduates in grammar, these are after all few in comparison of the number which the country might fairly produce. The Pope proceeds to express his desire, that from the land itself should grow up men skilled and fruitful in the sciences, who would make it to be a well-watered garden, to the exaltation of the Catholic faith, the honour of Mother Church, and the advantage of the faithful population. And with this view he erects in Dublin a *Studium Generale* in every science and faculty, to continue for "perpetual times."

And, I suppose no greater benefit could have been projected for Ireland at that date, than such a bond of union and means of national strength, as an Irish University. But the parties who had originated the undertaking, had also to carry it out: and at the moment of which I am speaking, by the fault neither of Prelate nor laity, nor by division, nor by intemperance or jealousy, nor by wrong-headedness within the fold, nor by malignant interference from without, but by the will of heaven and the course of nature, the work was suspended;—for John de Lecke fell ill and died the next year, and his successor, Alexander de Bicknor, was not in circumstances to take up his plans at the moment, where de Lecke had left them.

Seven years passed; and then he turned his mind to their prosecution. Acting under the authority of the brief of Clement, and with the sanction and confirmation of the reigning Pontiff, John the Twenty-second, he published an instrument, in which he lays down on his own authority the provisions and dispositions which he had determined for the nacent University. He addresses himself to "the Masters and Scholars of our University," and that "with

the consent and assent of our chapters of Holy Trinity and St. Patrick." I think I am correct in saying, though I write without book, that he makes no mention of a Rector. If not, the Chancellor probably, whom he does mention, took his place, or was his synonyme, as in some other Universities. This Chancellor the Regent Masters were to have the privilege of choosing, with a *proviso* that he was a "Doctor in sacra pagina," or in "jure canonico," with a preference of members of the two chapters. He was to take the oath of fidelity to the Archbishop. The Regent Masters elected the Proctors also, who were two in number, and who supplied the place of the Chancellor in his absence. The Chancellor was invested with jurisdiction over the members of the University, and had a court to which causes belonged in which they were concerned. There was, moreover, a University chest, supplied by means of the fines which were the result of his decisions. Degrees were to be conferred upon certificate of the Masters of the Faculty in which the candidate was proceeding. Statutes were to be passed by the Chancellor in council of Masters Regent and Non-regent, subject to the confirmation of the Archbishop. The Schools of the Friars Preachers (or Dominicans) and of the Minorites (or Franciscans) were recognised in their connection with the University, the Archbishop reserving to himself the right of appointing a Lecturer in Holy Scripture.

Such was the encouraging and hopeful start of the University; the Dean of St. Patrick was advanced to the Doctorate in Canon Law, and was created its first Chancellor; its first Doctors in Theology were two Dominicans and one Franciscan. The Canons of the Cathedral seem to have been its acting members, and filled the offices of a

place of education without prejudicing their capitular duties. However, it soon appeared that there was somewhere a hitch, and the work did not make progress. It has been supposed with reason, that under the unhappy circumstances of the time, the University could not make head against the necessary difficulties of a commencement. Another and more definite cause which is assigned for the failure, is the want of funds. The Irish people were poor, and unable to meet the expenses involved in the establishment of a great seat of learning, at a time when other similar institutions already existed. The time had passed when Universities grew up out of the enthusiasm of teachers and the curiosity and eagerness of students; or, if these causes still were in operation, they had been directed and flowed upon seats of learning already existing in other countries. It was the age of national schools, of colleges and endowments; and, though the civil power appeared willing to take its part in foundations of this nature in behalf of the new undertaking, it did not go much further than to enrich it now and then with a stray lectureship, and wealthy prelates or nobles were not forthcoming in that age, capable of conceiving and executing works in the spirit of Ximenes two centuries afterwards in Spain.

Yet down to the very time of Ximenes, and beyond it, continual and praiseworthy efforts were made, on the part both of the Church and of the State, to accomplish a work which was important in proportion to its difficulty. In 1358 the clergy and scholars of Ireland represented to Edward the Third the necessity under which they lay of cultivating theology, canon law, and the other clerical sciences, and the serious impediments in the way of these studies which lay in the expense of travel and the dangers

of the sea to those who had no University of their own. In answer to this request, the king seems to have founded a lectureship in theology; and he indirectly encouraged the University schools by issuing his letters-patent, giving special protection and safe-conduct to English as well as Irish, of whatever degree, with their servants and attendants, their goods and habiliments, in going, residing, and returning. A few years later, in 1364, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, founded a preachership and lectureship in the Cathedral, to be held by an Augustinian.

A further attempt in behalf of a University was made a century later. In 1465, the Irish Parliament, under the presidency of Thomas Geraldine, Earl of Desmond, Vicegerent of George, Duke of Clarence, Lieutenant of the English King, had erected a University at Drogheda, and endowed it with the privileges of the University of Oxford. This attempt, however, in like manner was rendered abortive by the want of funds; but it seems to have suggested a new effort in favour of the elder institution at Dublin, which at this time could scarcely be said to exist. Ten years after the Parliament in question, the Dominican and other Friars preferred a supplication to Pope Sixtus the Fourth, in which they represent that in Ireland there is no University to which Masters, Doctors of Law, and Scholars may resort; that it is necessary to go to England at a great expense and peril; and consequently they ask for leave to erect a University in the metropolitan city. The Pope granted their request, and, though nothing followed, the attempt is so far satisfactory, as evidencing the perseverance of the Irish clergy in aiming at what they felt to be a benefit of supreme importance to their country.

Nor was this the last of such attempts, nor were the

secular behind the regular clergy in zeal for a University. As late as the reign of Henry the Seventh, in the year 1496, Walter Fitzsimon, Archbishop of Dublin, in provincial Synod, settled an annual contribution to be levied for seven years in order to provide salaries for the Lecturers. And, though we have no record, I believe, of the effect of this measure, yet, when the chapter was re-established in the reign of Philip and Mary, the allusion made in the legal instrument to the loss which the youthful members of society had sustained in its suppression, may be taken to show that certain benefits had resulted from its chairs, though the education which they gave was not of that character which the name of a University demanded.

Times are changed since these attempts were made; and, while the causes no longer exist which operated in their failure, the object towards which they were directed has attained a moment, both in itself and in its various bearings, which could never have been predicted in the fourteenth or the sixteenth century. Ireland is no longer the conquered possession of a foreign king; it is, as in the primitive times, the centre of a great Catholic movement and of a world-wide missionary enterprise. Nor does the Holy See simply lend an ear to the project of others: it originates the undertaking.

CHAPTER XVIII.

COLLEGES THE CORRECTIVE OF UNIVERSITIES: OXFORD.

Colleges, and Colleges for the advancement of science, were not altogether a mediæval idea. To say nothing else,

it is obvious to refer to the Museum of the Ptolemies at Alexandria, of which I spoke in an earlier chapter. The Saracens too founded Colleges for learned education at Cordova, Granada, and Malaga; and these obtained a great reputation. Yet it is an idea which has been brought out, and familiarised to history, and recognised in political institutions, and completed in its parts, during the era of Universities, with a fulness which almost allows us to claim it as belonging to the new civilisation. By a College, I suppose, is meant, not merely a body of men living together in one dwelling, but belonging to one establishment. In its very notion, the word suggests to us position, authority, and stability; and again, these attributes presuppose a foundation; and that foundation consists either in public recognition, or in the possession of revenues, or in some similar advantage. If two or three individuals live together, the community is not at once called a College; but a charter, or an endowment, some legal *status*, or some ecclesiastical privilege, is necessary to erect it into the Collegiate form. However, it does, I suppose, imply a community or *convitto* too; and, if so, it must be of a certain definite size: for, as soon as it exceeds in point of numbers, non-residence may be expected to follow. It is then a household, and offers an abode to its members, and requires or involves the same virtuous and paternal discipline which is proper to a family and home. Moreover, as no family can subsist without a maintenance, and as children are dependent on their homes, so it is not unnatural that an endowment, which is, as I have said, suggested by the very idea of a College, should ordinarily be necessary for its actual carrying out. Still more necessary are buildings, and buildings of a prominent character; for,

whereas every family must have its dwelling, a family which has a recognised and official existence, must live in a sort of public building, which satisfies the eye, and is the enduring habitat on of an enduring body.

This view of a College, which I have not been attempting to prove but to delineate, suggests to us the objects which a College is adapted to fulfil in a University. It is all, and does all, which is implied in the name of home. Youths who have left the paternal roof, and travelled some hundred miles for the acquisition of knowledge, find an "altera Troja" and "simulata Pergama" at the end of their journey and in their place of temporary sojourn. Home is for the young, who know nothing of the world, and who would be forlorn and sad, if thrown upon it. It is the refuge of helpless boyhood, which would be famished and pine away, if it were not maintained by others. It is the providential shelter of the weak and inexperienced, who have to learn as yet to cope with the temptations which lie outside of it. It is the place of training for those who are not only ignorant, but have not yet learned how to learn, and who have to be taught, by careful individual trial, how to set about profiting by the lessons of a teacher. And it is the school of elementary studies, not of advanced; for such studies alone at best can boys apprehend and master. Moreover, it is the shrine of our best affections, the bosom of our fondest recollections, a spell upon our after-life, a stay for world-weary mind and soul, wherever we are, till the end comes. Such are the attributes or offices of home, and like to these, in one or other sense and measure, are the attributes and offices of a College in a University.

We may consider, historically speaking, that Colleges

were but continuations, *mutatis mutandis*, of the schools which preceded the rise of Universities. These schools indeed were monastic, or at least clerical, and observed a religious or an ecclesiastical rule; so far they were not simple Colleges, still they were devoted to study, and, at least sometimes, admitted laymen. They had two courses of instruction going on at once, attended by the inner classes and the outer; of which the latter were filled by what would now be called *externs*. Thus even in that early day the school of Rheims educated a certain number of noble youths; and the same arrangement is reported of Bec also.

And in matter of fact these monastic schools remained within the limits of the University, when it was set up, as they had been before, only of course more exclusively religious; for, as soon as the reception of laymen was found to be a part of the academical idea, the monasteries seemed to be relieved of the necessity of receiving lay students within their walls. At first, those bodies only would have a place in the University which were already there; but in process of time nearly every religious fraternity found it its interest to provide a College for its own subjects, and to have representatives in the Academical body. Thus in Paris, as soon as the Dominicans and Franciscans had thrown themselves into the new system, and had determined that their vocation did not hinder them from taking degrees, the Cistercians, under the headship of an Englishman, founded a College near St. Victor's; and the Premonstrants followed their example. The Carmelites, being at first at a distance from St. Geneviève, were planted by a king of France close under her hill. The Benedictines were stationed in the famous Abbey of St. German, near

the University Pratum; the monks of Clugni and of Marmoutier had their respective houses also, and the former provided lecturers within their walls for the students. And in Oxford, in like manner, the Benedictines founded Durham Hall for their monks of the North of England, and Gloucester Hall for their monks of the South, on the respective sites of the present Trinity and Worcester Colleges. The Carmelites (to speak without book) were at Beaumont, the site of Henry the First's palace; and St. John's and Wadham Colleges are also on the sites of monastic establishments. Besides these, there were in Oxford houses of Dominicans, Franciscans, Cistercians, and Augustinians.

These several foundations, indeed, are of very different eras; but, looking at the course of the history as a whole, we shall find that this class of scholastic houses preceded the rest. And if the new changes had stopped there, lay education would have suffered, not gained, by the rise of Universities; for it had the effect of multiplying, indeed, monastic halls, but of shutting their doors against all but monks more rigidly than before. The solitary strangers, who came up to Paris or Oxford from a far country, must have been stimulated by a most uncommon thirst for knowledge, to persevere in spite of the discouragements by which they were surrounded. Some attempt indeed was made by the Professors to meet so obvious and so oppressive an evil. The former scholastic type had recognised one master, and one only, in a school, who professed in consequence the whole course of instruction without any assistant Tutors. The tradition of this system continued; and led in many instances to the formation of halls, inns, courts, or hostels, as they were variously called. That is,

the Professor of the school kept house, and boarded his pupils. Thus we read of Torald schools in Oxford in the reign of Henry the Third, which had belonged previously to one Master Richard Bacum, who had fitted up a large tenement, partly for lodging-house, partly for lecture-rooms. In like manner, early in the twelfth century, Theobald had as many as from sixty to a hundred scholars under his tuition, for whom he would necessarily be more or less answerable. A similar custom was pointed out in Athens, in an early chapter of this volume, where it was the occasion of a great deal of rivalry and canvassing between the Professorial housekeepers, each being set upon obtaining as many lodgers as possible. And apparently a similar inconvenience had to be checked at Paris in the thirteenth century, though, whatever might be the incidental inconvenience, the custom itself, under the circumstances of the day, was as advantageous to the cause of study, as it was natural and obvious.

But still lodging keepers, though Professors, must be paid, and how could poor scholars find the means of fulfilling so hard a condition? And the length of time required for a University course hindered an evasion of its difficulties by such shifts and expedients, as serve for passing a trying crisis or weathering a threatening season. The whole course, from the termination of the grammatical studies to the licentiate, extended originally through twenty years; though afterwards it was reduced to ten. If we are to consider the six years of the course in Arts to have been independent of this long space, the residence at the University is no longer a sojourn at the seat of learning, but becomes a sort of naturalisation, yet without offering a home.

The University itself had little or no funds to meet the difficulty withal. At Oxford, it had no buildings of its own, but rented such as were indispensable for academical purposes, and these were of a miserable description. It had little or no ground belonging to it, and no endowments. It had not the means of being an Alma Mater to the young men who came thither for education. Some verses are quoted by Anthony à Wood, *apropos* of the poor scholar, which describe both his enthusiastic love of study and the trial to which it was put. The following is a portion of them:—

> "Parva domus, res ipsa minor, contraxit utrumque
> Immensus tractusque diu sub Pallade fervor,
> Et logices jucundus amor . . .
> Pauperies est tota domus, desuevit ad illos
> Ubertas venisse lares; nec visitat ægrum
> Copia Parnassum; sublimior advolat aulas,
> His ignota casis."

Accordingly, one of the earliest movements in the University, almost as early as the entrance into it of the monastic bodies, was that of providing maintenance for poor scholars. The authors of such charity hardly aimed at giving more than the bare necessaries of life,—food, lodging, and clothing,—so as to make a life of study possible. Comfort or animal satisfaction can hardly be said to have entered into the scope of their benefactions; and we shall gain a lively impression of the sufferings of the unaided student, by having a sketch presented to us of his rude and hardy life even when a member of a College. From an account which has been preserved in one of the Colleges of Cambridge, we are able to extract the following *horarium* of a student's day. He got up

between four and five; from five to six he assisted at Mass, and heard an exhortation. He then studied or attended the schools till ten, which was the dinner hour. The meal, which seems also to have been a breakfast, was not sumptuous; it consisted of beef, in small messes for four persons, and a pottage made of its gravy and oatmeal. From dinner to five P.M., he either studied or gave instruction to others, when he went to supper, which was the principal meal of the day, though scarcely more plentiful than dinner. Afterwards, problems were discussed and other studies pursued, till nine or ten; and then half-an-hour was devoted to walking or running about, that they might not go to bed with cold feet;—the expedient of hearth or stove for the purpose was out of the question.

However, poor as was the fare, the collegiate life was a blessing in many other ways far more important than meat and drink; and it was the object of pious benefactions for centuries. Hence the munificence of Robert Capet, as early as 1050, even before the canons of St. Geneviève and the monks of St. Victor had commenced the University of Paris. His foundation was sufficient for as many as one hundred poor clerks. Another was St. Catherine in the Valley, founded by St. Louis, in consequence of a vow which his grandfather, Philip Augustus, had died before executing. Another and later was the College Bonorum Puerorum, which is assigned to the year 1245. Such too, in its original intention, was the Harcurianum, or Harcourt College, the famous College of Navarre, the more famous Sorbonne, and the Montague College.

These Colleges, as was natural, were often provincial or diocesan, being founded by benefactors of a particular locality for their own people. Sometimes too they were

connected with one or other of the Nations of the University; I think the Harcurianum, just mentioned, was founded for the Normans; such too was the Dacian, founded for the Danes; and the Swedish; to which may be added the Burses provided for the Italians, the Lombards, the Germans, and the Scotch. In Bologna there was the greater College of St. Clement for the Spaniards, and the Collegio Sondi for the Hungarians. As to Diocesan or Provincial Colleges, such was Laon College, for poor scholars of the diocese of Laon; the College of Bayeux, for scholars of the dioceses of Mons and Angers; the Colleges of Narbonne, of Arras, of Lisieux, and various others. Such too in Oxford at present are Queen's College, founded in favour of north countrymen, and Jesus College for the Welsh. Such are the fellowships, founded in various Colleges, for natives of particular counties; and such the fellowships or scholarships for founder's kin. In Paris, in like manner, Cardinal de Dormans founded a College for more than twenty students, with a preference in favour of his own family. A Society of a peculiar kind was founded in the very beginning of the thirteenth century. Baldwin, Count of Flanders, at that time Emperor of Constantinople, is said to have established a Greek College with a view to train up the youth of Constantinople in devotion to the Holy See.

When I said that there were graver reasons than the need of maintenance for establishing Colleges and Burses for poor scholars, it may be easily understood that I alluded to the moral evils, of which a University, without homes and guardians for the young, would infallibly be the occasion and the scene. These are so intelligible, and so much a matter of history, and so often illustrated, whether from the

mediæval or the modern continental Universities, that they need not occupy our attention here. Whatever licentiousness of conduct there is at Oxford and Cambridge now, where the Collegiate system is in force, does but suggest to us how fatal must be the strength of those impulses to disorder and riot when unrestrained, which are so imperfectly controlled even when submitted to an anxious discipline. Leaving this head of the subject, I think it better to turn to the consideration of an important innovation on the character and drift of academical foundations, which took place in the fifteenth century, when political changes in the nations of Europe brought with them corresponding changes in their Universities.

I have lately alluded to these changes in introducing the subject of the ancient University of Ireland. I said that the multiplication of Universities, the growth of nationalism, the increasing appreciation of peace and of the conveniences of life, the separation of languages, the Collegiate system itself, and similar and cognate causes, tended to give these institutions a local, political, and, I may now add, aristocratic character. At first Universities were almost democracies: Colleges tended to break their anarchical spirit, introduced ranks and gave the example of laws, and trained up a set of students, who, as being morally and intellectually superior to other members of the academical body, became the depositaries of academical power and influence. Moreover, learning was no longer thought unworthy of a gentleman; and, though the nobles of an earlier period had not disdained to send their sons to Lanfranc or Vacarius, yet now it became a matter of custom that young men of rank should have a University education. Thus, even in the charter of the

29th of Edward the Third, we read that "to the University a multitude of nobles, gentry, strangers, and others continually flock;" and towards the end of the century, we find Henry of Monmouth, afterwards the Fifth, as a young man, a sojourner at Queen's College, Oxford. But it was in the next century, of which Henry has made glorious the first years, that Colleges were provided, not for the poor, but for the noble. Many Colleges too, which had been originally for the poor, opened their gates to the rich, not as fellows or foundation-students, but as simple lodgers, or what are now called independent members, such as monasteries might have received in a former age. This was especially the case with the College of Navarre at Paris; and the change has continued remarkably impressed upon Oxford and Cambridge even down to this day, with this additional peculiarity, that, while the influence of aristocracy upon those Universities is not less than it was, the influence of other political classes has been introduced into the academic cloisters also. Never has learned institution been more directly political and national than the University of Oxford. Some of its Colleges represent the talent of the nation, others its rank and fashion, others its wealth; others have been the organs of the government of the day; while others, and the majority, represent one or other division, chiefly local, of the country party. That all this has rather destroyed, than subserved, the University itself, which Colleges originally were instituted to complete, I will not take upon myself to deny; but good comes out of many things which are in the way to evil, and this antagonism of the Collegiate to the University principle was not worked out, till Colleges had first rendered signal service to the University, and that, not only by completing it in those points where the University was weak,

but even corroborating it in those in which it was strong. The whole nation, brought into the University by means of the Colleges, gave the University itself a vigour and a stability which the abundant influx of foreigners had not been able to secure.

As in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries French, German, and Italian students had flocked to the University of Oxford, and made its name famous in distant lands, so in the fifteenth, all ranks and classes of the nation furnished it with pupils, and what was wanting in their number or variety, compared with the former era, was compensated by their splendour or political importance. At that time nobles moved only in state, and surrounded themselves with retainers and servants, with an ostentation which has now quite gone out of fashion. A writer, whom I have from time to time used, Huber, informs us, that, before the wars of the Roses, and when the aristocracy were more powerful than the king, each noble family sent up at least one son to Oxford with an ample retinue of followers. Nor were the towns in that age less closely united to the University than the upper class, by reason of the numbers that belonged to the clergy, the popular character of that institution, and its intimate connection, as now, with the seat of learning. Thus town and country, high and low, north and south, had a common stake in the academical institutions, and took a personal interest in the academical proceedings. The degree possessed a sort of indelible *character*, which all classes understood; and the people at large were more or less partakers of a cultivation which the aristocracy were beginning to enjoy. And, though railroad travelling certainly did not then exist, communication between the students and their homes occurred with a frequency which could not be

when they came from abroad; and Oxford became in a peculiar way a national and political centre. Not only in vacations and term-time was there a stated ebbing and flowing of the academical youth, but messengers posted to and fro between Oxford and all parts of the country in all seasons of the year. So intimate was this connection, that Oxford became a sort of selected arena for the conflicts of the various interests of the nation, and a serious University strife was received far and wide as the presage of civil war.

> "Chronica si penses, cum pugnant Oxonienses,
> Post paucos menses, volat ira per Angliginenses."

One may admire the position of a University, as a national centre, without any desire of renewing, in this day or in Ireland, the particular mode in which that position was in former times manifested in England. Such a united action of the Collegiate and of the National principle, far from being prejudicial, was simply favourable to the principle of a University. It was a later age which sacrificed the University to the College. We must look to the last two or three centuries if we would witness the ascendency of the College idea in the English Universities, to the extreme prejudice, not indeed of its own peculiar usefulness (for that it has retained), but of the University itself. The author,[1] who gives us the above account of Oxford, and who is neither Catholic on the one hand, nor innovator on the existing state of things on the other, warming yet saddening at his own picture, ends by observing: "Those days never can return; for the plain reason that then men learned and taught by the living word, but now by the dead paper."

[1] Huber. Additional matter on the subject of Universities and Colleges will be found in Dr. Pusey's *Collegiate and Professorial Teaching*, and Mr. Buckingham's *Bible in the Middle Ages*.

What has been here drawn out from the history of Oxford, admits of ample illustration from the parallel history of Paris. We find Chancellor Gerson on one occasion remonstrating in the name of his University with the French king. "Shall the University," he says, "being what she is, shut her eyes and be silent? What should all France say, whose population she is ever exhorting, by means of her members, to patience and good obedience to the king and rulers? Does not she represent the universal realm, nay, the whole world? She is the vigorous seminary of the whole body politic, whence issue men of every kind of excellence. Therefore in behalf of the whole of France, of all states of men, of all her friends, who cannot be present here, she ought to expostulate and cry, 'Long live the king.'"

There is one other historical peculiarity attached to Colleges, to which I will briefly allude before concluding. If Colleges, with their endowments and local interests, provincial or county, are necessarily, when compared with Universities, of a national character, it follows that the education which they will administer, will also be national, and adapted to all ranks and classes of the community. And if so, then again it follows that they will be far more given to the study of the Arts than to the learned professions, or to any special class of pursuits at all; and such in matter of fact has ever been the case. They have inherited under changed circumstances the position of the monastic teaching founded by Charlemagne, and have continued its primitive tradition, through, and in spite of, the noble intellectual developments to which Universities have given occasion. The historical link between the Monasteries and the

Colleges have been the Nations, as some words of Anthony à Wood about the latter suggest, and as the very name of "Nation" makes probable; and indeed the Colleges were hardly more than the Nations formally established and endowed, with Provosts and Wardens in the place of Proctors.

Bulæus has some remarks on the subject of Colleges which illustrate the points I have last insisted on, and several others which have already come before us. He says: "The College system had no slight influence in restoring Latin composition. Indeed Letters were publicly professed in Colleges, and that not only by persons on the foundation, but by others also who lived within the walls, though external to the body, and who were admitted to the schools of the Masters and to the classes in a fixed order and by regulated steps. On the contrary, we find that all the ancient Colleges were established for the education and instruction of poor scholars, members of the foundation; but in the fifteenth century other ranks were gradually introduced also. By this means the lecturer was stimulated by the largeness of the classes, and the pupil by emulation, while the opportunities of a truant life were removed. Accordingly laws were frequently promulgated and statutes passed, with a view of bringing the Martinets and wandering scholars within the walls of the Colleges. We do not know exactly when this practice began; it is generally thought that the College of Navarre, which was reformed in the year 1464, was the first to open its gates to these public professors of letters. It is certain that in former ages the teachers of grammar and rhetoric had schools of their own, or hired houses and hostels, where they received pupils; but in this century teachers of grammar, or of rhetoric, or

of philosophy, began to teach within the Colleges." He adds that in the time of Louis the Eleventh, the Professors who lectured on literature, rhetoric, and philosophy in the town, were generally left by the students for those who had taken up their abodes in the Colleges.

This is rather an enumeration of some characteristics of Colleges, than a sufficient sketch of their relation to the University; but it may suggest points of inquiry to those who would know more. I will but add, that at Paris there seem to have been as many as fifty Colleges; at Oxford at present there are from twenty to twenty-four; as many, I believe, were at Salamanca; at Cambridge not so many; at Toulouse, eight. As to Louvain, I have been told that if a bird's-eye view be taken of the city, the larger and finer buildings which strike the beholder throughout it, will be found at one time to have belonged to the University.

CHAPTER XIX.

ABUSES OF THE COLLEGES: OXFORD.

If what has been said in former chapters of this volume upon the relation of a University to its Colleges, be in the main correct, the difference between the two institutions, and the use of each, is very clear. A University embodies the principle of progress, and a College that of stability; the one is the sail, and the other the ballast; each is insufficient in itself for the pursuit, extension, and inculcation of knowledge; each is useful to the other. A University is the scene of enthusiasm, of pleasurable

exertion, of brilliant display, of winning influence, of diffusive and potent sympathy; and a College is the scene of order, of obedience, of modest and persevering diligence, of conscientious fulfilment of duty, of mutual private services, and deep and lasting attachments. The University is for the world, and the College is for the nation. The University is for the Professor, and the College for the Tutor; the University is for the philosophical discourse, the eloquent sermon, or the well-contested disputation; and the College for the catechetical lecture. The University is for theology, law, and medicine, for natural history, for physical science, and for the sciences generally and their promulgation; the College is for the formation of character, intellectual and moral, for the cultivation of the mind, for the improvement of the individual, for the study of literature, for the classics, and those rudimental sciences which strengthen and sharpen the intellect. The University being the element of advance, will fail to make good its ground as it goes; the College, from its conservative tendencies, will be sure to go back, because it does not go forward. It would seem as if a University, seated and living in Colleges, would be a perfect institution, as possessing excellences of opposite kinds.

But such a union, such salutary balance and mutual complement of opposite advantages, is of difficult and rare attainment. At least the present day rather gives us instances of the two antagonistic evils, of naked Universities and naked Colleges, than of their alliance and its benefits. The great seats of learning on the Continent, to say nothing of those in Scotland, show us the need of Colleges to complete the University; the English, on the contrary, show us the need of a University to give life to an assemblage of

Colleges. The evil of a University, standing by itself, as in Germany, is often insisted on and may readily be apprehended; and therefore, leaving that part of the subject alone, I will say a few words on the state of things in England, where the action of the University is suspended, and the Colleges have supreme and sovereign authority.

At the Reformation, the State not only made itself the head of the Anglican Church, but resolved to suppress, or nearly so, its legal existence. It not only ignored the idea of a central authority in Christendom; but it went very far towards ignoring the existence of a Church in England itself. I believe I am right in saying that the Church of England, as such, scarcely has a legal *status.* Its Bishops indeed are Peers of Parliament, its chapters have charters, its Rectors are corporations sole, its ministers are officers of the law, its fabrics have special rights, its courts have a civil position and functions, its Prayer-book is (as has been observed) an Act of Parliament; but, as far as I know, there is no corporation of the United Church of England and Ireland, though that title itself be a legal one. The Protestant Church, as such, holds no property, and exercises no functions. It is an aggregate of many thousand corporations professing one object, and moulded on a common rule. The nearest approach to corporate power lay in its Convocations, which were at least three in number, not one—those of Canterbury, of York, and of Dublin; and these have been virtually long obsolete. The Protestant Church would be an *imperium in imperio*, considering the immense wealth, power, and influence of its constituent members, were it itself a corporation.

The same spirit which destroyed the legal incorporation of the religious principle, was the jealous enemy also of the

incorporation of the intellectual; and the civil power could as little bear a University as it bore a Church. Accordingly, Oxford and Cambridge shared the fate of the Hierarchy; the component parts of those Universities were preserved, but they themselves were superseded; and there would be almost as great difficulties now in Protestant England in restoring its Universities to their proper place, as in restoring its Church. It is true, that the Colleges themselves are important political bodies, independent of the civil power; but at the same time they are national bodies; they represent not the human mind, but sections of the political community; and the civil power is itself nothing else than an expression of national power in one or other of its aspects; whereas a University is an intellectual power, as such, just as the Church is a religious power. Intellect, as well as Faith and Conscience, are authorities simply independent of State and Nation; State and Nation are but different aspects of one and the same power: and thus the State and Nation will endure chapters and colleges, as they bear city companies and municipalities, but not a Church, not a University. On the other hand, considering the especially popular character of the English constitution, and how congenial to it is the existence of organs of public opinion and of representative bodies, it is not wonderful that the Collegiate system has not merely remained in these later centuries, but has been cherished and advanced.

I am not denying this political value of the Colleges as counterpoises to the Government of the day. The greatest weight has actually been given to their acts and decisions in this point of view. Oxford has been made the stage on which political questions have been tried, and political parties have carried on their contests. This was particularly

instanced at the time of that famous Session of Parliament, in which Catholic Emancipation was granted. It is well known that the king then on the throne was averse to the measure; and it was felt that an adhesion to it on the part of the University would exert a material influence on his feelings; and the question to be determined was what opinion had the University upon it. In the summer of 1828, Sir Robert Peel is said to have consulted[1] those who were most intimately in his confidence in Oxford, as to the effect which would be produced upon its members by a ministerial project in favour of Catholics. His friends belonged to a section of the University who lived very much in their own circle; and who, as resting both on academical distinction and connection with the great world, did not know, and did not represent, the sentiments of the Colleges. Accordingly, drifting with the tide of London opinion themselves, which the necessities of the state and the convenience of the Government, and Parliamentary agitation, had for some time made more and more favourable to Emancipation, those considerable persons returned for answer, that the important act might be passed any day, and that men would go to bed and rise again, without being at all the wiser or more anxious for what had taken place. The Minister seems to have committed himself to this opinion; and, in consequence, confident of a successful issue of the experiment, he took a bold, and as it turned out, an unlucky step. Member for the University as he was, and elected on the very ground of his opposition to the Catholic claims, he resolved on resigning his seat and presenting himself for re-election, with an avowed change

[1] Since this was written, Sir R. Peel's narrative has been given to the world, which seems to contain nothing inconsistent with it.

of opinions. He did this, or at least his friends for him, under the conviction that his triumphant appeal to the votes of the academical constituency, on which he reckoned, would be the best evidence to his Master that the feeling of the country had undergone that revolution which had already, openly or secretly, taken place among statesmen. And hence the extraordinary vehemence of the contest which followed; the country party, whom the Colleges represented, being confident of swaying the determination of the king and ejecting the minister from office, if they managed to eject him from the representation.

Political importance is of course the protection of those who possess it. They who can do so much for or against a Minister, can do as much for themselves; and in consequence, the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are perhaps the best protected interests in the whole country. They have endured the most formidable attacks, without succumbing. It was against the wall of Magdalen College, as it has been expressed, that James the Second ran his head. That College received the brunt of the monarch's attack, and in the strength of the nation repelled it. Twenty years ago, when Reform was afloat, when boroughs were disfranchised, corporations created, sees united, dioceses rearranged, chapters remodelled, church property redistributed, and every parsonage perplexed with parliamentary papers of inquiry and tables of returns, the Colleges alone escaped. A determined attack was made upon them by the Ministry of the day, and great apprehensions were excited in the minds of their members. However, calm, perhaps selfish, calculators at Oxford said: "Nothing can touch us; the Establishment will go, but not the Colleges:" and certainly after one or two sessions, after strong speeches in Parliament

from Secretaries of State and experimentalists in Education, and committees, gatherings, and manifestoes on the part of the members of Colleges, it was owned by friends of Government, that its attempt upon them was a mistake and a failure, and the sooner Government gave it up, the better for Government.

There is no political power in England like a College in the Universities; it is not a mere local body, as a corporation or London company; it has allies in every part of the country. When the mind is most impressible, when the affections are warmest, when associations are made for life, when the character is most ingenuous and the sentiment of reverence is most powerful, the future landowner, or statesman, or lawyer, or clergyman comes up to a College in the Universities. There he forms friendships, there he spends his happiest days; and, whatever is his career there, brilliant or obscure, virtuous or vicious, in after years, when he looks back on the past, he finds himself bound by ties of gratitude and regret to the memories of his College life. He has received favours from the Fellows, he has dined with the Warden or Provost; he has unconsciously imbibed to the full the beauty and the music of the *locale*. The routine of duties and observances, the preachings and the examinations and the lectures, the dresses and the ceremonies, the officials whom he feared, the buildings or gardens that he admired, rest upon his mind and his heart, and their shade becomes a sort of shrine to which he makes continual silent offerings of attachment and devotion. It is a second home, not so tender, but more noble and majestic and authoritative. Through his life he more or less keeps up a connection with it and its successive sojourners. He has a brother or intimate friend on the foundation, or he is training up his

son to be a member of it. When then he hears that a blow is levelled at the Colleges, and that they are in commotion,—that his own College, Head and Fellows, have met together, and put forward a declaration calling on its members to come up and rally round it and defend it, a chord is struck within him, more thrilling than any other; he burns with *esprit de corps* and generous indignation; and he is driven up to the scene of his early education, under the keenness of his feelings, to vote, to sign, to protest, to do just what he is told to do, from confidence in the truth of the representations made to him, and from sympathy with the appeal. He appears on the scene of action ready for battle on the appointed day, and there he meets others like himself, brought up by the same summons; he gazes on old faces, revives old friendships, awakens old reminiscences, and goes back to the country with the freshness of youth upon him. Thus, wherever you look, to the North or South of England, to the East or West, you find the interest of the Colleges dominant; they extend their roots all over the country, and can scarcely be overturned, certainly not suddenly overturned, without a revolution.

The consequences on the Colleges themselves are not satisfactory. They are withdrawn in an especial way from the action and the influence of public opinion, than which there is no greater stimulant to right action, as things are, nor a more effective security against dereliction of duty. The Colleges, left to themselves, in the course of last century became shamefully indolent and inactive. They were in no sense any longer places of education; they were for the most part mere clubs, and sinecures, and almshouses, where the inmates did little but enjoy themselves. They did next to nothing for the youth confided to them;

suffered them to follow their own ways and enjoy their own liberty, and often in their own persons set them a very bad example of using it. Visitor they practically had none; and there was but one power which could have exerted authority over them, and most naturally and suitably too; I mean the University; but the University could do nothing. The University had no means of acting upon the Colleges; it was but a name or a privilege; it was not a body or a power. This seems to me the critical evil in the present state of the English Universities, not that the Colleges are strong, but that the University has no practical or real jurisdiction over them. Over the members of Colleges it has jurisdiction, but even then, not as such, but because they are its own members also; over the Head of the College, over the Fellows, over the corporate body, over its property, over its officers, over its acts and regulations within its own precincts, it has no practical jurisdiction at all. The Tutor indeed is a University office by the Statutes, but the College has made it its own.

In matter of fact the only mode of affecting the Colleges has been by the gradual stress of persevering efforts, by incessant agitation, and by improving the tone and enlightening the minds of their members: by indirect means altogether. At the beginning of this century, when matters were at the worst at Oxford, some zealous persons attempted to bring the University to bear upon the Colleges. The degrees were at that time taken upon no *bona fide* examination. The youth who had passed his three or four years at the place, and wished to graduate, chose his examiners, and invited them to dinner, which the ceremony of examination preceded. Now a degree is a University, not a College distinction; and the admirable persons, to whom

I have alluded, made an effort to restore to the University the power and the practice of insisting on a real examination into the proficiency of every one of its members who was a candidate for it. Could there be a case in which the right of the University was more clear? It gave a privilege, and, one might surely think, had a right to lay down the conditions of giving it. Yet it could not in fact exact of its members what was so imperatively its duty, and so natural. The Colleges had first to be persuaded to concede what the University was so reasonable in requiring. What took place in detail has never perhaps been published to the world: so much, however, is notorious, that for thirty years one College, by virtue of ancient rights, was able to stand out against the University, and demanded and obtained degrees for its junior members without examination. A generation passed, before its Fellows, acted on by the example and sympathising in the sentiments of the academical society around them, consented to do for themselves what the University had in vain attempted to do for them.

The University has thus gradually progressed ever since that time; not indeed towards the recovery of that power of jurisdiction which properly belongs to it, but in separate and particular measures of improvement. One measure was attempted nearly thirty years ago, by an eminent person, still alive, and well known in Dublin, and was thwarted by parties who are long dead; so that it may be alluded to without pain to any one. There are at Oxford several Societies or Houses, which have practically the rank and rights of Colleges, though they have not the legal *status*, or the property. Some of these at that date supported themselves by taking members, who either would

not be received, or had actually been sent away, by the Colleges. The existence then of these Societies mainly depended on the sufferance within the University of incompetent, idle, or riotous young men. As they had no endowments, they asked high terms for admission, which of course they could not fail in obtaining from those who needed to be in some Society or other, with a view to academical advantages, and who could not secure a place in any other body. Evidently, nothing would have been more fatal to such establishments than any successful effort to purify the University of unworthy members. Now, in the gradual advance of reforms, it was attempted by the able person I speak of to introduce an examination of all members on their matriculation. But the independence and the interests of the Colleges and other Houses were at once touched by such a proposition; and a vigorous opposition was set on foot, in particular by the Head of one Society, which abounded in gownsmen of the unsatisfactory character I have been describing. Of course he might as well have shut up his Hall at once, and taken lodgings in High Street, as consent to a measure which would have simply cut off the supply from which it was filled. The private interest prevailed over the public; and to this day, though separate Colleges properly insist on the fitting qualifications in the case of those who are to be admitted to their Lectures, the University itself is not allowed to exercise its reasonable right of examining its members before it matriculates them.

The late Act of Parliament affords but a fresh illustration of the foregoing remarks. It did not dare to touch the real seat of existing evils, by restoring or giving jurisdiction to the University over the Colleges, much as it professed to

effect in the way of radical reform. And in the passage of the Bill through the House of Commons, unless I am mistaken, Ministers found it impossible to get beyond that part of it which related to University alterations. As soon as it went on to legislate for the Colleges, the opposition was too strong for them, and the whole subject was postponed by Parliament, and made over for the consideration of a small Commission, with so many checks and limitations upon its proceedings, that there is reason for fearing that, whatever comes of them, the University will not be less enslaved by the Collegiate interest than it is at present.

CHAPTER XX.

UNIVERSITIES AND SEMINARIES: L'ÉCOLE DES HAUTES ÉTUDES.

No two institutions are more distinct from each other in character, than Universities and Seminaries; and their very difference might seem a pledge that they would not come into collision with each other. Seminaries are for the education of the clergy; Universities for the education of laymen. They are for separate purposes, and they act in separate spheres; yet, such is human infirmity, perhaps they ever will be rivals in their actual working. So at least it has been in time past. Universities grew out of the Episcopal Schools; and then, as time went on, they returned evil for good, and gradually broke the strength, and drained away the life of the institution which had given them birth; an institution too, which was of far more im-

portance to the Church than themselves. Universities are ornaments indeed and bulwarks to Religion; but Seminaries are essential to its purity and efficiency. It is plain then, if the action and interests of the two institutions have conflicted, which side the Church would take in the quarrel. She would side for the injured party, against the aggressor; for the party more important to her, against the party less so. Universities then for a long season have been sustaining the punishment of past ambition; and it seems hardly right to close the volume without saying a few words about them under this aspect.

As Seminaries are so necessary to the Church, they are one of her earliest appointments. Scarcely had the New Dispensation opened, when, following the example of the Schools of the Temple and of the Prophets under the Old, St. John is recorded, over and above the public assemblies of the faithful, to have had about him a number of students whom he familiarly instructed; and, as time went, and power was given to the Church, this School for ecclesiastical learning was placed under the roof of the Bishop. In Rome especially, where we look for the pattern to which other churches are to be conformed, the clergy, not of the city only, but of the provinces, were brought under the immediate eye of the Pope. The Lateran Church, his first Cathedral, had a Seminary attached to it, which remained there till the pontificate of Leo the Tenth, when it was transferred into the heart of the city. The students entered within its walls from the earliest childhood; but they were not raised from minor orders till the age of twenty, nor did they reach the priesthood till after the trial of many years. Strict as a monastic noviciate, it nevertheless included polite literature in its course; and a library was attached to

it for the use of the seminarists. Here was educated in the time of Celestine, St. Eusebius, afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Vercellæ; and in the dark age which followed, it was the home from childhood of some of the greatest Popes, St. Gregory the Second, St. Paul the First, St. Leo the Third, St. Paschal, and St. Nicholas the First. This venerable Seminary, called anciently the School of the Pontifical Palace, has never failed. Even when the barbarians were wasting the face of Italy, and destroying its accumulations of literature, the great Council of Rome, under Pope Agatho, as I mentioned above, could testify, not indeed to the theological science of the school in that miserable age, but to its faithful preservation of the unbroken teaching of revealed truth and of the traditions of the Fathers. In the thirteenth century, we find it in a flourishing condition, and St. Thomas and Albertus Magnus lecturing in its halls.

Such a prerogative of perpetuity was not enjoyed elsewhere. Europe lay submerged under the waters of a deluge; and, when they receded, schools had to be refounded as well as churches. One of the principal results of Charlemagne's visit to Rome was the reform or revival of education, both secular and ecclesiastical; and on his return to the north he addressed his well-known letter on the subject to the chapters and monastic bodies through his Empire. Henceforth the Pope made Seminaries obligatory in every Diocese: as to the laity, they attended the public Schools spoken of in a former chapter.

Seminaries then were long in possession before Universities were imagined; and Universities rose out of them. And, when Universities were established, in order to preserve the *equilibrium* between clerical and lay education, it

was decreed, by the authority of the Canons, that secular learning should be studied in the Seminaries, and that each Cathedral should maintain masters for its teaching. It was foreseen that, unless this was done, Universities would supply a higher and a wider education than the Episcopal Schools; and that the clergy would either become inferior to the monks and the laity, or would be drawn within the precincts and influence of Universities.

The latter of these inconveniences took place. The lectures in the Universities, after all, were necessarily superior to those which a Seminary could furnish. Accordingly, Colleges for ecclesiastical students were founded in their neighbourhood, and the Cathedral Schools fell in reputation, and were gradually deserted. The youths who would have found their natural home there, sometimes entered the Colleges aforesaid, sometimes attended the schools of the Regulars, sometimes lived in lodgings as other students. It is sufficient to refer to the Lives of the Mediæval Saints for instances of ordination taking place from or at the Universities without Seminary training; take, for example, St. Raymund, St. John of Matha, St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Edward, St. John Nepomucene, St. Caietan, St. Carlo, St. Ignatius and his companions, or St. Francis of Sales,—men, who lived in very various ages and countries, and some of whom had to repel the shameless assaults to which their defenceless condition, in the midst of great cities, exposed them. And thus it was, that by the date of the Council of Trent, Seminaries had all but ceased to exist; and the candidates for the Priesthood, who had any learning and any religious training, either gained it for themselves, as they could, amid the mixed concourse of a University, or as members of Colleges, which had them-

selves suffered materially in their discipline from University contact.

There would be danger to their faith and religious temper, as well as to their morals. In Universities, subjects of every sort were disputed publicly; and boys, who ought to have been schooled at a Seminary in distrust of the intellect and modesty of speculation, were suffered to imbibe a critical, carping, curious spirit, most unbecoming in an ecclesiastic, on the interpretation of difficulties of Scripture, or on the deepest questions of theology. And the state of things became still more grave when Protestantism arose, and its adherents found means of introducing themselves into the Professorial chairs.

It must be recollected too, that none but the more able, or more wealthy, or more pushing, would succeed in paying their way at a University. But the majority of ecclesiastics would be poor, and without any great energy or enterprise. These, in the decay of Seminaries, were thrown for education upon the parish schools, which were obviously unequal to the task.

Such was the state of things, to which the Council of Trent put an end. Episcopal Seminaries were restored; ecclesiastical Colleges in Universities suppressed; the profounder studies were to be taught under the Bishop's eye: but, to make the observance of this rule easier, it was provided that poorer Dioceses might unite to establish a Provincial Seminary, where the students of each would be all educated together. Such, I suppose, in its ecclesiastical position is the College of Maynooth; and it is able in consequence to present a staff of Professors, and it exhibits an amount and quality of learning and talent, which invest it almost with a University character.

A further step in the same direction has been taken by the present Pope. Without interfering with the constitution of the Seminaries of his States, he has founded at Rome, at considerable expense, the Seminario Pio, which is to be filled with young ecclesiastics, taken from all dioceses, selected from the whole number on the principle of merit. Their course lasts for nine years, and embraces philosophy, scholastic theology, holy Scripture, the Fathers, canon law, rites, and ecclesiastical history. It has Professorial Chairs, and the power of granting degrees in Theology and Canon Law: it is in fact an ecclesiastical University.

It cannot be denied, that, while Seminaries have been fostered and advanced during these last centuries, Universities have been out of favour. Two only were founded, as it would appear, in the sixteenth century, and these were expressly intended to counteract the spread of Protestantism. The last great Mediæval University was the famous foundation, or foundations, at Alcala, due to the munificence of Cardinal Ximenes, in the year 1500. Since that date, it has been usual rather to bestow on Collegiate institutions the privileges of Universities, or in other words, to erect a University in a College, than to adhere to the mediæval type. Such appears to be the nature of the University, which, with the recognition of the British Government, has lately been founded at Quebec. To the same distinction another College seems tending, unless civil obstacles hinder it, which to us is of especial interest, for the sake of the prelate who founded it, from its progress hitherto, and because its Superior is an Irishman: I mean *L'École des Hautes Études* at Paris. But, above all, it will have a definite place, if it proceeds, as it promises to do, in the history of Universities, and for that reason deserves some distinct mention here.

It was commenced by the immediate predecessor of the present Archbishop of Paris, a prelate of glorious memory; whose blood, offered in behalf of his flock, seems already to have borne those fruits which are the usual result of suffering in the cause of religion, and to have called down from Heaven upon his flock the blessings which he so ardently desired for them. As one of his scholars in the seat of learning which he has founded, expresses it,

> "Audiit, et, miseratus oves, per prælia promptus,
> Perque neces varias fertur, pia victima, pastor.
> Heu scelus infandum! ruptæ dum fœdera pacis
> Nectere, et insanos tentas cohibere furores,
> Occidis, ac moriens extrema voce 'Beatos,
> Si nostro,' exclamas, 'cessaret sanguine sanguis.'"

Nor has the Archbishop's been the only blood by which his Institution has been sanctified, nor is that Institution the only school of devotion and science which has occupied the spot on which it is placed. That spot was long ago, for centuries, the home of theologians, and it has become in the generation before us the scene and the monument of Martyrs. It is no other than the famous Carmes, where, on the terrible outburst of the Revolution, in 1792, so many Bishops and Priests of France were massacred.

This of course is not the occasion for enumerating the noble foundations which of old time were brought under the shadow of the great University of Paris, the first school of the Church. I have alluded to the subject in a former chapter. Nations, provinces, monastic bodies, had their several houses there, and royal personages and wealthy ecclesiastics rejoiced to leave endowments there for the benefit of religion and learning. The southern and more

healthy bank of the river was allotted to it, and its manifold establishments gathered round the hill of St. Geneviève. The Carmelites were originally at an inconvenient distance from the Saint, till Philip the Fair, King of France, gave them ground at the foot of her hill, sufficient for a Church and Monastery. This was about the year 1300; and for the last two centuries before the dreadful events, to which I have referred, it is described, in particular, as having been one of the most peaceable asylums of science and faith. When the Revolution came, and the clergy, hindered, by their duty to the Church, from taking the oaths which were presented for their acceptance, were subjected to an imprisonment which was to end in death, the Carmelite Convent was one of the buildings selected for their confinement. Here, or rather in the small church attached to the Convent, in the month of August, 1792, were crowded, first 120, and at length as many as 175 or 200, according to various accounts, of all ranks and ages of the clergy.

The first prisoners seem to have been the secular clergy of the city; to these were added a number of superannuated priests, who lived on pensions, and then a number of youthful seminarists. Besides these, were three Bishops, various Professors and Preachers, and the heads of certain religious congregations and collegiate bodies. The second of September was the day of their memorable conflict with the powers of evil, then for a brief season in the ascendant. On that day were imprisoned together in the house and garden of the Carmes (besides the Seculars), Benedictines, Capuchins, Cordeliers, Sulpicians, disbanded Jesuits, members of the Sorbonne, and of the College of Navarre. The revolutionary tribunal held its sittings in one of the rooms of the Convent, and pronounced them guilty of disloyalty to

France; and then the revolutionary soldiers impatiently burst in upon the prisoners to carry its sentence into execution. The massacre lasted for three hours; eighty priests were slaughtered in the garden; the walls of the orangery at its end, now a chapel, are still stained, or rather daubed over, with their blood. On about a hundred others the outward door of the Convent was opened for their passage into the street; they were called forward one by one; the assassins stood in double file, and, as their victims ran the gauntlet between them, above sixty perished under their blows, thirty-six or thirty-eight escaping into the city. These noble soldiers of the Church waited for their turn, and went to death and died, with their office books in their hands, and its psalms and prayers upon their tongues.

To have lived in Paris then, and to have heard the report, and seen the tokens, of what was going on, was to have had some share in her agony, who of old time looked upon One uplifted on the Cross; yet, bitter as the sorrow must have been, surely it was lighter after all than that which has oppressed the Catholic heart at other miserable seasons. It was surely lighter than that which overspread Christendom at the time when religion was overthrown in England, while, for a long course of years, for the greater part of a century, some fresh deed of sacrilege was perpetrated day by day, and a false-hearted clergy and a cowardly laity allowed the monarch and his nobles in their deeds of violence and avarice. For the death of traitors makes no sign, and whispers scarce a hope of a revival; but a martyrdom is a victory, and a Church which falls from an external blow, rises again by its inward vigour. This is fulfilled before our eyes in the instance of France, and of that memorable spot

of which I have been speaking. Good reason why the late Archbishop should have placed his new institution in that sanctuary of martyrs, himself destined so soon afterwards to be gathered to their company.

Institutions, which are to thrive and last, generally have humble beginnings, sometimes a scope narrower than that which they eventually profess; as there has been enough to suggest, even in the sketches which have been set before the reader in these pages. So has it been, so is it still perhaps, in the case of the school now under consideration. Its first object, when it opened in 1845, was one indeed of high importance in itself, being no less than that of providing Professors for the *petits séminaires* of France. However, it is also described as "a noviciate of ecclesiastics intended for teachers of the young clergy," which is something of an advance in dignity and moment upon the object as originally conceived. When the title was given, by which the school is designated, does not appear; but an "École des Hautes Études" also promises, or presaged, more than the first profession of its founder. It speaks of high studies, and studies for their own sake, which hardly is equivalent to a school for schoolmasters. Perhaps it was discovered, as soon as attention was directed to the subject, that, in order to teach well, more must be learned by the teacher than he has formally to impart to the pupil; that he must be above his work, and know, and know accurately and philosophically, what he does not actually profess. Accordingly, we find the students are instructed, not only in the languages, but in the literatures, of Greece, Rome, and France; in general history; and in philosophy, and in the bearings of religion upon it,—in which probably are included the study of the Evidences of Christianity, of the objections made to it and their

refutation. Nor is the direct cultivation of their minds forgotten; the perfection of our intellectual nature seems to be judgment; and what judgment is in the conduct of life, such is taste in our social intercourse, in literature, and the fine arts. Now we are told that it is provided, with a largeness of view which does honour to the projectors of the Institution, that these ecclesiastical students should be made acquainted with the ideas and sentiments, the tone of mind, and character of thought, and method of expression, which distinguish the great writers both of ancient and modern times; in order that, while they exercise themselves in composition, they may have a really good standard to work by, and may learn even unconsciously to imitate what has become familiar to them by frequent perusal.

Nor is this the limit of their studies; the present Archbishop has added mathematics, physics, and geology. Little is evidently now wanting to complete a University course; and accordingly we find they have been led for some time to present themselves for the formal examinations which are the condition of an academical degree. Two years ago they numbered as many as thirty-two licentiates in arts; and the doctorate, which is preceded by the study of the Fathers and ecclesiastical history, had then been attained by three. Meanwhile the Synod of Paris has made the Institution the metropolitan school of the province. Moreover, an association has been formed for founding burses in favour of poorer students, to which the ladies of the higher classes and the curés of Paris are liberally contributing.

The Institution would have no pretension to the historical name of "University" while it was confined to ecclesiastics; and the present Archbishop, pursuing the process of develop-

ment, which had been so rapid in its movements before him, has opened it to the laity. The two descriptions of students are kept distinct, except at lecture, examinations, and literary meetings. The lay youths are received, as it would appear, after the age of eighteen, and are educated for the Professions, while they gain of course the benefit of being imbued with sound principles of religion. Literature and mathematics form their principal studies; they are practised, moreover, as well as the ecclesiastics, in logical accuracy of thought, in elocution and composition. Many of these youths pass on to the *École Polytechnique*, or other Government schools; or even belong to them, while they attend lectures at the Carmes.

The cause of truth, never dominant in this world, has its ebbs and flows. It is pleasant to live in a day when the tide is coming in. Such is our own day; and, without forgetting that there are many rocks on the shore to throw us back and break our advance for the moment, and to task our patience before we cover them,—that physical force is ever on the world's side, and that the world will be provoked to more active enmity against the Church in proportion to her success,—still we may surely encourage ourselves by a thousand tokens all around us now, that this is our hour, whatever be its duration, the hour for great hopes, great schemes, great efforts, great beginnings. We may live indeed to see but little built, but we shall see much founded. A new era seems to be at hand, and a bolder policy is showing itself. In particular, the Church feels herself strong enough in the provisions and safeguards which a painful experience has suggested against prospective dangers, to recommence the age of Universities. Louvain revived twenty years ago; a new University of Paris seems to be

in prospect, or at least in hope; the report is current that a University is soon to be erected in Austria; and the University of Ireland is proving its possibility by entering on its work, and presaging its future prosperity by its triumph over the difficulties of its commencement.

THE END.

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